THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS

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ENGLISH HUMORISTS
OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON, CRITICAL REVIEWS, AND OTHER PAPERS

BY
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THE ENGLISH HUMORISTS

OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

SWIFT.

In treating of the English humorists of the past age, it is of men and of their lives, rather than of their books, that I ask permission to speak to you; and in doing so, you are aware that I cannot hope to entertain you with a merely humorous or facetious story. Harlequin without his mask is known to present a very sober countenance, and was himself, the story goes, the melancholy patient whom the doctor advised to go and see Harlequin*—a man full of cares and perplexities like the rest of us, whose self must always be serious to him, under whatever mask or disguise or uniform he presents it to the public. And as all of you here must needs be grave when you think of your own past and present, you will not look to find, in the histories of those whose lives and feelings I am going to try and describe to you, a story that is otherwise than serious, and often very sad. If humor only meant laughter, you would scarcely feel more interest about humorous writters than about the private life of poor Harlequin just mentioned, who possesses in common with these the power of making you laugh. But the men regarding whose lives and stories your kind presence here shows that you have curiosity and sympathy, appeal to a great number of our faculties, besides our mere sense of ridicule. The humorous writer professes to awaken and direct your love, your pity, your kindness—your scorn for untruth, pretension, imposture—your tenderness for the weak, the poor, the oppressed, the unhappy. To the best of his means and ability he comments on all the ordinary actions and passions of life almost. He takes upon himself to be the week-day preacher, so to speak. Accordingly, as he finds, and speaks, and feels the truth best, we regard him, esteem him—sometimes love him. And, as his business is to mark other people's lives and peculiarities, we moralize upon *his* life when he is gone—and yesterday's preacher becomes the text for to-day's sermon.

Of English parents, and of a good English family of clergy-

* The anecdote is frequently told of our performer Rich.

men,* Swift was born in Dublin in 1667, seven months after the death of his father, who had come to practice there as a lawyer. The boy went to school at Kilkenny, and afterward to Trinity College, Dublin, where he got a degree with difficulty, and was wild and witty and poor. In 1638, by the recommendation of his mother, Swift was received into the family of Sir William Temple, who had known Mrs. Swift in Ireland. He left his patron in 1694, and the next year took orders in Dublin. But he threw up the small Irish preferment which he got and returned to Temple, in whose family he remained until Sir William's death in 1699. His hopes of advancement in England failing, Swift returned to Ireland, and took the living of Laracor. Hither he invited Hester Johnson,† Temple's natural daughter, with whom he had contracted a tender friendship, while they were both dependants of Temple's. And with an occasional visit to England, Swift now passed nine years at home.

In 1709 he came to England, and, with a brief visit to Ireland, during which he took possession of his deanery of St. Patrick's, he now passed five years in England, taking the most distinguished part in the political transactions which terminated with the death of Queen Anne. After her death, his party disgraced and his hopes of ambition over, Swift returned to Dublin, where he remained twelve years. In this time he wrote the famous 'Drapier's Letters' and 'Gulliver's Travels.' He married Hester Johnson, Stella, and buried Esther Vanhomrigh, Vanessa, who had followed him to Ireland from London, where she had contracted a violent passion for him. In 1726 and 1727 Swift was in England, which he quitted for the last time on hearing of his wife's illness. Stella died in January, 1728, and Swift not until 1745, having

*He was from a younger branch of the Swifts of Yorkshire. His grandfather, the Rev. Thomas Swift, vicar of Goodrich, in Herefordshire, suffered from his loyalty in Charles I.'s time. That gentleman married Elizabeth Dryden, a member of the family of the poet. Sir Walter Scott gives, with his characteristic minuteness in such points, the exact relationship between these famous men. Swift was 'the son of Dryden's second cousin.' Swift, too, was the enemy of Dryden's reputation. Witness the 'Battle of the Books';—'The difference was greatest among the horse,' says he of the moderns, 'where every private trooper pretended to the command, from Tasso and Milton to Dryden and Withers.' And in 'Poetry, a Rhapsody,' he advises the poetaster to—

'Read all the Prefaces of Dryden,
For these our critics much confide in,
Though merely writ, at first for filling,
To raise the volume's price a shilling.'

'Cousin Swift, you will never be a poet,' was the phrase of Dryden to his kinsman, which remained alive in a memory tenacious of such matters.

† 'Miss Hetty' she was called in the family—where her face, and her dress, and Sir William's treatment of her, all made the real fact about her birth plain enough. Sir William left her a thousand pounds.

passed the last five of the seventy-eight years of his life with an impaired intellect and keepers to watch him.*

You know, of course, that Swift has had many biographers; his life has been told by the kindest and the most good-natured of men, Scott, who admires but can't bring himself to love him; and by stout old Johnson,† who, forced to admit him into the company of poets, receives the famous Irishman, and takes off his hat to him with a bow of surly recognition, scans him from head to foot, and passes over to the other side of the street. Dr. Wilde of Dublin,‡ who has written a most interesting volume on the closing years of Swift's life, calls Johnson 'the most malignant of his biographers': it is not easy for an English critic to please Irishmen—perhaps to try and please them. And yet Johnson truly admires Swift; Johnson does not quarrel with Swift's change of politics, or doubt his sincerity of religion: about the famous Stella and Vanessa controversy the doctor does not bear very hardly on Swift. But he could not give the dean that honest hand of his; the stout old man puts it into his breast, and moves off from him.§

* Sometimes, during his mental affliction, he continued walking about the house for many consecutive hours; sometimes he remained in a kind of torpor. At times, he would seem to struggle to bring into distinct consciousness, and shape into expression, the intellect that lay smothering under gloomy obstruction in him. A pier-glass falling by accident, nearly fell on him. He said he wished it had! He once repeated slowly several times, 'I am what I am.' The last thing he wrote was an epigram on the building of a magazine for arms and stores, which was pointed out to him as he went abroad during his mental disease:

'Behold a proof of Irish sense;
Here Irish wit is seen:
When nothing's left that's worth defense,
They build a magazine!'

† Besides these famous books of Scott's and Johnson's, there is a copious 'Life' by Thomas Sheridan (Dr. Johnson's 'Sherry'), father of Richard Brinsley, and son of that good-natured, clever Irish Dr. Thomas Sheridan, Swift's intimate, who lost his chaplaincy by so unluckily choosing for a text on the King's birthday, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!' Not to mention less important works, there is also the 'Remarks on the Life and Writings of Dr. Jonathan Swift,' by that polite and dignified writer, the Earl of Orrery. His lordship is said to have striven for literary renown, chiefly that he might make up for the slight passed on him by his father, who left his library away from him. It is to be feared that the ink he used to wash out that stain only made it look bigger. He had, however, known Swift, and corresponded with people who knew him. His work (which appeared in 1751) provoked a good deal of controversy, calling out, among other *brochures*, the interesting 'Observations on Lord Orrery's Remarks,' etc., of Dr. Delany.

‡ Dr. Wilde's book was written on the occasion of the remains of Swift and Stella being brought to the light of day—a thing which happened in 1835, when certain works going on in St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, afforded an opportunity of their being examined. One hears with surprise of these skulls 'going the rounds' of houses, and being made the objects of *dilettante* curiosity. The larynx of Swift was actually carried off! Phrenologists had a low opinion of his intellect from the observations they took.

Dr. Wilde traces the symptoms of ill-health in Swift, as detailed in his writings from time to time. He observes, likewise, that the skull gave evidence of 'diseased action' of the brain during life—such as would be produced by an increasing tendency to 'cerebral congestion.'

§ 'He [Dr. Johnson] seemed to me to have an unaccountable prejudice against Swift; for I once took the liberty to ask him if Swift had personally offended him, and he told me he had not.'—BOSWELL'S *Tour to the Hebrides*.

Would we have liked to live with him? That is a question which, in dealing with these people's works, and thinking of their lives and peculiarities, every reader of biographies must put to himself. Would you have liked to be a friend of the great dean? I should like to have been Shakspere's shoeblack—just to have lived in his house, just to have worshiped him—to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face. I should like, as a young man, to have lived on Fielding's staircase in the Temple, and after helping him up to bed perhaps, and opening his door with his latchkey, to have shaken hands with him in the morning, and heard him talk and crack jokes over his breakfast and his mug of small beer. Who would not give something to pass a night at the club with Johnson, and Goldsmith, and James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck? The charm of Addison's companionship and conversation has passed to us by fond tradition—but Swift? If you have been his inferior in parts (and that, with a great respect for all persons present, I fear is only very likely), his equal in mere social station, he would have bullied, scorned, and insulted you; if, undeterred by his great reputation, you had met him like a man, he would have quailed before you,* and not had the pluck to reply, and gone home, and years after written a foul epigram about you—watched for you in a sewer, and come out to assail you with a coward's blow and a dirty bludgeon. If you had been a lord with a blue ribbon, who flattered his vanity, or could help his ambition, he would have been the most delightful company in the world. He would have been so manly, so sarcastic, so bright, odd, and original, that you might think he had no object in view but the indulgence of his humor, and that he was the most reckless, simple creature in the world. How he would

* Few men, to be sure, dared this experiment, but yet their success was encouraging. One gentleman made a point of asking the dean whether his uncle Godwin had not given him his education. Swift, who hated *that* subject cordially, and, indeed, cared little for his kindred, said sternly, 'Yes; he gave me the education of a dog.' 'Then, sir,' cried the other, striking his fist on the table, 'you have not the gratitude of a dog!'

Other occasions there were when a bold face gave the dean pause, even after his Irish almost-royal position was established. But he brought himself into greater danger on a certain occasion, and the amusing circumstances may be once more repeated here. He had unsparingly lashed the notable Dublin lawyer, Mr. Sergeant Bettesworth:

'Thus at the bar, the booby Bettesworth,
Though half a crown o'erpays his sweat's worth,
Who knows in law nor text nor margent,
Calls Singleton his brother-sergeant!'

The sergeant, it is said, swore to have his life. He presented himself at the deanery. The dean asked his name. 'Sir, I am Sergeant Bett-es-worth.'

'*In what regiment, pray?*' asked Swift.

A guard of volunteers formed themselves to defend the dean at this time.

have torn your enemies to pieces for you! and made fun of the Opposition! His servility was so boisterous that it looked like independence;* he would have done your errands, but with the air of patronizing you, and after fighting your battles, masked, in the street or the press, would have kept on his hat before your wife and daughters in the drawing room, content to take that sort of pay for his tremendous services as a bravo.†

He says as much himself in one of his letters to Bolingbroke: 'All my efforts to distinguish myself were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts; whether right or wrong is no great matter. And so the reputation of wit and great learning does the office of a blue ribbon or a coach and six.'‡

Could there be a greater candor? It is an outlaw, who says, 'These are my brains; with these I'll win titles and compete with fortune. These are my bullets; these I'll turn into gold;' and he hears the sound of coaches and six, takes the road like Macheath, and makes society stand and deliver. They are all on their knees before him. Down go my lord bishop's apron, and his Grace's blue ribbon, and my lady's brocade petticoat in the mud. He eases the one of a living, the other of a patent place, the third of a little snug post

* 'But, my Hamilton, I will never hide the freedom of my sentiments from you. I am much inclined to believe that the temper of my friend Swift might occasion his English friends to wish him happily and properly promoted at a distance. His spirit, for I would give it the softest name, was ever untractable. The motions of his genius were often irregular. He assumed more the air of a patron than of a friend. He affected rather to dictate than to advise.'—ORRERY.

† '. . . An anecdote, which, though only told by Mrs. Pilkington, is well attested, bears, that the last time he was in London he went to dine with the Earl of Burlington, who was but newly married. The earl, it is supposed, being willing to have a little diversion, did not introduce him to his lady nor mention his name. After dinner said the dean, "Lady Burlington, I hear you can sing; sing me a song." The lady looked on this unceremonious manner of asking a favor with distaste, and positively refused. He said "She should sing, or he would make her. Why, madam, I suppose you take me for one of your poor English hedge parsons; sing when I bid you." As the earl did nothing but laugh at this freedom, the lady was so vexed that she burst into tears and retired. His first compliment to her when he saw her again was "Pray, madam, are you as proud and ill-natured now as when I saw you last?" To which she answered with great good humor, "No, Mr. Dean; I'll sing for you if you please." From which time he conceived a great esteem for her.'—SCOTT'S *Life*.

'. . . He had not the least tincture of vanity in his conversation. He was, perhaps, as he said himself, too proud to be vain. When he was polite, it was in a manner entirely his own. In his friendships he was constant and undisguised. He was the same in his enmities.'—ORRERY.

‡ 'I make no figure but at court, where I affect to turn from a lord to the meanest of my acquaintances.'—*Journal to Stella*.

'I am plagued with bad authors, verse and prose, who send me their books and poems, the vilest I ever saw; but I have given their names to my man, never to let them see me.'—*Journal to Stella*.

The following curious paragraph illustrates the life of a courtier:

'Did I ever tell you that the Lord Treasurer hears ill with the left ear, just as I do? . . . I dare not tell him that I am so, *for fear that he should think that I counterfeited to make my court!*'—*Journal to Stella*.

about the court, and gives them over to followers of his own. The great prize has not come yet. The coach with the miter and crozier in it, which he intends to have for *his* share, has been delayed on the way from St. James'; and he waits and waits until nightfall, when his runners come and tell him that the coach has taken a different route and escaped him. So he fires his pistols into the air with a curse, and rides away into his own country.*

Swift's seems to me to be as good a name to point a moral

* The war of pamphlets was carried on fiercely on one side and the other; and the Whig attacks made the Ministry Swift served very sore. Bolingbroke laid hold of several of the Opposition pamphleteers, and bewails their 'factitiousness' in the following letter:

'BOLINGBROKE TO THE EARL OF STRAFFORD.

'WHITEHALL, July 23, 1712.

'It is a melancholy consideration that the laws of our country are too weak to punish effectually those factitious scribblers, who presume to blacken the brightest characters, and to give even scurrilous language to those who are in the first degrees of honor. This, my lord, among others, is a symptom of the decayed condition of our Government, and serves to show how fatally we mistake licentiousness for liberty. All I could do was to take up Hart, the printer, to send him to Newgate, and to bind him over upon bail to be prosecuted; this I have done; and if I can arrive at legal proof against the author, Ridpath, he shall have the same treatment.'

Swift was not behind his illustrious friend in this virtuous indignation. In the history of the four last years of the queen, the dean speaks in the most edifying manner of the licentiousness of the press and the abusive language of the other party:

'It must be acknowledged that the bad practices of printers have been such as to deserve the severest animadversion from the public. . . The adverse party, full of rage and leisure since their fall, and unanimous in their cause, employ a set of writers by subscription, who are well versed in all the topics of defamation, and have a style and genius leveled to the generality of their readers. . . However, the mischiefs of the press were too exorbitant to be cured by such a remedy as a tax upon small papers, and a bill for a much more effectual regulation of it was brought into the House of Commons, but so late in the session that there was no time to pass it, for there always appeared an unwillingness to cramp overmuch the liberty of the press.'

But to a clause in the proposed bill, that the names of authors should be set to every printed book, pamphlet, or paper, his Reverence objects altogether; for, says he, 'besides the objection to this clause from the practice of pious men, who, in publishing excellent writings for the service of religion, have chosen, *out of an humble Christian spirit, to conceal their names*, it is certain that all persons of true genius or knowledge have an invincible modesty and suspicion of themselves upon first sending their thoughts into the world.'

This 'invincible modesty' was no doubt the sole reason which induced the dean to keep the secret of the 'Drapier's Letters' and a hundred humble Christian works of which he was the author. As for the Opposition, the doctor was for dealing severely with them. He writes to Stella:

JOURNAL. LETTER XIX.

'LONDON, March 25, 1710-11.

'. . . We have let Guiscard be buried at last, after showing him pickled in a trough this fortnight for twopence a piece; and the fellow that showed would point to his body and say, "See, gentlemen, this is the wound that was given him by his Grace the Duke of Ormond;" and, "This is the wound," etc.; and then the show was over, and another set of rabble came in. 'Tis hard that our laws would not suffer us to hang his body in chains, because he was not tried; and in the eye of the law every man is innocent till then. . .'

JOURNAL. LETTER XXVII.

'LONDON, July 25, 1711.

'I was this afternoon with Mr. Secretary at his office, and helped to hinder a man of his pardon, who is condemned for a rape. The Under Secretary was willing to save him; but I told the Secretary he could not pardon him without a favorable report from the Judge; besides, he was a fiddler, and consequently a rogue, and deserved hanging for something else, and so he shall swing.'

or adorn a tale of ambition, as any hero's that ever lived and failed. But we must remember that the morality was lax—that other gentlemen besides himself took the road in his day—that public society was in a strange disordered condition, and the state was ravaged by other condottieri. The Boyne was being fought and won, and lost—the bells rung in William's victory in the very same tone with which they would have pealed for James'. Men were loose upon politics, and had to shift for themselves. They, as well as old beliefs and institutions, had lost their moorings and gone adrift in the storm. As in the South Sea Bubble, almost everybody gambled; as in the railway mania—not many centuries ago—almost everyone took his unlucky share; a man of that time, of the vast talents and ambition of Swift, could scarce do otherwise than grasp at his prize, and make his spring at his opportunity. His bitterness, his scorn, his rage, his subsequent misanthropy, are ascribed by some panegyrists to a deliberate conviction of mankind's unworthiness, and a desire to amend them by castigating. His youth was bitter, as that of a great genius bound down by ignoble ties, and powerless in a mean dependence; his age was bitter,* like that of a great genius that had fought the battle and nearly won it, and lost it, and thought of it afterward writhing in a lonely exile. A man may attribute to the gods, if he likes, what is caused by his own fury, or disappointment, or self-will. What public man—what statesman projecting a *coup*—what king determined on an invasion of his neighbor—what satirist meditating an onslaught on society or an individual, can't give a pretext for his move? There was a French general the other day who proposed to march into this country and put it to sack and pillage, in revenge for humanity outraged by our conduct at Copenhagen: there is always some excuse for men of the aggressive turn. They are of their nature warlike, predatory, eager for fight, plunder, dominion.†

As fierce a beak and talon as ever struck—as strong a wing as ever beat, belonged to Swift. I am glad, for one, that fate wrested the prey out of his claws, and cut his wings and chained him. One can gaze, and not without awe and pity, at the lonely eagle chained behind the bars.

* It was his constant practice to keep his birthday as a day of mourning.

† 'These devils of Grub Street rogues, that write the *Flying Post* and *Medley* in one paper, will not be quiet. They are always mauling Lord Treasurer, Lord Bolingbroke and me. We have the dog under prosecution, but Bolingbroke is not active enough; but I hope to swing him. He is a Scotch rogue, one Ridpath. They get out upon bail, and write on. We take them again, and get fresh bail; so it goes round.'—*Journal to Stella.*

That Swift was born at No. 7 Hoey's Court, Dublin, on the 30th November, 1667, is a certain fact, of which nobody will deny the sister island the honor and glory; but, it seems to me, he was no more an Irishman than a man born of English parents at Calcutta is a Hindoo.* Goldsmith was an Irishman, and always an Irishman; Steele was an Irishman, and always an Irishman; Swift's heart was English and in England, his habits English, his logic eminently English; his statement is elaborately simple; he shuns tropes and metaphors, and uses his ideas and words with a wise thrift and economy, as he used his money, with which he could be generous and splendid upon great occasions, but which he husbanded when there was no need to spend it. He never indulges in needless extravagance of rhetoric, lavish epithets, profuse imagery. He lays his opinion before you with a grave simplicity and a perfect neatness.† Dreading ridicule, too, as a man of his humor—above all an Englishman of his humor—certainly would, he is afraid to use the poetical power which he really possessed; one often fancies in reading him that he dares not be eloquent

* Swift was by no means inclined to forget such considerations; and his English birth makes its mark, strikingly enough, every now and then in his writings. Thus in a letter to Pope (SCOTT's *Swift*, vol. xix. p. 97), he says:

'We have had your volume of letters. . . Some of those who highly value you, and few who knew you personally, are grieved to find you make no distinction between the English gentry of this kingdom and the savage old Irish (who are only the vulgar, and some gentlemen who live in the Irish parts of the kingdom); but the English colonies, which are three parts in four, are much more civilized than many counties in England, and speak better English, and are much better bred.'

And again, in the fourth Drapier's Letter, we have the following:

'A short paper, printed at Bristol,and reprinted here, reports Mr. Wood to say "that he wonders at the impudence and insolence of the Irish in refusing his coin." When, by the way, it is the true English people of Ireland who refuse it, although we take it for granted that the Irish will do so too whenever they are asked.'—SCOTT's *Swift*, vol. vi. p. 453.

He goes further, in a good-humored satirical paper, 'On Barbarous Denominations in Ireland,' where (after abusing, as he was wont, the Scotch cadence, as well as expression) he advances to the '*Irish brogue*,' and speaking of the 'censure' which it brings down, says:

'And what is yet worse, it is too well known that the bad consequence of this opinion affects those among us who are not the least liable to such reproaches farther than the misfortune of being born in Ireland, although of English parents, and whose education has been chiefly in that kingdom.'—*Ibid.* vol. vii. p 149.

But, indeed, if we are to make *anything* of Race at all, we must call that man an Englishman whose father comes from an old Yorkshire family, and his mother from an old Leicestershire one!

† 'The style of his conversation was very much of a piece with that of his writings, concise and clear and strong. Being one day at a sheriff's feast, who among other toasts called out to him, "Mr. Dean, The Trade of Ireland!" he answered quickly: "Sir, I drink no memories!" . . .

'Happening to be in company with a petulant young man who prided himself on saying pert things . . . and who cried out—"You must know, Mr. Dean, that I set up for a wit?" "Do you so?" says the dean. "Take my advice, and sit down again!"

'At another time, being in company, where a lady whisking her long train [long trains were then in fashion] swept down a fine fiddle and broke it; Swift cried out:

'"Mantua væ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ!"'

—DR. DELANY: *Observations upon Lord Orrery's 'Remarks, etc., on Swift,'* London, 1754.

when he might; that he does not speak above his voice, as it were, and the tone of society.

His initiation into politics, his knowledge of business, his knowledge of polite life, his acquaintance with literature even, which he could not have pursued very sedulously during that reckless career at Dublin, Swift got under the roof of Sir William Temple. He was fond of telling in after life what quantities of books he devoured there, and how King William taught him to cut asparagus in the Dutch fashion. It was at Shene and at Moor Park, with a salary of twenty pounds and a dinner at the upper servants' table, that this great and lonely Swift passed a ten years' apprenticeship—wore a cassock that was only not a livery—bent down a knee as proud as Lucifer's to supplicate my lady's good graces, or run on his honor's errands.* It was here, as he was writing at Temple's table, or following his patron's walk, that he saw and heard the men who had governed the great world—measured himself with them looking up from his silent corner, gauged their brains, weighed their wits, turned them, and tried them, and marked them. Ah ! what platitudes he must have heard ! what feeble jokes ! what pompous commonplaces ! what small men they must have seemed under those enormous periwigs, to the swarthy, uncouth, silent Irish secretary. I wonder whether it ever struck Temple that that Irishman was his master ? I suppose that dismal conviction did not present itself under the ambrosial wig, or Temple could never have lived with Swift. Swift sickened, rebelled, left the service—ate humble pie and came back again ; and so for ten years went on, gathering, learning, swallowing scorn, and submitting with a stealthy rage to his fortune.

Temple's style is the perfection of practiced and easy good-breeding. If he does not penetrate very deeply into a subject, he professes a very gentlemanly acquaintance with it ; if he makes rather a parade of Latin, it was the custom of his day, as it was the custom for a gentleman to envelope his head in a periwig and his hands in lace ruffles. If he wears buckles and square-toed shoes, he steps in them with a consummate grace, and you never hear their creak, or find them treading upon any lady's train or any rival's heels in the court crowd. When that grows too hot or too agitated for him, he politely leaves it. He retires to his retreat of Shene or Moor Park ; and lets the

* 'Don't you remember how I used to be in pain when Sir William Temple would look cold and out of humor for three or four days, and I used to suspect a hundred reasons ? I have plucked up my spirits since then, faith · he spoiled a fine gentleman,'—*Journal to Stella.*

King's party and the Prince of Orange's party battle it out among themselves. He reveres the sovereign (and no man perhaps ever testified to his loyalty by so elegant a bow); he admires the Prince of Orange; but there is one person whose ease and comfort he loves more than all the princes in Christendom, and that valuable member of society is himself Gulielmus Temple, Baronettus. One sees him in his retreat; between his study-chair and his tulip-beds,* clipping his apricots and pruning his essays,—the statesman, the ambassador no more; but the philospher, the Epicurean, the fine gentleman and courtier at St James' as at Shene; where in place of kings and fair ladies he pays his court to the Ciceronian majesty; or walks a minuet with the Epic Muse, or dallies by the south wall with the ruddy nymph of gardens.

Temple seems to have received and exacted a prodigious deal of veneration from his household, and to have been coaxed, and warmed, and cuddled by the people round about him, as delicately as any of the plants which he loved. When he fell ill in 1693, the household was aghast at his indisposition; mild Dorothea, his wife, the best companion of the best of men—

> Mild Dorothea, peaceful, wise, and great,
> Trembling beheld the doubtful hand of fate.

As for Dorinda, his sister:

> Those who would grief describe, might come and trace
> Its watery footsteps in Dorinda's face.
> To see her weep, joy every face forsook,
> And grief flung sables on each menial look.
> The humble tribe mourned for the quickening soul,
> That furnished spirit and motion through the whole.

Isn't that line in which grief is described as putting the menials into a mourning livery, a fine image? One of the

* '. . . The Epicureans were more intelligible in their notion, and fortunate in their expression, when they placed a man's happiness in the tranquility of his mind and indolence of body; for while we are composed of both, I doubt both must have a share in the good or ill we feel. As men of several languages say the same things in very different words, so in several ages, countries, constitutions of laws and religion, the same thing seems to be meant by very different expressions· what is called by the Stoics apathy, or dispassion; by the skeptics, indisturbance; by the Molinists, quietism; by common men, peace of conscience—seems all to mean but great tranquillity of mind. . . For this reason, Epicurus passed his life wholly in his garden; there he studied, there he exercised, there he taught his philosophy; and, indeed, no other sort of abode seems to contribute so much to both the tranquillity of mind and indolence of body which he made his chief ends. The sweetness of the air, the pleasantness of smell, the verdure of plants, the cleanness and lightness of food, the exercise of working or walking; but, above all, the exemption from cares and solicitude, seem equally to favor and improve both contemplation and health, the enjoyment of sense and imagination, and thereby the quiet and ease both of the body and mind. . . Where Paradise was, has been much debated, and little agreed; but what sort of place is meant by it may perhaps easier be conjectured. It seems to have been a Persian word, since Xenophon and other Greek authors mention it as what was much in use and delight among the kings of those eastern countries. Strabo, describing Jericho: "Ibi est palmetum, cui immixtæ sunt etiam aliæ stirpes hortenses, locus ferax palmis abun-

menials wrote it who did not like that Temple livery nor those twenty-pound wages. Cannot one fancy the uncouth young servitor, with downcast eyes, books and papers in hand, following at his honor's heels in the garden walk, or taking his honor's orders as he stands by the great chair, where Sir William has the gout, and his feet all blistered with moxa? When Sir William has the gout or scolds it must be hard work at the second table; * the Irish secretary owned as much afterward; and, when he came to dinner, how he must have lashed and growled and torn the household with his gibes and scorn! What would the steward say about the pride of them Irish schollards—and this one had got no great credit even at his Irish college, if the truth were known—and what a contempt his excellency's own gentleman must have had for Parson Teague from Dublin! (The valets and chaplains were always at war. It is hard to say which Swift thought the more contemptible.) And what must have been the sadness, the sadness and terror, of the housekeeper's little daughter with the curling black ringlets and the sweet smiling face, when the secretary who teaches her to read and

dans, spatio stadiorum centum, totus irriguus; ibi est Regis Balsami paradisus."—*Essay on Gardens.*

In the same famous essay Temple speaks of a friend, whose conduct and prudence he characteristically admires:

'. . . I thought it very prudent in a gentleman of my friends in Staffordshire, who is a great lover of his gardens, to pretend no higher, though his soil be good enough, than to the perfection of plums; and in these (by bestowing south walls upon them) he has very well succeeded, which he could never have done in attempts upon peaches and grapes; and *a good plum is certainly better than an ill peach.*'

* Swift's Thoughts on Hanging.

(*Directions to Servants.*)

'To grow old in the office of a footman is the highest of all indignities; therefore, when you find years coming on without hopes of a place at court, a command in the army, a succession to the stewardship, an employment in the revenue (which two last you cannot obtain without reading and writing), or running away with your master's niece or daughter, I directly advise you to go upon the road, which is the only post of honor left you; there you will meet many of your old comrades, and live a short life and a merry one, and make a figure at your exit, wherein I will give you some instructions.

'The last advice I give you relates to your behavior when you are going to be hanged; which, either for robbing your master, for housebreaking, or going upon the highway, or in a drunken quarrel by killing the first man you meet, may very probably be your lot, and is owing to one of these three qualities: either a love of good fellowship, a generosity of mind, or too much vivacity of spirits. Your good behavior on this article will concern your whole community; deny the fact with all solemnity of imprecations; a hundred of your brethren, if they can be admitted, will attend about the bar, and be ready upon demand to give you a character before the court; let nothing prevail on you to confess but the promise of a pardon for discovering your comrades; but I suppose all this to be in vain; for, if you escape now, your fate will be the same another day. Get a speech to be written by the best orator of Newgate; some of your kind wenches will provide you with a holland shirt and white cap, crowned with a crimson or black ribbon; take leave cheerfully of all your friends in Newgate; mount the cart with courage; fall on your knees; lift up your eyes; hold a book in your hands, although you cannot read a word; deny the fact at the gallows; kiss and forgive the hangman, and so farewell; you shall be buried in pomp at the charge of the fraternity; the surgeon shall not touch a limb of you; and your fame shall continue until a successor of equal renown succeeds in your place. . .'

write, and whom she loves and reverences above all things—above mother, above mild Dorothea, above that tremendous Sir William in his square-toes and periwig—when *Mr. Swift* comes down from his master with rage in his heart, and has not a kind word even for little Hester Johnson?

Perhaps, for the Irish secretary, his excellency's condescension was even more cruel than his frowns. Sir William *would* perpetually quote Latin and the ancient classics *àpropos* of his gardens and his Dutch statues and *plates-bandes*, and talk about Epicurus and Diogenes Laertius, Julius Cæsar, Semiramis, and the gardens of the Hesperides, Mæcenas, Strabo describing Jericho, and the Assyrian kings. *Apropos* of beans, he would mention Pythagoras' precept to abstain from beans, and that this precept probably meant that wise men should abstain from public affairs. *He* is a placid Epicurean; *he* is a Pythagorean philosopher; *he* is a wise man—that is the deduction. Does not Swift think so? One can imagine the downcast eyes lifted up for a moment, and the flash of scorn which they emit. Swift's eyes were as azure as the heavens; Pope says nobly (as everything Pope said and thought of his friend was good and noble), 'His eyes are as azure as the heavens, and have a charming archness in them.' And one person in that household, that pompous, stately, kindly Moor Park, saw heaven nowhere else.

But the Temple amenities and solemnities did not agree with Swift. He was half killed with a surfeit of Shene pippins; and in a garden-seat which he devised for himself at Moor Park, and where he devoured greedily the stock of books within his reach, he caught a vertigo and deafness which punished and tormented him through life. He could not bear the place or the servitude. Even in that poem of courtly condolence, from which we have quoted a few lines of mock melancholy, he breaks out of the funereal procession with a mad shriek, as it were, and rushes away crying his own grief, cursing his own fate, foreboding madness, and forsaken by fortune, and even hope.

I don't know anything more melancholy than the letter to Temple, in which, after having broke from his bondage, the poor wretch crouches piteously toward his cage again, and deprecates his master's anger. He asks for testimonials for orders. 'The particulars required of me are what relate to morals and learning; and the reasons of quitting your honor's family—that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill action. They are left entirely to your honor's mercy, though

in the first I think I cannot reproach myself for anything further than for *infirmities*. This is all I dare at present beg from your honor, under circumstances of life not worth your regard; what is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your honor and family) is that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet. I beg my most humble duty and service be presented to my ladies, your honor's lady and sister.' Can prostration fall deeper? could a slave bow lower?*

Twenty years afterward Bishop Kennet, describing the same man, says: 'Dr. Swift came into the coffee house and had a bow from everybody but me. When I came to the antechamber [at court] to wait before prayers, Dr. Swift was the principal man of talk and business. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother, the Duke of Ormond, to get a place for a clergyman. He was promising Mr. Thorold to undertake, with my Lord Treasurer, that he should obtain a salary of £200 per annum as member of the English Church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in to the Queen with the red bag, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my Lord Treasurer. He took out his gold watch, and, telling the time of day, complained that it was very late. A gentleman said he was too fast. "How can I help it," says the doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?" Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr. Pope (a papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English, for which he would have them all subscribe: "For," says he,

* 'He continued in Sir William Temple's house till the death of that great man.'—*Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by the DEAN.

'It has since pleased God to take this great and good person to himself.'—*Preface to Temple's Works*.

On all *public* occasions, Swift speaks of Sir William in the same tone. But the reader will better understand how acutely he remembered the indignities he suffered in his household, from the subjoined extracts from the *Journal to Stella*:

'I called at Mr. Secretary the other day, to see what the d—— ailed him on Sunday; I made him a very proper speech; told him I observed he was much out of temper, that I did not expect he would tell me the cause, but would be glad to see he was in better; and one thing I warned him of—never to appear cold to me, for I would not be treated like a schoolboy; that I had felt too much of that in my life already' (*meaning Sir William Temple*), etc., etc.—*Journal to Stella*.

'I am thinking what a veneration we used to have for Sir William Temple because he might have been Secretary of State at fifty; and here is a young fellow hardly thirty in that employment.'—*Ibid*.

'The Secretary is as easy with me as Mr. Addison was. I have often thought what a splutter Sir William Temple makes about being Secretary of State.'—*Ibid*.

'Lord Treasurer has had an ugly fit of the rheumatism, but is now quite well. I was playing at *one-and-thirty* with him and his family the other night. He gave us all twelvepence apiece to begin with; it put me in mind of Sir William Temple.'—*Ibid*.

'I thought I saw Jack Temple [*nephew to Sir William*] and his wife pass by me to-day in their coach; but I took no notice of them. I am glad I have wholly shaken off that family.'—*S. to S.*, *Sept.*, 1710.

"he shall not begin to print till I have a thousand guineas for him."* Lord Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr. Swift to follow him—both went off just before prayers.' There's a little malice in the bishop's 'just before prayers.'

This picture of the great dean seems a true one, and is harsh, though not altogether unpleasant. He was doing good, and to deserving men too, in the midst of these intrigues and triumphs. His journals and a thousand anecdotes of him relate his kind acts and rough manners. His hand was constantly stretched out to relieve an honest man—he was cautious about his money, but ready. If you were in a strait would you like such a benefactor? I think I would rather have had a potato and a friendly word from Goldsmith than have been beholden to the dean for a guinea and a dinner.† He insulted a man as he served him, made women cry, guests look foolish, bullied unlucky friends, and flung his benefactions into poor men's faces. No; the dean was no Irishman—no Irishman ever gave but with a kind word and a kind heart.

It is told, as if it were to Swift's credit, that the Dean of St. Patrick's performed his family devotions every morning regularly, but with such secrecy that the guests in his house were never in the least aware of the ceremony. There was no need surely why a church dignitary should assemble his family privily in a crypt, and as if he was afraid of heathen persecution. But I think the world was right, and the bishops who advised Queen Anne, when they counseled her not to appoint the author of the 'Tale of a Tub' to a bishopric, gave perfectly good advice. The man who wrote the arguments

* 'Swift must be allowed,' says Dr. Johnson, 'for a time, to have dictated the political opinions of the English nation.'

A conversation on the dean's pamphlets excited one of the doctor's liveliest sallies. 'One, in particular, praised his "Conduct of the Allies."—JOHNSON: "Sir, his 'Conduct of the Allies' is a performance of very little ability. . . Why, sir, Tom Davies might have written the 'Conduct of the Allies!'"'—BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson.*

† 'Whenever he fell into the company of any person for the first time, it was his custom to try their tempers and disposition by some abrupt question that bore the appearance of rudeness. If this were well taken, and answered with good humor, he afterward made amends by his civilities. But if he saw any marks of resentment, from alarmed pride, vanity, or conceit, he dropped all further intercourse with the party. This will be illustrated by an anecdote of that sort related by Mrs. Pilkington. After supper, the dean having decanted a bottle of wine, poured what remained into a glass, and seeing it was muddy, presented it to Mr. Pilkington to drink it. "For," said he, "I always keep some poor parson to drink the foul wine for me." Mr. Pilkington, entering into his humor, thanked him, and told him "he did not know the difference, but was glad to get a glass at any rate." "Why, then," said the dean, "you shan't, for I'll drink it myself. Why, —— take you, you are wiser than a paltry curate whom I asked to dine with me a few days ago; for upon my making the same speech to him, he said he did not understand such usage, and so walked off without his dinner. By the same token, I told the gentleman who recommended him to me that the fellow was a blockhead, and I had done with him."'—SHERIDAN's *Life of Swift.*

and illustrations in that wild book, could not but be aware what must be the sequel of the propositions which he laid down. The boon companion of Pope and Bolingbroke, who chose these as the friends of his life, and the recipients of his confidence and affection, must have heard many an argument, and joined in many a conversation over Pope's port, or St. John's Burgundy, which would not bear to be repeated at other men's boards.

I know of few things more conclusive as to the sincerity of Swift's religion than his advice to poor John Gay to turn clergyman, and look out for a seat on the Bench. Gay, the author of the 'Beggar's Opera'—Gay, the wildest of the wits about town—it was this man that Jonathan Swift advised to take orders—to invest in a cassock and bands—just as he advised him to husband his shillings and put his thousand pounds out at interest.* The queen and the bishops, and the world, were right in mistrusting the religion of that man.

I am not here, of course, to speak of any man's religious

* FROM THE ARCHBISHOP OF CASHELL.

'CASHELL, May 31, 1735.

'DEAR SIR: I have been so unfortunate in all my contests of late, that I am resolved to have no more, especially where I am likely to be overmatched; and as I have some reason to hope what is past will be forgotten, I confess I did endeavor in my last to put the best color I could think of upon a very bad case. My friends judge right of my idleness; but, in reality, it has hitherto proceeded from a hurry and confusion, arising from a thousand unlucky unforeseen accidents rather than mere sloth. I have but one troublesome affair now upon my hands, which, by the help of the prime sergeant, I hope soon to get rid of; and then you shall see me a true Irish bishop. Sir James Ware has made a very useful collection of the memorable actions of my predecessors. He tells me, they were born in such a town of England or Ireland; were consecrated such a year; and if not translated, were buried in the Cathedral church, either on the north or south side. Whence I conclude, that a good bishop has nothing more to do than to eat, drink, grow fat, rich, and die; which laudable example I propose for the remainder of my life to follow; for to tell you the truth, I have for these four or five years past met with so much treachery, baseness, and ingratitude among mankind, that I can hardly think it incumbent on any man to endeavor to do good to so perverse a generation.

'I am truly concerned at the account you gave me of your health. Without doubt a southern ramble will prove the best remedy you can take to recover your flesh; and I do not know, except in one stage, where you can choose a road so suited to your circumstances, as from Dublin hither. You have to Kilkenny a turnpike and good inns, at every ten or twelve miles' end. From Kilkenny hither is twenty long miles, bad road, and no inns at all; but I have an expedient for you. At the foot of a very high hill, just midway, there lives, in a neat thatched cabin, a parson, who is not poor; his wife is allowed to be the best little woman in the world. Her chickens are the fattest, and her ale the best in all the country. Besides, the parson has a little cellar of his own, of which he keeps the key, where he always has a hogshead of the best wine that can be got, in bottles well corked, upon their side; and he cleans, and pulls out the cork better, I think, than Robin. Here I design to meet you with a coach; if you be tired, you shall stay all night; if not, after dinner, we will set out about four, and be in Cashell by nine; and by going through fields and by-ways, which the parson will show us, we shall escape all the rocky and stony roads that lie between this place and that, which are certainly very bad. I hope you will be so kind as to let me know a post or two before you set out, the very day you will be at Kilkenny, that I may have all things prepared for you. It may be, if you ask him, Cope will come: he will do nothing for me. Therefore, depending upon your positive promise, I shall add no more arguments to persuade you, and am, with the greatest truth, your most faithful and obedient servant. THEO. CASHELL.'

views, except in so far as they influence his literary character, his life, his humor. The most notorious sinners of all those fellow-mortals whom it is our business to discuss—Harry Fielding and Dick Steele, were especially loud, and I believe really fervent, in their expressions of belief; they belabored free-thinkers, and stoned imaginary atheists on all sorts of occasions, going out of their way to bawl their own creed, and persecute their neighbor's, and if they sinned and stumbled, as they constantly did with debt, with drink, with all sorts of bad behavior, they got upon their knees and cried 'Peccavi' with a most sonorous orthodoxy. Yes; poor Harry Fielding and poor Dick Steele were trusty and undoubting Church of England men; they abhorred popery, atheism, and wooden shoes, and idolatries in general; and hiccoughed Church and State with fervor.

But Swift? *His* mind had had a different schooling, and possessed a very different logical power. *He* was not bred up in a tipsy guard-room, and did not learn to reason in a Covent Garden tavern. He could conduct an argument from beginning to end. He could see forward with a fatal clearness. In his old age, looking at the 'Tale of a Tub,' when he said, 'Good God, what a genius I had when I wrote that book!' I think he was admiring not the genius, but the consequences to which the genius had brought him—a vast genius, a magnificent genius, a genius wonderfully bright, and dazzling, and strong—to seize, to know, to see, to flash upon falsehood and scorch it into perdition, to penetrate into hidden motives, and expose the black thoughts of men—an awful, an evil spirit.

Ah, man! you, educated in Epicurean Temple's library, you whose friends were Pope and St. John—what made you to swear to fatal vows, and bind yourself to a life-long hypocrisy before the Heaven which you adored with such real wonder, humility, and reverence? For Swift was a reverent, was a pious spirit—for Swift could love and could pray. Through the storms and tempests of his furious mind, the stars of religion and love break out in the blue, shining serenely, though hidden by the driving clouds and the maddened hurricane of his life.

It is my belief that he suffered frightfully from the consciousness of his own skepticism, and that he had bent his pride so far down as to put his apostasy out to hire.* The

* 'Mr. Swift lived with him [Sir William Temple] some time, but resolving to settle himself in some way of living, was inclined to take orders. However, although his fortune was very small, he had a scruple of entering into the church merely for support.'—*Anecdotes of the Family of Swift*, by the DEAN.

paper left behind him, called 'Thoughts on Religion,' is merely a set of excuses for not professing disbelief. He says of his sermons that he preached pamphlets; they have scarce a Christian characteristic; they might be preached upon the steps of a synagogue, or the floor of a mosque, or the box of a coffee house almost. There is little or no cant—he is too great and too proud for that; and, in so far as the badness of his sermons goes, he is honest. But having put that cassock on, it poisoned him; he was strangled in his bands. He goes through life, tearing, like a man possessed with a devil. Like Abudah, in the Arabian story, he is always looking out for the Fury, and knows that the night will come and the inevitable hag with it. What a night, my God, it was? what a lonely rage and long agony—what a vulture that tore the heart of that giant! * It is awful to think of the great sufferings of this great man. Through life he always seems alone, somehow. Goethe was so. I can't fancy Shakspere otherwise. The giants must live apart. The kings can have no company. But this man suffered so; and deserved to suffer. One hardly reads anywhere of such a pain.

The 'sæva indignatio' of which he spoke as lacerating his heart, and which he dares to inscribe on his tombstone—as if the wretch who lay under that stone awaiting God's judgment had a right to be angry—breaks out from him in a thousand pages of his writing, and tears and rends him. Against men in office, he having been overthrown; against men in England, he having lost his chance of preferment there, the furious exile never fails to rage and curse. Is it fair to call the famous 'Drapier's Letters' patriotism? They are masterpieces of dreadful humor and invective; they are reasoned logically enough too, but the proposition is as monstrous and fabulous as the Lilliputian island. It is not that the grievance is so great, but there is his enemy—the assault is wonderful for its activity and terrible rage. It is Samson, with a bone in his hand, rushing on his enemies and felling them; one admires not the cause so much as the strength, the anger, the fury of the champion. As is the case with madmen, certain subjects provoke him, and awaken his fits of wrath. Marriage is one of these; in a hundred passages of his writings he rages against it; rages against children; an object of constant satire, even more contemptible in his eyes than a lord's chaplain, is a poor

* 'Dr. Swift had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could scarce soften, or his utmost gayety render placid and serene; but when that sternness of visage was increased by rage, it is scarce possible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and austerity.'—ORRERY.

curate with a large family. The idea of this luckless paternity never fails to bring down from him gibes and foul language. Could Dick Steele, or Goldsmith, or Fielding, in his most reckless moment of satire, have written anything like the dean's famous 'modest proposal' for eating children? Not one of these but melts at the thought of childhood, fondles and caresses it. Mr. Dean has no such softness, and enters the nursery with the tread and gayety of an ogre.* 'I have been assured,' says he in the 'Modest Proposal,' 'by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child, well nursed, is, at a year old, a most delicious, nourishing, and wholesome food, whether stewed, roasted, baked, or boiled; and I make no doubt it will equally serve in a *ragoût.*' And, taking up this pretty joke, as his way is, he argues it with perfect gravity and logic. He turns and twists this subject in a score of different ways; he hashes it; and he serves it up cold; and he garnishes it; and relishes it always. He describes the little animal as 'dropped from its dam,' advising that the mother should let it suck plentifully in the last month, so as to render it plump and fat for a good table!' 'A child,' says his reverence, 'will make two dishes at an entertainment for friends; and when the family dines alone, the fore or hind quarter will make a reasonable dish,' and so on; and, the subject being so delightful that he can't leave it, he proceeds to recommend, in place of venison for squires' tables, 'the bodies of young lads and maidens not exceeding fourteen or under twelve.' Amiable humorist! laughing castigator of morals! There was a process well known and practiced in the dean's gay days; when a lout entered the coffee house, the wags proceeded to what they called 'roasting' him. This is roasting a subject with a vengeance. The dean had a native genius for it. As the 'Almanach des Gourmands' says, *On naît rôtisseur.*

And it was not merely by the sarcastic method that Swift exposed the unreasonableness of loving and having children. In Gulliver, the folly of love and marriage is urged by graver arguments and advice. In the famous Lilliputian kingdom, Swift speaks with approval of the practice of instantly removing children from their parents and educating them by the State; and among his favorite horses, a pair of foals are stated to be the very utmost a well-regulated equine couple

* 'LONDON, April 10, 1713.

'Lady Masham's eldest boy is very ill; I doubt he will not live; and she stays at Kensington to nurse him, which vexes us all. She is so excessively fond, it makes me mad. She should never leave the queen, but leave everything, to stick to what is so much the interest of the public, as well as her own. . .'—*Journal.*

would permit themselves. In fact, our great satirist was of opinion that conjugal love was unadvisable, and illustrated the theory by his own practice and example—God help him—which made him about the most wretched being in God's world.*

The grave and logical conduct of an absurd proposition, as exemplified in the cannibal proposal just mentioned, is our author's constant method through all his works of humor. Given a country of people six inches or sixty feet high, and by the mere process of the logic, a thousand wonderful absurdities are evolved, at so many stages of the calculation. Turning to the first minister, who waited behind him with a white staff near as tall as the mainmast of the *Royal Sovereign*, the King of Brobdingnag observes how contemptible a thing human grandeur is, as represented by such a contemptible little creature as Gulliver, 'The Emperor of Lilliput's features are strong and masculine' (what a surprising humor there is in this description!)—'The emperor's features,' Gulliver says, 'are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip, an arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, and his deportment majestic. He is taller *by the breadth of my nail* than any of his court, which alone is enough to strike an awe into beholders.'

What a surprising humor there is in these descriptions! How noble the satire is here! how just and honest! How perfect the image! Mr. Macaulay has quoted the charming lines of the poet, where the king of the pygmies is measured by the same standard. We have all read in Milton of the spear that was like 'the mast of some tall admiral,' but these images are surely likely to come to the comic poet originally. The subject is before him. He is turning it in a thousand ways. He is full of it. The figure suggests itself naturally to him, and comes out of his subject, as in that wonderful passage, when Gulliver's box having been dropped by the eagle into the sea, and Gulliver having been received into the ship's cabin, he calls upon the crew to bring the box into the cabin, and put it on the table, the cabin being only a quarter the size of the box. It is the *veracity* of the blunder which is so admirable. Had a man come from such a country as Brobdingnag he would have blundered so.

But the best stroke of humor, if there be a best in that abounding book, is that where Gulliver, in the unpronounce-

* 'My health is somewhat mended, but at best I have an ill head and an aching heart.'—*In May*, 1719.

able country, describes his parting from his master the horse.* 'I took,' he says, 'a second leave of my master; but, as I was going to prostrate myself to kiss his hoof, he did me the honor to raise it gently to my mouth. I am not ignorant how much I have been censured for mentioning this last particular. Detractors are pleased to think it improbable that so illustrious a person should descend to give so great a mark of distinction to a creature so inferior as I. Neither have I forgotten how apt some travelers are to boast of extraordinary favors they have received. But if these censurers were better acquainted with the noble and courteous disposition of the Houyhnhnms they would soon change their opinion.'

The surprise here, the audacity of circumstantial evidence, the astounding gravity of the speaker, who is not ignorant how much he has been censured, the nature of the favor conferred, and the respectful exultation at the receipt of it, are surely complete; it is truth topsy-turvy, entirely logical and absurd.

As for the humor and conduct of this famous fable, I suppose there is no person who reads but must admire; as for the moral, I think it horrible, shameful, unmanly, blasphemous; and giant and great as this dean is, I say we should hoot him.

*Perhaps the most melancholy satire in the whole of the dreadful book, is the description of the very old people in the 'Voyage to Laputa.' At Lugnag, Gulliver hears of some persons who never die, called the Struldbrugs, and expressing a wish to become acquainted with men who must have so much learning and experience, his colloquist describes the Struldbrugs to him.

'He said: They commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old, after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own profession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative, but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy and impotent desires are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral they lament, and repine that others are gone to a harbor of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

'If a Struldbrug happens to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

'As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they

Some of this audience mayn't have read the last part of Gulliver, and to such I would recall the advice of the venerable Mr. Punch to persons about to marry, and say, 'Don't.' When Gulliver first lands among the Yahoos, the naked, howling wretches clamber up trees and assault him, and he describes himself as 'almost stifled with the filth which fell about him.' The reader of the fourth part of 'Gulliver's Travels' is like the hero himself in this instance. It is Yahoo language: a monster gibbering shrieks, and gnashing imprecations against mankind—tearing down all shreds of modesty, past all sense of manliness and shame; filthy in word, filthy in thought, furious, raging, obscene.

And dreadful it is to think that Swift knew the tendency of his creed—the fatal rocks toward which his logic desperately drifted. That last part of 'Gulliver' is only a consequence of what has gone before; and the worthlessness of all mankind, the pettiness, cruelty, pride, imbecility, the general vanity, the foolish pretension, the mock greatness, the pompous dullness, the mean aims, the base successes—all these were present to him; it was with the din of these curses of the world, blasphemies against Heaven, shrieking in his ears, that he began

cannot purchase lands or take leases, neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

'At ninety they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they can never amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

'The language of this country being always upon the flux, the Struldbrugs of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (further than by a few general words) with their neighbors, the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country.

'This was the account given me of the Struldbrugs, as near as I can remember. I afterward saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told "that I was a great traveler, and had seen all the world," they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired I would give them slumskudask, or a token of remembrance; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

'They are despised and hated by all sorts of people; when one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly; so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

'They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld, and the women more horrible than the men; besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and, among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.'—*Gulliver's Travels.*

to write his dreadful allegory—of which the meaning is that man is utterly wicked, desperate, and imbecile, and his passions are so monstrous, and his boasted powers so mean, that he is and deserves to be the slave of brutes, and ignorance is better than his vaunted reason. What had this man done? what secret remorse was rankling at his heart? what fever was boiling in him, that he should see all the world bloodshot? We view the world with our own eyes, each of us; and we make from within us the world we see. A weary heart gets no gladness out of sunshine; a selfish man is skeptical about friendship, as a man with no ear doesn't care for music. A frightful self-consciousness it must have been, which looked on mankind so darkly through those keen eyes of Swift.

A remarkable story is told by Scott, of Delany, who interrupted Archbishop King and Swift in a conversation which left the prelate in tears, and from which Swift rushed away with marks of strong terror and agitation in his countenance, upon which the Archbishop said to Delany, 'You have just met the most unhappy man on earth; but on the subject of his wretchedness you must never ask a question.'

The most unhappy man on earth;—Miserrimus—what a character of him! And at this time all the great wits of England had been at his feet. All Ireland had shouted after him, and worshiped him as a liberator, a savior, the greatest Irish patriot and citizen. Dean Drapier Bickerstaff Gulliver—the most famous statesmen, and the greatest poets of his day, had applauded him, and done him homage; and at this time, writing over to Bolingbroke from Ireland, he says, 'It is time for me to have done with the world, and so I would if I could get into a better before I was called into the best, *and not die here in a rage, like a poisoned rat in a hole.*'

We have spoken about the men and Swift's behavior to them; and now it behoves us not to forget that there are certain other persons in the creation who had rather intimate relations with the great dean.* Two women whom he loved

* The name of Varina has been thrown into the shade by those of the famous Stella and Vanessa; but she had a story of her own to tell about the blue eyes of young Jonathan. One may say that the book of Swift's Life opens at places kept by these blighted flowers! Varina must have a paragraph.

She was a Miss Jane Waryng, sister to a college chum of his. In 1696, when Swift was nineteen years old, we find him writing a love-letter to her, beginning, 'Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover.' But absence made a great difference in his feelings: so, four years afterward, the tone is changed. He writes again, a very curious letter, offering to marry her, and putting the offer in such a way that nobody could possibly accept it.

After dwelling on his poverty, etc., he says, conditionally, 'I shall be blessed to have you in my arms, without regarding whether your person be beautiful, or your fortune large. Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the second, is all I ask for!'

The editors do not tell us what became of Varina in life. One would be glad to

and injured are known by every reader of books so familiarly that if we had seen them, or if they had been relatives of our own, we scarcely could have known them better. Who hasn't in his mind an image of Stella? Who does not love her? Fair and tender creature: pure and affectionate heart! Boots it to you, now that you have been at rest for a hundred and twenty years, not divided in death from the cold heart which caused yours, while it beat, such faithful pangs of love and grief—boots it to you now, that the whole world loves and deplores you? Scarce any man, I believe, ever thought of that grave, that did not cast a flower of pity on it, and write over it a sweet epitaph. Gentle lady, so lovely, so loving, so unhappy! you have had countless champions; millions of manly hearts mourning for you. From generation to generation we take up the fond tradition of your beauty; we watch and follow your tragedy, your bright morning love and purity, your constancy, your grief, your sweet martyrdom. We know your legend by heart. You are one of the saints of English story.

And if Stella's love and innocence are charming to contemplate, I will say that in spite of ill-usage, in spite of drawbacks, in spite of mysterious separation and union, of hope delayed and sickened heart—in the teeth of Vanessa and that little episodical aberration which plunged Swift into such woeful pitfalls and quagmires of amorous perplexity—in spite of the verdicts of most women, I believe, who, as far as my experience and conversation go, generally take Vanessa's part in the controversy—in spite of the tears which Swift caused Stella to shed, and the rocks and barriers which fate and temper interposed, and which prevented the pure course of that true love from running smoothly—the brightest part of Swift's story, the pure star in that dark and tempestuous life of Swift's, is his love for Hester Johnson. It has been my business, professionally of course, to go through a deal of sentimental reading in my time, and to acquaint myself with love-making, as it has been described in various languages, and at various ages of the world; and I know of nothing more manly, more tender, more exquisitely touching, than some of these brief notes, written in what Swift calls 'his little language,' in his journal to Stella.* He writes to her night and morning

know that she met with some worthy partner, and lived long enough to see her little boys laughing over Lilliput, without any *arrière pensée* of a sad character about the great dean!

* A sentimental Champollion might find a good deal of matter for his art, in expounding the symbols of the 'Little Language.' Usually, Stella is 'M. D.,' but sometimes her companion, Mrs. Dingley, is included in it. Swift is 'Presto'; also P.D.F.R. We have 'Good-night, M. D.; Night, M.D.; Little, M.D.; Stellakins; Pretty Stella;

often. He never sends away a letter to her but he begins a new one on the same day. He can't bear to let go her kind little hand, as it were. He knows that she is thinking of him, and longing for him far away in Dublin yonder. He takes her letters from under his pillow and talks to them, familiarly, paternally, with fond epithets and pretty caresses—as he would to the sweet and artless creature who loved him. 'Stay,' he writes one morning—it is the 14th of December, 1710—'Stay, I will answer some of your letter this morning in bed. Let me see. Come and appear, little letter! Here I am, says he, and what say you to Stella this morning fresh and fasting? And can Stella read this writing without hurting her dear eyes?' he goes on, after more kind prattle and fond whispering. The dear eyes shine clearly upon him then—the good angel of his life is with him and blessing him. Ah, it was a hard fate that wrung from them so many tears, and stabbed pitilessly that pure and tender bosom. A hard fate; but would she have changed it? I have heard a woman say that she would have taken Swift's cruelty to have had his tenderness. He had a sort of worship for her while he wounded her. He speaks of her after she is gone; of her wit, of her kindness, of her grace, of her beauty, with a simple love and reverence that are indescribably touching; in contemplation of her goodness his hard heart melts into pathos; his cold rhyme kindles and glows into poetry, and he falls down on his knees, so to speak, before the angel whose life he had embittered, confesses his own wretchedness and unworthiness, and adores her with cries of remorse and love:

When on my sickly couch I lay,
Impatient both of night and day,
And groaning in unmanly strains,
Called every power to ease my pains,
Then Stella ran to my relief,
With cheerful face and inward grief,
And though by Heaven's severe decree
She suffers hourly more than me,
No cruel master could require
From slaves employed for daily hire,
What Stella, by her friendship warmed
With vigor and delight performed.

Now, with a soft and silent tread,
Unheard she moves about my bed;
My sinking spirits now supplies
With cordials in her hands and eyes.
Best pattern of true friends! beware;
You pay too dearly for your care
If, while your tenderness secures
My life, it must endanger yours;
For such a fool was never found
Who pulled a palace to the ground,
Only to have the ruins made
Materials for a house decayed.

One little triumph Stella had in her life—one dear little piece of injustice was performed in her favor, for which I confess, for my part, I can't help thanking fate and the dean.

Dear, roguish, impudent, pretty M.D.' Every now and then he breaks into rhyme, as:

'I wish you both a merry new year,
Roast beef, minced pies, and good strong beer,
And me a share of your good cheer,
That I was there, as you were here,
And you are a little saucy dear.'

That other person was sacrificed to her—that—that young woman who lived five doors from Dr. Swift's lodgings in Bury Street, and who flattered him, and made love to him in such an outrageous manner—Vanessa was thrown over.

Swift did not keep Stella's letters to him in reply to those he wrote to her.* He kept Bolingbroke's, and Pope's, and Harley's, and Peterborough's; but Stella, 'very carefully,' the Lives say, kept Swift's. Of course, that is the way of the world; and so we cannot tell what her style was, or of what sort were the little letters which the doctor placed there at night, and bade to appear from under his pillow of a morning. But in Letter IV. of that famous collection he describes his lodging in Bury Street, where he has the first floor, a dining room and bedchamber, at eight shillings a week; and in Letter VI. he says 'he has visited a lady just come to town,' whose name somehow is not mentioned; and in Letter VIII. he enters a query of Stella's—'What do you mean "that boards near me, that I dine with now and then?" What the deuce! You know whom I have dined with every day since I left you, better than I do.' Of course she does. Of course, Swift has not the slightest idea of what she means. But in a few letters more it turns out that the doctor has been to dine 'gravely' with a Mrs. Vanhomrigh; then that he has been to 'his neigh-

* The following passages are from a paper begun by Swift on the evening of the day of her death, Jan. 28, 1727-28:

'She was sickly from her childhood, until about the age of fifteen; but then she grew into perfect health, and was looked upon as one of the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable young women in London—only a little too fat. Her hair was blacker than a raven and every feature of her face in perfection.

'. . . Properly speaking,' he goes on, with a calmness which, under the circumstances, is terrible—'she has been dying six months!' . . .

'Never was any of her sex born with better gifts of the mind, or who more improved them by reading and conversation. . . All of us who had the happiness of her friendship agreed unanimously that in an afternoon's or evening's conversation she never failed before we parted of delivering the best thing that was said in the company. Some of us have written down several of her sayings, or what the French call *bons mots*, wherein she excelled beyond belief.'

The specimens on record, however, in the dean's paper, called 'Bons Mots de Stella,' scarcely bear out this last part of the panegyric. But the following prove her wit:

'A gentleman who had been very silly and pert in her company at last began to grieve at remembering the loss of a child lately dead. A bishop sitting by comforted him—that he should be easy, because "the child was gone to heaven." "No, my lord," said she; "that is it which most grieves him, because he is sure never to see his child there."

'When she was extremely ill her physician said, "Madam, you are near the bottom of the hill, but we will endeavor to get you up again." She answered, "Doctor, I fear I shall be out of breath before I get up to the top."

'A very dirty clergyman of her acquaintance, who affected smartness and repartees, was asked by some of the company how his nails came to be so dirty. He was at a loss, but she solved the difficulty by saying, "The doctor's nails grew dirty by scratching himself."

'A Quaker apothecary sent her a vial, corked; it had a broad brim, and a label of paper about its neck. "What is that?" said she—"my apothecary's son!" The ridiculous resemblance, and the suddenness of the question, set us all a-laughing.'—Swift's Works, SCOTT'S Ed. vol. ix. pp. 295-296.

bor'; then that he has been unwell, and means to dine for the whole week with his neighbor! Stella was quite right in her previsions. She saw from the very first hint what was going to happen; and scented Vanessa in the air.* The rival is at the dean's feet. The pupil and teacher are reading together, and drinking tea together, and going to prayers together, and learning Latin together, and conjugating *amo, amas, amavi* together. The little language is over for poor Stella. By the rule of grammar and the course of conjugation, doesn't *amavi* come after *amo* and *amas?*

The loves of Cadenus and Vanessa † you may peruse in Cadenus' own poem on the subject, and in poor Vanessa's vehement expostulatory verses and letters to him; she adores him, implores him, admires him, thinks him something god-like, and only prays to be admitted to lie at his feet. ‡ As they are bringing him home from church, those divine feet of Dr. Swift's are found pretty often in Vanessa's parlor. He likes to be admired and adored. He finds Miss Vanhomrigh to be a woman of great taste and spirit, and beauty and wit, and a fortune too. He sees her every day; he does not tell Stella about the business; until the impetuous Vanessa becomes too fond of him, until the doctor is quite frightened by the young woman's ardor, and confounded by her warmth. He wanted to marry neither of them—that I believe was the truth; but if he had not married Stella, Vanessa would have had him in spite of

* 'I am so hot and lazy after my morning's walk, that I loitered at Mrs. Vanhomrigh's, where my best gown and periwig was, and *out of mere listlessness dine there very often*; so I did to-day.'—*Journal to Stella.*

Mrs. Vanhomrigh, 'Vanessa's' mother, was the widow of a Dutch merchant who held lucrative appointments in King William's time. The family settled in London in 1709, and had a house in Bury street, St. James'—a street made notable by such residents as Swift and Steele; and, in our own time, Moore and Crabbe.

† 'Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but in general fictitious. She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gayety, and pride; not without some agreeable accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; . . . happy in the thoughts of being reported Swift's concubine, but still aiming and intending to be his wife.'—Lord Orrery.

‡ 'You bid me be easy, and you would see me as often as you could. You had better have said, as often as you can get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remember there was such a one in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. It is impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have borne the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more; but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long; for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world I must give way to it, and beg you would see me and speak kindly to me; for I am sure you'd not condemn anyone to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it to you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your looks so awful that it strikes me dumb. Oh, that you may have but so much regard for me left that this complaint may touch your soul with pity! I say as little as ever I can; did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me; and believe I cannot help telling you this and live.'—Vanessa.

himself. When he went back to Ireland, his Ariadne, not content to remain in her isle, pursued the fugitive dean. In vain he protested, he vowed, he soothed, and bullied; the news of the dean's marriage with Stella at last came to her, and it killed her—she died of that passion.*

And when she died, and Stella heard that Swift had written beautifully regarding her, 'That doesn't surprise me,' said Mrs. Stella, 'for we all know the dean could write beautifully about a broomstick.' A woman—a true woman! Would you have had one of them forgive the other?

* 'If we consider Swift's behavior, so far only as it relates to women, we shall find that he looked upon them rather as busts than as whole figures.'—ORRERY.

'You would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night.'—ORRERY.

A correspondent of Sir Walter Scott's furnished him with the materials on which to found the following interesting passage about Vanessa—after she had retired to cherish her passion in retreat:

'Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety, by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs. Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well: and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company; her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. . . She avoided company, and was always melancholy, save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the dean she always planted with her own hand a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favorite seat, still called "Vanessa's bower." Three or four trees and some laurels indicate the spot. . . There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey. . . In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing material on the table before them.'—SCOTT'S *Swift*, vol. i. pp. 246–247.

'. . . But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of a union with the object of her affections—to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct toward her. The most probable bar was his undefined connection with Mrs. Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her, had, doubtless, long excited her secret jealousy, although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him—then in Ireland: "If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*" Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty for no less than eight years must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly, perhaps, to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed, and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs. Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connection Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the dean; and, full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and, without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr. Ford, near Dublin. Every reader knows the consequence. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table, and, instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death warrant. She sank at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks.'—SCOTT.

In a note in his biography, Scott says that his friend Dr. Tuke, of Dublin, has a lock of Stella's hair, enclosed in a paper by Swift, on which are written, in the dean's hand, the words: '*Only a woman's hair.*' An instance, says Scott, of the dean's desire to veil his feelings under the mask of cynical indifference.

See the various notions of critics! Do those words indicate indifference or an attempt to hide feeling? Did you ever hear or read four words more pathetic? Only a woman's hair; only love, only fidelity, only purity, innocence, beauty; only the tenderest heart in the world stricken and wounded, and passed away now out of reach of pangs of hope deferred, love insulted, and pitiless desertion—only that lock of hair left; and memory and remorse, for the guilty, lonely wretch, shuddering over the grave of his victim.

And yet to have had much love, he must have given some. Treasures of wit and wisdom, and tenderness, too, must that man have had locked up in the caverns of his gloomy heart, and shone fitfully to one or two whom he took in there. But it was not good to visit that place. People did not remain there long, and suffered for having been there.* He shrank away from all affections sooner or later. Stella and Vanessa both died near him and away from him. He had not heart enough to see them die. He broke from his fastest friend, Sheridan; he slunk away from his fondest admirer, Pope. His laugh jars on one's ear after seven-score years. He was always alone—alone and gnashing in the darkness, except when Stella's sweet smile came and shone upon him When that went, silence and utter night closed over him. An immense genius; an awful downfall and ruin. So great a man he seems to me, that thinking of him is like thinking of an empire falling. We have other great names to mention—none I think, however, so great or so gloomy.

CONGREVE AND ADDISON.

A GREAT number of years ago, before the passing of the Reform Bill, there existed at Cambridge a certain debating club, called the 'Union'; and I remember that there was a tradition among the undergraduates who frequented that renowned school of oratory, that the great leaders of the Oppo-

* 'M. Swift est Rabelais dans son bon sens, et vivant en bonne compagnie. Il n'a pas, à la vérité, la gaîté du premier, mais il a toute la finesse, la raison, le choix, le bon goût qui manquent à notre curé de Meudon. Ses vers sont d'un goût singulier, et presque inimitable; la bonne plaisanterie est son partage en vers et en prose; mais pour le bien entendre il faut faire un petit voyage dans son pays.'—VOLTAIRE: *Lettres sur les Anglais.* Let. 22.

sition and Government had their eyes upon the University Debating Club, and that if a man distinguished himself there he ran some chance of being returned to parliament as a great nobleman's nominee. So Jones of John's, or Thompson of Trinity, would rise in their might, and draping themselves in their gowns, rally round the monarchy, or hurl defiance at priests and kings, with the majesty of Pitt or the fire of Mirabeau, fancying all the while that the great nobleman's emissary was listening to the debate from the back benches, where he was sitting with the family seat in his pocket. Indeed, the legend said that one or two young Cambridge men, orators of the 'Union,' were actually caught up thence, and carried down to Cornwall or old Sarum, and so into parliament. And many a young fellow deserted the jog trot university curriculum, to hang on in the dust behind the fervid wheels of the parliamentary chariot.

Where, I have often wondered, were the sons of peers and members of parliament in Anne's and George's time? Were they all in the army, or hunting in the country, or boxing the watch? How was it that the young gentlemen from the university got such a prodigious number of places? A lad composed a neat copy of verses at Christ Church or Trinity, in which the death of a great personage was bemoaned, the French king assailed, the Dutch or Prince Eugene complimented, or the reverse; and the party in power was presently to provide for the young poet; and a commissionership, or a post in the Stamps, or the secretaryship of an Embassy, or a clerkship in the Treasury, came into the bard's possession. A wonderful fruit-bearing rod was that of Busby's. What have men of letters got in *our* time? Think, not only of Swift, a king fit to rule in any time or empire—but Addison, Steele, Prior, Tickell, Congreve, John Gay, John Dennis, and many others, who got public employment, and pretty little pickings out of the public purse.* The wits of whose names we shall

* The following is a *conspectus* of them·

ADDISON.—Commissioner of Appeals; Under Secretary of State; Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Keeper of the Records in Ireland; Lord of Trade; and one of the Principal Secretaries of State, successively.

STEELE.—Commissioner of the Stamp Office: Surveyor of the Royal Stables at Hampton Court; and Governor of the Royal Company of Comedians; Commissioner of 'Forfeited Estates in Scotland,'

PRIOR.—Secretary to the Embassy at The Hague; Gentleman of the Bedchamber to King William; Secretary to the Embassy in France; Under Secretary of State; Ambassador to France.

TICKELL.—Under Secretary of State; Secretary to the Lord Justices of Ireland.

CONGREVE.—Commissioner for licensing Hackney Coaches; Commissioner for Wine Licenses; place in the Pipe Office; post in the Custom House: Secretary of Jamaica.

GAY.—Secretary to the Earl of Clarendon (when Ambassador to Hanover).

JOHN DENNIS.—A place in the Custom House.

'En Angleterre . . . les lettres sont plus en honneur qu'ici.'—VOLTAIRE: *Lettres sur les Anglais.* Let. 20.

treat in this lecture and two following, all (save one) touched the king's coin, and had, at some period of their lives, a happy quarter-day coming round for them.

They all began at school or college in the regular way, producing panegyrics upon public characters, what were called odes upon public events, battles, sieges, court marriages and deaths, in which the gods of Olympus and the tragic muse were fatigued with invocations, according to the fashion of the time in France and in England. 'Aid us, Mars, Bacchus, Apollo,' cried Addison, or Congreve, singing of William or Marlborough. '*Accourez, chastes nymphes du Permesse,*' says Boileau, celebrating the Grand Monarch. '*Des sons que ma lyre enfante marquez en bien la cadence, et vous vents, faites silence! je vais parler de Louis!*' Schoolboys' themes and foundation exercises are the only relics left now of this scholastic fashion. The Olympians are left quite undisturbed in their mountain. What man of note, what contributor to the poetry of a country newspaper, would now think of writing a congratulatory ode on the birth of the heir to a dukedom, or the marriage of a nobleman? In the past century the young gentlemen of the universities all exercised themselves at these queer compositions; and some got fame, and some gained patrons and places for life, and many more took nothing by these efforts of what they were pleased to call their muses.

William Congreve's* Pindaric Odes are still to be found in 'Johnson's Poets,' that now unfrequented poets'-corner, in which so many forgotten bigwigs have a niche; but though he was also voted to be one of the greatest tragic poets of any day, it was Congreve's wit and humor which first recommended him to courtly fortune. And it is recorded his first play, the 'Old Bachelor,' brought our author to the notice of that great patron of English muses, Charles Montague, Lord Halifax—who, being desirous to place so eminent a wit in a state of ease and tranquillity, instantly made him one of the commissioners for licensing hackney coaches, bestowed on him soon after a place in the Pipe Office, and likewise a post in the Custom House of the value of six hundred pounds.

A commissionership of hackney-coaches—a post in the Custom House—a place in the Pipe Office, and all for writing a comedy! Doesn't it sound like a fable, that place in the Pipe Office?† 'Ah, l'heureux temps que celui de ces fables!' Men

* He was the son of Colonel William Congreve, and grandson of Richard Congreve, Esq., of Congreve and Stretton in Staffordshire—a very ancient family.

† 'PIPE. *Pipa,* in law, is a roll in the Exchequer called also the *great roll.*
'*Pipe Office* is an office in which a person called the *Clerk of the Pipe* makes out

of letters there still be; but I doubt whether any Pipe Offices are left. The public has smoked them long ago.

Words, like men, pass current for a while with the public, and, being known everywhere abroad, at length take their places in society; so even the most secluded and refined ladies here present will have heard the phrase from their sons or brothers at school, and will permit me to call William Congreve, Esquire, the most eminent literary 'swell' of his age. In my copy of 'Johnson's Lives' Congreve's wig is the tallest, and put on with the jauntiest air of all the laureled worthies. 'I am the great Mr. Congreve,' he seems to say, looking out from his voluminous curls. People called him the great Mr. Congreve.* From the beginning of his career until the end everybody admired him. Having got his education in Ireland, at the same school and college with Swift, he came to live in the Middle Temple, London, where he luckily bestowed no attention to the law; but splendidly frequented the coffee houses and theaters, and appeared in the side-box, the tavern, the Piazza, and the Mall, brilliant, beautiful, victorious from the first. Everybody acknowledged the young chieftain. The great Mr. Dryden† declared that he was equal to Shakspere, and bequeathed to him his own undisputed poetical crown, and

leases of Crown lands, by warrant from the Lord Treasurer, or Commissioners of the Treasury, or Chancellor of the Exchequer.

'Clerk of the Pipe makes up all accounts of sheriffs, &c.'—Rees: *Cycloped.* Art. Pipe.

'*Pipe Office.*—Spelman thinks so called, because his papers were kept in a large *pipe* or cask.

'"These be at last brought into that office of her Majesty's Exchequer, which we, by a metaphor, do call the *pipe* . . . because the whole receipt is finally conveyed into it by means of divers small *pipes* or quills."—Bacon: *The Office of Alienations*.'

[We are indebted to Richardson's *Dictionary* for this fragment of erudition. But a modern man of letters can know little of these points—by experience.]

* 'It has been observed that no change of ministers affected him in the least; nor was he ever removed from any post that was given to him, except to a better. His place in the Custom House, and his office of Secretary in Jamaica, are said to have brought him in upward of twelve hundred a year.'—*Biog. Brit.*, *Art.* Congreve.

† Dryden addressed his 'twelfth epistle' to 'My dear friend, Mr. Congreve,' on his comedy called 'Double Dealer,' in which he says:

'Great Jonson did by strength of judgment please;
Yet, doubling Fletcher's force, he wants his ease.
In differing talents both adorned their age;
One for the study, t'other for the stage
But both to Congreve justly shall submit,
One match'd in judgment, both o'ermatched in wit.
In him all beauties of this age we see,' etc., etc.

The 'Double Dealer," however, was not so palpable a hit as the 'Old Bachelor,' but at first met with opposition. The critics having fallen foul of it, our 'Swell' applied the scourge to that presumptuous body, in the 'Epistle Dedicatory' to the 'Right Honorable Charles Montague.'

'I was conscious,' said he, 'where a true critic might have put me upon my defense. I was prepared for the attack, . . . but I have not heard anything said sufficient to provoke an answer.'

He goes on:

'But there is one thing at which I am more concerned than all the false criticisms that are made upon me; and that is, some of the ladies are offended. I am heartily sorry for it; for I declare, I would rather disoblige all the critics in the world than one of the

writes of him: 'Mr. Congreve has done me the favor to review the "Æneis," and compare my version with the original. I shall never be ashamed to own that this excellent young man has showed me many faults which I have endeavored to correct.'

The 'excellent young man' was but three or four and twenty when the great Dryden thus spoke of him; the greatest literary chief in England, the veteran field-marshal of letters, himself the marked man of all Europe, and the center of a school of wits who daily gathered round his chair and tobacco-pipe at Will's. Pope dedicated his 'Iliad' to him;* Swift, Addison, Steele, all acknowledge Congreve's rank, and lavish compliments upon him. Voltaire went to wait upon him as one of the representatives of literature; and the man who scarce praises any other living person—who flung abuse at Pope and Swift and Steele and Addison—the Grub Street Timon, old John Dennis,† was hat in hand to Mr. Congreve; and said that when he retired from the stage, comedy went with him.

Nor was he less victorious elsewhere. He was admired in the drawing rooms as well as in the coffee houses; as much beloved in the side-box as on the stage. He loved, and conquered, and jilted the beautiful Bracegirdle,‡ the heroine of all his plays, the favorite of all the town in her day, and the Duchess of Marlborough, Marlborough's daughter, had such an admiration of him, that when he died she had an ivory figure made to imitate him,§ and a large wax doll with gouty feet to be dressed just as the great Congreve's gouty feet were dressed in his great lifetime. He saved some money by his Pipe Office, and his Custom House office, and his Hackney

fair sex. They are concerned that I have represented some women vicious and affected. How can I help it? It is the business of a comic poet to paint the vices and follies of human kind. . . I should be very glad of an opportunity to make my compliments to those ladies who are offended. But they can no more expect it in a comedy, than *to be tickled by a surgeon when he is letting their blood.*'

* 'Instead of endeavoring to raise a vain monument to myself, let me leave behind me a memorial of my friendship with one of the most valuable men as well as finest writers of my age and country—one who has tried, and knows by his own experience, how hard an undertaking it is to do justice to Homer—and one who, I am sure, seriously rejoices with me at the period of my labors. To him, therefore, having brought this long work to a conclusion, I desire to dedicate it, and to have the honor and satisfaction of placing together in this manner the names of Mr. Congreve and of—A. POPE.'—*Postscript to Translation of the Iliad of Homer*, Mar. 25, 172-.

† 'When asked why he listened to the praises of Dennis, he said that he had much rather be flattered than abused. Swift had a particular friendship for our author, and generously took him under his protection in his high authoritative manner.'—THOS. DAVIES; *Dramatic Miscellanies.*

‡ 'Congreve was very intimate for years with Mrs. Bracegirdle, and lived in the same street, his house very near hers, until his acquaintance with the young Duchess of Marlborough. He then quitted that house. The duchess showed me a diamond necklace (which Lady Di. used afterward to wear) that cost seven thousand pounds, and was purchased with the money Congreve left her. How much better would it have been to have given it to poor Mrs. Bracegirdle.'—DR. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

§ 'A glass was put in the hand of the statue, which was supposed to bow to her Grace and to nod in approbation of what she spoke to it.'—THOS. DAVIES: *Dramatic Miscellanies.*

Coach office, and nobly left it, not to Bracegirdle, who wanted it,* but to the Duchess of Marlborough, who didn't.†

How can I introduce to you that merry and shameless Comic Muse who won him such a reputation? Nell Gwynn's servant fought the other footman for having called his mistress a bad name; and in like manner, and with pretty like epithets, Jeremy Collier attacked that godless, reckless Jezebel, the English comedy of his time, and called her what Nell Gwynn's man's fellow-servants called Nell Gwynn's man's mistress. The servants of the theater, Dryden, Congreve,‡ and others, defended themselves with the same success, and for the same cause which set Nell's lackey fighting. She was a disreputable, daring, laughing, painted French baggage, that Comic Muse. She came over from the Continent with Charles (who chose many more of his female friends there) at the Restoration—a wild, dishevelled Lais, with eyes bright with wit and wine—a saucy court favorite that sat at the king's knees, and laughed in his face, and when she showed her bold cheeks at her chariot window, had some of the noblest and most famous people of the land bowing round her wheel. She was kind and popular enough, that daring Comedy, that audacious poor Nell; she was gay and generous, kind, frank, as such people can afford to be; and the men who

* The sum Congreve left Mrs. Bracegirdle was two hundred pounds, as is said in the 'Dramatic Miscellanies' of Tom Davies; where are some particulars about this charming actress and beautiful woman.

She had a 'lively aspect,' says Tom, on the authority of Cibber, and 'such a glow of health and cheerfulness in her countenance, as inspired everybody with desire.' 'Scarce an audience saw her that were not half of them her lovers.'

Congreve and Rowe courted her in the persons of their lovers. 'In Tamerlane, Rowe courted her Selima, in the person of Axalla. . . ; Congreve insinuated his addresses in his Valentine to her Angelica, in "Love for Love"; in his Osmyn to her Almena, in the "Mourning Bride"; and, lastly, in his Mirabel to her Millamant, in the "Way of the World." Mirabel, the fine gentleman of the play, is, I believe, not very distant from the real character of Congreve.'—*Dramatic Miscellanies*, vol. iii. 1784.

She retired from the stage when Mrs. Oldfield began to be the public favorite. She died in 1748, in the eighty-fifth year of her age.

† Johnson calls his legacy the 'accumulation of attentive parsimony, which,' he continues, 'though to her (the duchess) superfluous and useless, might have given great assistance to the ancient family from which he descended, at that time, by the imprudence of his relation, reduced to difficulties and distress.'—*Lives of the Poets*.

‡ He replied to Collier, in the pamphlet called 'Amendments of Mr. Collier's False and Imperfect Citations,' etc. A specimen or two are subjoined:

'The greater part of these examples which he has produced are only demonstrations of his own impurity: they only savor of his utterance, and were sweet enough till tainted by his breath.

'Where the expression is unblamable in its own pure and genuine signification, he enters into it, himself, like the evil spirit; he possesses the innocent phrase, and makes it bellow forth his own blasphemies.

'If I do not return him civilities in calling him names, it is because I am not very well versed in his nomenclatures. . . I will only call him Mr. Collier, and that I will call him as often as I think he shall deserve it.

'The corruption of a rotten divine is the generation of a sour critic.'

"Congreve,' says Dr. Johnson, 'a very young man, elated with success, and impatient of censure, assumed an air of confidence and security. . . The dispute was protracted through ten years; but at last comedy grew more modest, and Collier lived to see the reward of his labors in the reformation of the theater.'—*Life of Congreve*.

lived with her and laughed with her, took her pay and drank her wine, turned out when the Puritans hooted her, to fight and defend her. But the jade was indefensible, and it is pretty certain her servants knew it.

There is life and death going on in everything: truth and lies always at battle. Pleasure is always warring against self-restraint. Doubt is always crying Pshaw! and sneering. A man in life, a humorist, in writing about life, sways over to one principle or the other, and laughs with the reverence for right and the love of truth in his heart, or laughs at these from the other side. Didn't I tell you that dancing was a serious business to Harlequin? I have read two or three of Congreve's plays over before speaking of him; and my feelings were rather like those, which I dare say most of us here have had, at Pompeii, looking at Sallust's house and the relics of an orgy: a dried wine-jar or two, a charred supper table, the breast of a dancing-girl pressed against the ashes, the laughing skull of a jester: a perfect stillness round about, as the cicerone twangs his moral, and the blue sky shines calmly over the ruin. The Congreve Muse is dead, and her song choked in Time's ashes. We gaze at the skeleton, and wonder at the life which once reveled in its mad veins. We take the skull up, and muse over the frolic and daring, the wit, scorn, passion, hope, desire, with which that empty bowl once fermented. We think of the glances that allured, the tears that melted, of the bright eyes that shone in those vacant sockets; and of lips whispering love, and cheeks dimpling with smiles, that once covered yon ghastly yellow framework. They used to call those teeth pearls once. See! there's the cup she drank from, the gold chain she wore on her neck, the vase which held the rouge for her cheeks, her looking-glass, and the harp she used to dance to. Instead of a feast we find a gravestone, and in place of a mistress a few bones!

Reading in these plays now is like shutting your ears and looking at people dancing. What does it mean? the measures, the grimaces, the bowing, shuffling, and retreating, the cavalier seul advancing upon those ladies—those ladies and men twirling round at the end in a mad galop, after which everybody bows and the quaint rite is celebrated. Without the music we can't understand that comic dance of the last century—its strange gravity and gayety, its decorum or its indecorum. It has a jargon of its own quite unlike life; a sort of moral of its own quite unlike life too. I'm afraid it's a heathen mystery symbolizing a pagan doctrine; protesting

—as the Pompeians very likely were, assembled at their theater and laughing at their games; as Sallust and his friends, and their mistresses, protested, crowned with flowers, with cups in their hands—against the new, hard, ascetic, pleasure-hating doctrine whose gaunt disciples, lately passed over from the Asian shores of the Mediterranean, were for breaking the fair images of Venus and flinging the altars of Bacchus down.

I fancy poor Congreve's theater is a temple of pagan delights, and mysteries not permitted except among heathens. I fear the theater carries down that ancient tradition and worship, as masons have carried their secret signs and rites from temple to temple. When the libertine hero carries off the beauty in the play, and the dotard is laughed to scorn for having the young wife: in the ballad, when the poet bids his mistress to gather roses while she may, and warns her that old Time is still a-flying: in the ballet, when honest Corydon courts Phillis under the treillage of the pasteboard cottage, and leers at her over the head of grandpapa in red stockings, who is opportunely asleep; and when seduced by the invitations of the rosy youth she comes forward to the footlights, and they perform on each other's tiptoes that *pas* which you all know, and which is only interrupted by old grandpapa awaking from his doze at the pasteboard châlet (whither he returns to take another nap in case the young people get an encore): when Harlequin, splendid in youth, strength, and agility, arrayed in gold and a thousand colors, springs over the heads of countless perils, leaps down the throat of bewildered giants, and, dauntless and splendid, dances danger down: when Mr. Punch, that godless old rebel, breaks every law and laughs at it with odious triumph, outwits his lawyer, bullies the beadle, knocks his wife about the head, and hangs the hangman—don't you see in the comedy, in the song, in the dance, in the ragged little Punch's puppet-show—the pagan protest? Doesn't it seem as if Life puts in its plea and sings its comment? Look how the lovers walk and hold each other's hands and whisper! Sings the chorus—'There is nothing like love, there is nothing like youth, there is nothing like beauty of your spring time. Look! how old age tries to meddle with merry sport! Beat him with his own crutch, the wrinkled old dotard! There is nothing like beauty, there is nothing like strength. Strength and valor win beauty and youth. Be brave and conquer. Be young and happy. Enjoy, enjoy, enjoy! Would you know the *Segreto per esser felice?* Here it is in a smiling mistress and a cup of Falernian.' As the boy tosses

the cup and sings his song—hark! what is that chant coming nearer and nearer? What is that dirge which *will* disturb us? The lights of the festival burn dim—the cheeks turn pale—the voice quavers—and the cup drops on the floor. Who's there? Death and Fate are at the gate, and they *will* come in.

Congreve's comic feast flares with lights, and round the table, emptying their flaming bowls of drink, and exchanging the wildest jests and ribaldry, sit men and women, waited on by rascally valets and attendants as dissolute as their mistresses—perhaps the very worst company in the world. There doesn't seem to be a pretense of morals. At the head of the table sits Mirabel or Belmour (dressed in the French fashion and waited on by English imitators of Scapin and Frontin). Their calling is to be irresistible, and to conquer everywhere. Like the heroes of the chivalry story, whose long-winded loves and combats they were sending out of fashion, they are always splendid and triumphant—overcome all dangers, vanquish all enemies, and win the beauty at the end. Fathers, husbands, usurers are the foes these champions contend with. They are merciless in old age, invariably, and an old man plays the part in the dramas which the wicked enchanter or the great blundering giant performs in the chivalry tales, who threatens and grumbles and resists—a huge stupid obstacle always overcome by the knight. It is an old man with a money-box: Sir Belmour his son or nephew spends his money and laughs at him. It is an old man with a young wife whom he locks up: Sir Mirabel robs him of wife, trips up his gouty old heels and leaves the old hunks. The old fool, what business has he to hoard his money, or to lock up blushing eighteen? Money is for youth, love is for youth, away with the old people. When Millamant is sixty, having of course divorced the first Lady Millamant, and married his friend Doricourt's granddaughter out of the nursery—it will be his turn; and young Belmour will make a fool of him. All this pretty morality you have in the comedies of William Congreve, Esq. They are full of wit. Such manners as he observes, he observes with great humor; but ah! it's a weary feast, that banquet of wit where no love is. It palls very soon; sad indigestions follow it and lonely blank headaches in the morning.

I can't pretend to quote scenes from the splendid Congreve's plays*—which are undeniably bright, witty, and daring

* The scene of Valentine's pretended madness in 'Love for Love' is a splendid specimen of Congreve's daring manner:

'*Scandal.*—And have you given your master a hint of their plot upon him?

'*Jeremy.*—Yes, sir; he says he'll favor it, and mistake her for *Angelica*.

—any more than I could ask you to hear the dialogue of a witty bargeman and a brilliant fishwoman exchanging compliments at Billingsgate; but some of his verses—they were among the most famous lyrics of the time, and pronounced

'*Scandal*.—It may make us sport.

'*Foresight*.—Mercy on us!

'*Valentine*.—Hush!—interrupt me not—I'll whisper predictions to thee, and thou shalt prophesie;—I am truth, and can teach thy tongue a new trick,—I have told thee what's passed—now I'll tell what's to come: Dost thou know what will happen to-morrow? Answer me not—for I will tell thee. To-morrow knaves will thrive thro' craft, and fools thro' fortune; and honesty will go as it did, frostnipt in a summer suit. Ask me questions concerning to-morrow.

'*Scandal*.—Ask him, *Mr. Foresight*.

'*Foresight*.—Pray what will be done at Court?

'*Valentine*.—*Scandal* will tell you;—I am truth, I never come there.

'*Foresight*.—In the city?

'*Valentine*.—Oh, prayers will be said in empty churches at the usual hours. Yet you will see such zealous faces behind counters as if religion were to be sold in every shop. Oh, things will go methodically in the city, the clocks will strike twelve at noon, and the horn'd herd buzz in the Exchange at two. Husbands and wives will drive distinct trades, and care and pleasure separately occupy the family. Coffee houses will be full of smoke and stratagem. And the cropt 'prentice that sweeps his master's shop in the morning, may, ten to one, dirty his sheets before night. But there are two things that you will see very strange; which are, wanton wives with their legs at liberty, and tame cuckolds with chains about their necks. But hold, I must examine you before I go further; you look suspiciously. Are you a husband?

'*Foresight*.—I am married.

'*Valentine*.—Poor creature? Is your wife of Covent Garden *Parish?*

'*Foresight*.—No; St. Martin's-in-the Fields.

'*Valentine*.—Alas, poor man! his eyes are sunk, and his hands shriveled: his legs dwindled, and his back bow'd. Pray, pray for a metamorphosis—change thy shape, and shake off age; get thee *Medea's* kettle and be boiled anew; come forth with lab'ring callous hands, and chine of steel, and *Atlas'* shoulders. Let Taliacotius trim the calves of twenty chairmen, and make thee pedestals to stand erect upon, and look matrimony in the face. Ha, ha, ha! That a man should have a stomach to a wedding supper, when the pigeons ought rather to be laid to his feet. Ha, ha, ha!

'*Foresight*.—His frenzy is very high now, *Mr. Scandal*.

'*Scandal*.—I believe it is a spring-tide.

'*Foresight*.—Very likely—truly; you understand these matters. *Mr. Scandal*, I shall be very glad to confer with you about these things he has uttered. His sayings are very mysterious and hieroglyphical.

'*Valentine*.—Oh! why would *Angelica* be absent from my eyes so long?

'*Jeremy*.—She's here, sir.

'*Mrs. Foresight*.—Now, sister.

'*Mrs. Frail*.—O Lord! what must I say?

'*Scandal*.—Humor him, madam, by all means.

'*Valentine*.—Where is she? Oh! I see her; she comes like Riches, Health, and Liberty at once, to a despairing, starving, and abandoned wretch. Oh, welcome, welcome!

'*Mrs. Frail*.—How d'ye, sir? Can I serve you?

'*Valentine*.—Hark'ee—I have a secret to tell you. *Endymion* and the moon shall meet us on *Mount Latmos*, and we'll be married in the dead of night. But say not a word. *Hymen* shall put his torch into a dark lantern, that it may be secret; and Juno shall give her peacock poppy-water, that he may fold his ogling tail; and Argus' hundred eyes be shut—ha! Nobody shall know, but *Jeremy*.

'*Mrs Frail*.—No, no; we'll keep it secret; it shall be done presently.

'*Valentine*.—The sooner the better. *Jeremy*, come hither—closer—that none may overhear us. *Jeremy*, I can tell you news: *Angelica* is turned nun, and I am turning friar, and yet we'll marry one another in spite of the Pope. Get me a cowl and beads, that I may play my part; for she'll meet me two hours hence in black and white, and a long veil to cover the project, and we won't see one another's faces till we have done something to be ashamed of, and then we'll blush once for all. . .

'*Enter* TATTLE.

'*Tattle*.—Do you know me, *Valentine?*

'*Valentine*.—You!—who are you? No, I hope not.

'*Tattle*.—I am *Jack Tattle*, your friend.

'*Valentine*.—My friend! What to do? I am no married man, and thou canst not lie with my wife; I am very poor, and thou canst not borrow money of me. Then, what employment have I for a friend?

'*Tattle*.—Hah! A good open speaker, and not to be trusted with a secret.

equal to Horace by his contemporaries—may give an idea of his power, of his grace, of his daring manner, his magnificence in compliment, and his polished sarcasm. He writes as if he was so accustomed to conquer, that he has a poor opinion of his victims. 'Nothing's new except their faces,' says he; 'every woman is the same.' He says this in his first comedy, which he wrote languidly* in illness, when he was an 'excel-

'*Angelica.*—Do you know me, *Valentine?*

'*Valentine.*—Oh, very well.

'*Angelica.*—Who am I?

'*Valentine.*—You're a woman, one to whom Heaven gave beauty when it grafted roses on a brier. You are the reflection of heaven in a pond; and he that leaps at you is sunk. You are all white—a sheet of spotless paper—when you first are born; but you are to be scrawled and blotted by every goose's quill. I know you; for I loved a woman, and loved her so long that I found out a strange thing: I found out what a woman was good for.

'*Tattle.*—Ay! pr'ythee, what's that?

'*Valentine.*—Why, to keep a secret.

'*Tattle.*—O Lord!

'*Valentine.*—Oh, exceeding good to keep a secret; for, though she should tell, yet she is not to be believed.

'*Tattle.*—Hah! Good again, faith.

'*Valentine.*—I would have music. Sing me the song that I like.'—CONGREVE: *Love for Love.*

There is a *Mrs Nickleby*, of the year 1700, in Congreve's comedy of 'The Double Dealer,' in whose character the author introduces some wonderful traits of roguish satire. She is practiced on by the gallants of the play, and no more knows how to resist them than any of the ladies above quoted could resist Congreve.

'*Lady Plyant.*—Oh, reflect upon the horror of your conduct! Offering to pervert me' [the joke is that the gentleman is pressing the lady for her daughter's hand, not her own]—'perverting me from the road of virtue, in which I have trod thus long, and never made one trip—not one *faux pas*. Oh, consider it; what would you have to answer for, if you should provoke me to frailty! Alas, humanity is feeble, Heaven knows! Very feeble, and unable to support itself.

'*Mellefont.*—Where am I? Is it day, and am I awake? Madam——

'*Lady Plyant.*—O Lord! ask me the question! I'll swear I'll deny it; therefore don't ask me; nay, you shan't ask me; I swear I'll deny it. O Gemini, you have brought the blood into my face: I warrant I am as red as a turkey-cock. Oh, fie, cousin Mellefont!

'*Mellefont.*—Nay, madam, hear me. I mean——

'*Lady Plyant.*—Hear you? No, no; I'll deny you first, and hear you afterward. For one does not know how one's mind may change upon hearing—hearing is one of the senses, and all the senses are fallible. I won't trust my honor, I assure you: my honor is infallible and uncomatable.

'*Mellefont.*—For Heaven's sake, madam——

'*Lady Plyant.*—Oh, name it no more. Bless me, how can you talk of heaven, and have so much wickedness in your heart? May be, you don't think it a sin. They say some of you gentlemen don't think it a sin; but still, my honor, if it were no sin——But, then, to marry my daughter for the convenience of frequent opportunities—I'll never consent to that; as sure as can be, I'll break the match.

'*Mellefont.*—Death and amazement! Madam, upon my knees——

'*Lady Plyant.*—Nay, nay; rise up! Come, you shall see my good nature. I know love is powerful, and nobody can help his passion. 'Tis not your fault; nor, I swear, it is not mine. How can I help it, if I have charms? And how can you help it, if you are made a captive? I swear it is pity it should be a fault; but, my honor—Well, but your honor, too—but the sin! Well, but the necessity. O Lord, here's somebody coming! I dare not stay. Well, you must consider of your crime, and strive as much as can be against it—strive, be sure; but don't be melancholick—don't despair; but never think that I'll grant you anything. O Lord, no! but be sure you lay aside all thoughts of the marriage, for though I know you don't love Cynthia, only as a blind to your passion for me, yet it will make me jealous. O Lord, what did I say? Jealous! No, no, I can't be jealous, for I must not love you. Therefore, don't hope, but don't despair neither. Oh, they're coming; I *must* fly.'—*The Double Dealer:* Act 2, sc. v., page 156.

* 'There seems to be a strange affectation in authors of appearing to have done everything by chance. The "Old Bachelor" was written for amusement in the languor of convalescence. Yet it is apparently composed with great elaborateness of dialogue and incessant ambition of wit.'—JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets.*

lent young man.' Richelieu at eighty could have hardly said a more excellent thing.

When he advances to make one of his conquests, it is with a splendid gallantry, in full uniform and with the fiddles playing, like Grammont's French dandies attacking the breach of Lerida.

'Cease, cease to ask her name,' he writes of a young lady at the Wells at Tunbridge, whom he salutes with a magnificent compliment:

Cease, cease to ask her name,
The crowned Muse's noblest theme,
Whose glory by immortal fame
Shall only sounded be.

But if you long to know,
Then look round yonder dazzling row;
Who most does like an angel show,
You may be sure 'tis she.

Here are lines about another beauty, who perhaps was not so well pleased at the poet's manner of celebrating her:

When Lesbia first I saw, so heavenly fair,
With eyes so bright and with that awful air,
I thought my heart which durst so high aspire
As bold as his who snatched celestial fire.
But soon as e'er the beauteous idiot spoke,
Forth from her coral lips such folly broke,
Like balm the trickling nonsense heal'd my wound,
And what her eyes enthralled, her tongue unbound.

Amoret is a cleverer woman than the lovely Lesbia, but the poet does not seem to respect one much more than the other; and describes both with exquisite satirical humor:

Fair Amoret is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her every lover.
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

What could Amoret have done to bring down such shafts of ridicule upon her? Could she have resisted the irresistible Mr. Congreve? Could anybody? Could Sabina, when she woke and heard such a bard singing under her window? 'See,' he writes:

See! see, she wakes—Sabina wakes
And now the sun begins to rise!
Less glorious is the morn, that breaks
From his bright beams, than her fair eyes.
With light united, day they give;
But different fates ere night fulfil:
How many by his warmth will live!
How many will her coldness kill!'

Are you melted? Don't you think him a divine man? If not touched by the brilliant Sabina, hear the devout Selinda:

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favor;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her:

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her;
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!

What a conquering air there is about these! What an irresistible Mr. Congreve it is! Sinner! of course he will be a sinner, the delightful rascal! Win her! of course he will win

her, the victorious rogue! He knows he will: he must—with such a grace, with such a fashion, with such a splendid embroidered suit. You see him with red-heeled shoes deliciously turned out, passing a fair jeweled hand through his disheveled periwig, and delivering a killing ogle along with his scented billet. And Sabina? What a comparison that is between the nymph and the sun! The sun gives Sabina the *pas*, and does not venture to rise before her ladyship: the morn's *bright beams* are less glorious than her *fair eyes:* but before night everybody will be frozen by her glances: everybody but one lucky rogue who shall be nameless. Louis Quatorze in all his glory is hardly more splendid than our Phœbus Apollo of the Mall and Spring Gardens.*

When Voltaire came to visit the great Congreve, the latter rather affected to despise his literary reputation, and in this perhaps the great Congreve was not far wrong.† A touch of Steele's tenderness is worth all his finery; a flash of Swift's lightning, a beam of Addison's pure sunshine, and his tawdry playhouse taper is invisible. But the ladies loved him, and he was undoubtedly a pretty fellow.‡

* 'Among those by whom it ("Will's") was frequented, Southerne and Congreve were principally distinguished by Dryden's friendship. . . But Congreve seems to have gained yet farther than Southerne upon Dryden's friendship. He was introduced to him by his first play, the celebrated "Old Bachelor" being put into the poet's hands to be revised. Dryden, after making a few alterations to fit it for the stage, returned it to the author with the high and just commendation, that it was the best first play he had ever seen.'—SCOTT'S *Dryden*, vol. i. p. 370.

† It was in Surrey Street, Strand (where he afterward died), that Voltaire visited him, in the decline of his life.

The anecdote relating to his saying that he wished 'to be visited on no other footing than as a gentleman who led a life of plainness and simplicity,' is common to all writers on the subject of Congreve, and appears in the English version of Voltaire's 'Letters concerning the English Nation,' published in London, 1733, as also in Goldsmith's 'Memoir of Voltaire.' But it is worthy of remark, that it does not appear in the text of the same Letters in the edition of Voltaire's 'Œuvres Complètes' in the 'Panthéon Littéraire.' Vol. v. of his works. (Paris, 1837.)

'Celui de tous les Anglais qui à porté le plus loin la gloire du théâtre comique est feu M. Congreve. Il n'a fait que peu de pièces, mais toutes sont excellentes dans leur genre. . . Vous y voyez partout le langage des honnêtes gens avec des actions de fripon; ce qui prouve qu'il connaissait bien son monde, et qu'il vivait dans ce qu'on appelle la bonne compagnie.'—VOLTAIRE: *Lettres sur les Anglais*. Let. 19.

‡ On the death of Queen Mary he published a Pastoral—'The Mourning Muse of Alexis.' Alexis and Menalcas sing alternately in the orthodox way. The Queen is called PASTORA.

'I mourn PASTORA dead, let Albion mourn,
And sable clouds her chalky cliffs adorn,'

says Alexis. Among other phenomena, we learn that:

'With their sharp nails themselves the Satyrs wound,
And tug their shaggy beards, and bite with grief the ground'—

(a degree of sensibility not always found in the Satyrs of that period) . . . It continues:

'Lord of these woods and wide extended plains,
Stretch'd on the ground and close to earth his face,
Scalding with tears the already faded grass,
. . . . . .
To dust must all that Heavenly beauty come?
And must Pastora molder in the tomb?
Ah, Death! more fierce and unrelenting far

We have seen in Swift a humorous philosopher whose truth frightens one, and whose laughter makes one melancholy. We have had in Congreve a humorous observer of another school, to whom the world seems to have no moral at all, and whose ghastly doctrine seems to be that we should eat, drink, and be merry when we can, and go to the deuce (if there be a deuce) when the time comes. We come now to a humor that flows from quite a different heart and spirit—a wit that makes us laugh and leaves us good and happy; to one of the kindest benefactors that society has ever had; and I believe that you have divined already that I am about to mention Addison's honored name.

From reading over his writings, and the biographies which we have of him, among which the famous article in the *Edinburgh Review** may be cited as a magnificent statue of

Than wildest wolves and savage tigers are;
With lambs and sheep their hungers are appeased,
But ravenous Death the shepherdess has seized.'

This statement that a wolf eats but a sheep, while Death eats a shepherdess—that figure of the 'Great Shepherd' lying speechless on his stomach in a state of despair which neither winds nor floods nor air can exhibit—are to be remembered in poetry surely: and this style was admired in its time by the admirers of the great Congreve!

In the 'Tears of Amaryllis for Amyntas' (the young Lord Blandford, the great Duke of Marlborough's only son), Amaryllis represents Sarah Duchess!

The tigers and wolves, nature and motion, rivers and echoes, come into work here again. At the sight of her grief:

'Tigers and wolves their wonted rage forego,
And dumb distress and new compassion show,
Nature herself attentive silence kept,
And motion seemed suspended while she wept!'

And Pope dedicated the 'Iliad' to the author of these lines—and Dryden wrote to him in his great hand:

'Time, place, and action may with pains be wrought,
But genius must be born and never can be taught.
This is your portion, this your native store;
Heaven, that but once was prodigal before,
To SHAKSPERE gave as much she could not give him more.
Maintain your Post: that's all the fame you need,
For 'tis impossible you should proceed;
Already I am worn with cares and age,
And just abandoning th' ungrateful stage:
Unprofitably kept at Heaven's expense,
I live a Rent-charge upon Providence:
But you, whom every Muse and Grace adorn
Whom I foresee to better fortune born,
Be kind to my remains, and oh! defend
Against your Judgment your departed Friend!
Let not the insulting Foe my Fame pursue;
But shade those Laurels which descend to You:
And take for Tribute what these Lines express;
You merit more, nor could my Love do less.'

This is a very different manner of welcome to that of our own day. In Shadwell, Higgons, Congreve, and the comic authors of their time, when gentlemen meet they fall into each other's arms, with 'Jack, Jack, I must buss thee'; or, 'Fore George, Harry, I must kiss thee, lad.' And in a similar manner the poets saluted their brethren. Literary gentlemen do not kiss now: I wonder if they love each other better?

Steele calls Congreve 'Great Sir' and 'Great Author'; says 'Well-dressed barbarians knew his awful name,' and addresses him as if he were a prince; and speaks of 'Pastora' as one of the most famous tragic compositions.

* 'To Addison himself we are bound by a sentiment as much like affection as any sentiment can be which is inspired by one who has been sleeping a hundred and twenty

the great writer and moralist of the last age, raised by the love and the marvelous skill and genius of one of the most illustrious artists of our own; looking at that calm, fair face, and clear countenance—those chiseled features pure and cold,[1] I can't but fancy that this great man—in this respect like him of whom we spoke in the last lecture—was also one of the lonely ones of the world. Such men have very few equals, and they don't herd with those. It is in the nature of such lords of intellect to be solitary—they are in the world, but not of it; and our minor struggles, brawls, successes, pass under them.

Kind, just, serene, impartial, his fortitude not tried beyond easy endurance, his affections not much used, for his books were his family, and his society was in public; admirably wiser, wittier, calmer, and more instructed than almost every man with whom he met, how could Addison suffer, desire, admire, feel much? I may expect a child to admire me for being taller or writing more cleverly than she; but how can I ask my superior to say that I am a wonder when he knows better than I? In Addison's days you could scarcely show him a literary performance, a sermon or a poem, or a piece of literary criticism, but he felt he could do better. His justice must have made him indifferent. He didn't praise, because he measured his compeers by a higher standard than common people have.* How was he who was so tall to look up to any but the loftiest genius? He must have stooped to put himself on a level with most men. By that profusion of graciousness and smiles with which Goethe or Scott, for instance, greeted almost every literary beginner, every small literary adventurer who came to his court and went away charmed from the king's audience, and cuddling to his heart the compliment which his literary majesty had paid him—each of the two good-natured potentates of letters brought their star and ribbon into discredit. Everybody had his majesty's orders. Everybody had his majesty's cheap portrait, on a box surrounded with dia-

years in Westminster Abbey. . . After full inquiry and impartial reflection we have long been convinced that he deserved as much love and esteem as can justly be claimed by any of our infirm or erring race.'—MACAULAY.

[1] 'Many who praise virtue do no more than praise it. Yet it is reasonable to believe that Addison's profession and practice were at no great variance, since, amid that storm of faction in which most of his life was passed, though his station made him conspicuous, and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies. Of those with whom interest or opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence.'—JOHNSON.

* 'Addison was perfect good company with intimates, and had something more charming in his conversation than I ever knew in any other man; but with any mixture of strangers, and sometimes only with one, he seemed to preserve his dignity much, with a stiff sort of silence.'—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

monds worth twopence apiece. A very great and just and wise man ought not to praise indiscriminately, but give his idea of the truth. Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Pinktheman; Addison praises the ingenious Mr. Dogget, the actor, whose benefit is coming off that night; Addison praises Don Saltero; Addison praises Milton with all his heart, bends his knee and frankly pays homage to that imperial genius.* But between those degrees of men his praise is very scanty. I don't think the great Mr. Addison liked young Mr. Pope, the papist, much; I don't think he abused him. But when Mr. Addison's men abused Mr. Pope, I don't think Addison took his pipe out of his mouth to contradict them.†

Addison's father was a clergyman of good repute in Wiltshire, and rose in the church.‡ His famous son never lost his clerical training and scholastic gravity, and was called 'a parson in a tye-wig'§ in London afterward at a time when tye-wigs were only worn by the laity, and the fathers of theology did not think it decent to appear except in a full bottom. Having been at school at Salisbury and the Charterhouse, in 1687, when he was fifteen years old, he went to Queen's College, Oxford, where he speedily began to distinguish himself by the making of Latin verses. The beautiful and fanciful poem of 'The Pygmies and the Cranes' is still read by lovers of that sort of exercise; and verses are extant in honor of King William,

* 'Milton's chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but in the greatness of his sentiments he triumphs over all the poets, both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impossible for the imagination of man to distend itself with greater ideas than those which he has laid together in his first, second, and sixth books.' – *Spectator*, No. 279.

'If I were to name a poet that is a perfect master in all these arts of working on the imagination, I think Milton may pass for one.'—*Ibid* No. 417.

These famous papers appeared in each Saturday's *Spectator*, from January 19 to May 3, 1712. Beside his services to Milton, we may place those he did to sacred music.

† 'Addison was very kind to me at first, but my bitter enemy afterward.'—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

'"Leave him as soon as you can," said Addison to me, speaking of Pope; "he will certainly play you some devilish trick else; he has an appetite to satire."'—LADY WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

‡ Lancelot Addison, his father, was the son of another Lancelot Addison, a clergyman in Westmoreland. He became Dean of Lichfield and Archdeacon of Coventry.

§ 'The remark of Mandeville, who, when he had passed an evening in his company, declared that he was "a parson in tye-wig," can detract little from his character. He was always reserved to strangers, and was not incited to uncommon freedom by a character like that of Mandeville.'—JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets.*

'Old Jacob Tonson did not like Mr. Addison; he had a quarrel with him, and, after his quitting the secretaryship, used frequently to say of him—"One day or other you'll see that man a bishop—I'm sure he looks that way; and indeed I ever thought him a priest in his heart."'—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

'Mr. Addison stayed above a year at Blois. He would rise as early as between two and three in the height of summer, and lie abed till between eleven and twelve in the depth of winter. He was untalkative while here, and often thoughtful; sometimes so lost in thought, that I have come into his room and stayed five minutes there before he has known anything of it. He had his masters generally at supper with him; kept very little company beside; and had no amour that I know of; and I think I should have known it if he had had any.'—ABBÉ PHILIPPEAUX OF BLOIS. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

by which it appears that it was the loyal youth's custom to toast that sovereign in bumpers of purple Lyæus; many more works are in the collection, including one on the Peace of Ryswick, in 1697, which was so good that Montague got him a pension of £300 a year, on which Addison set out on his travels.

During his ten years at Oxford, Addison had deeply imbued himself with the Latin poetical literature, and had these poets at his fingers' ends when he traveled in Italy.* His patron went out of office, and his pension was unpaid; and hearing that this great scholar, now eminent and known to the literati of Europe (the great Boileau,† upon perusal of Mr. Addison's elegant hexameters, was first made aware that England was not altogether a barbarous nation)—hearing that the celebrated Mr. Addison of Oxford proposed to travel as governor to a young gentleman on the grand tour, the great Duke of Somerset proposed to Mr. Addison to accompany his son, Lord Hartford.

Mr. Addison was delighted to be of use to his Grace, and his lordship, his Grace's son, and expressed himself ready to set forth.

His Grace the Duke of Somerset now announced to one of the most famous scholars of Oxford and Europe that it was his gracious intention to allow my Lord Hartford's tutor one hundred guineas per annum. Mr. Addison wrote back that his services were his Grace's, but he by no means found his account in the recompense for them. The negotiation was broken off. They parted with a profusion of *congées* on one side and the other.

Addison remained abroad for some time, living in the best society of Europe. How could he do otherwise? He must have been one of the finest gentlemen the world ever saw: at all moments of life serene and courteous, cheerful and calm.‡ He could scarcely ever have had a degrading thought. He might have omitted a virtue or two, or many, but could not have had many faults committed for which he need blush or turn pale. When warmed into confidence, his conversation appears to have been so delightful that the greatest wits sat rapt and charmed to listen to him. No man bore poverty and narrow fortune with a more lofty cheerfulness. His letters to his friends at this period of his life, when he had lost his government pension and given up his college chances, are full of courage and a gay confidence and philos-

* 'His knowledge of the Latin poets, from Lucretius and Catullus down to Claudian and Prudentius, was singularly exact and profound.'—MACAULAY.

† 'Our country owes it to him, that the famous Monsieur Boileau first conceived an opinion of the English genius for poetry, by perusing the present he made him of the "Musæ Anglicanæ."'—TICKELL: *Preface to Addison's Works.*

‡ 'It was my fate to be much with the wits; my father was acquainted with all of them. *Addison was the best company in the world.* I never knew anybody that had so much wit as Congreve.'—LADY WORTLEY MONTAGU. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

ophy: and they are none the worse in my eyes, and I hope not in those of his last and greatest biographer (though Mr. Macaulay is bound to own and lament a certain weakness for wine, which the great and good Joseph Addison notoriously possessed, in common with countless gentlemen of his time), because some of the letters are written when his honest hand was shaking a little in the morning after libations to purple Lyæus over-night. He was fond of drinking the healths of his friends: he writes to Wyche * of Hamburg, gratefully remembering Wyche's 'hoc.' 'I have been drinking your health to-day with Sir Richard Shirley,' he writes to Bathurst. 'I have lately had the honor to meet my Lord Effingham at Amsterdam, where we have drunk Mr. Wood's health a hundred times in excellent champagne,' he writes again. Swift † describes him over his cups, when Joseph yielded to a temptation which Jonathan resisted. Joseph

* MR. ADDISON TO MR. WYCHE.

'DEAR SIR: My hand at present begins to grow steady enough for a letter, so the properest use I can put it to is to thank ye honest gentlemen that set it a shaking. I have had this morning a desperate design in my head to attack you in verse, which I should certainly have done could I have found out a rhyme to rummer. But though you have escaped for ye present, you are not yet out of danger, if I can a little recover my talent at crambo. I am sure, in whatever way I write to you, it will be impossible for me to express ye deep sense I have of ye many favors you have lately shown me. I shall only tell you that Hambourg has been the pleasantest stage I have met with in my travails. If any of my friends wonder at me for living so long in that place, I dare say it will be thought a very good excuse when I tell him Mr. Wyche was there. As your company made our stay at Hambourg agreeable, your wine has given us all ye satisfaction that we have found in our journey through Westphalia. If drinking your health will do you any good, you may expect to be as long-lived as Methuselah, or, to use a more familiar instance, as ye oldst hoc in ye cellar. I hope ye two pair of legs that was left a swelling behind us are by this time come to their shapes again. I can't forbear troubling you with my hearty respects to ye owners of them, and desiring you to believe me always, Dear Sir, Yours,' &c.

'To Mr. Wyche, His Majesty's Resident at Hambourg,
'May, 1703.'

From the Life of Addison, by Miss AIKIN. Vol. i. p. 146.

† It is pleasing to remember that the relation between Swift and Addison was, on the whole, satisfactory from first to last. The value of Swift's testimony, when nothing personal inflamed his bosom or warped his judgment, can be doubted by nobody.

'Sept. 10, 1710.—I sat till ten in the evening with Addison and Steele.

'11.—Mr. Addison and I dined together at his lodgings, and I sat with him part of this evening.

'18.—To-day I dined with Mr. Stratford at Mr. Addison's retirement near Chelsea. . . I will get what good offices I can from Mr. Addison.

'27.—To-day all our company dined at Will Frankland's with Steele and Addison, too.

'29.—I dined with Mr. Addison,' etc.—*Journal to Stella.*

Addison inscribed a presentation copy of his Travels 'To Mr. Jonathan Swift, the most agreeable companion, the truest friend, and the greatest genius of his age.'—(SCOTT. From the information of Mr. Theophilus Swift.)

'Mr. Addison, who goes over first secretary, is a most excellent person; and being my most intimate friend, I shall use all my credit to set him right in his notions of persons and things.'—*Letters.*

'I examine my heart, and can find no other reason why I write to you now, besides that great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for my friend or for myself.'—SWIFT to ADDISON (1717). SCOTT'S *Swift*. Vol. xix. p. 274.

Political differences only dulled for a while their friendly communications. Time renewed them: and Tickell enjoyed Swift's friendship as a legacy from the man with whose memory his is so honorably connected.

was of a cold nature, and needed perhaps the fire of wine to warm his blood. If he was a parson, he wore a tye-wig, recollect. A better and more Christian man scarcely ever breathed than Joseph Addison. If he had not that little weakness for wine—why, we could scarcely have found a fault with him, and could not have liked him as we do.*

At thirty-three years of age, this most distinguished wit, scholar, and gentleman was without a profession and an income. His book of 'Travels' had failed: his 'Dialogues on Medals' had had no particular success: his Latin verses, even though reported the best since Vergil, or Statius at any rate, had not brought him a government place, and Addison was living up three shabby pair of stairs in the Haymarket (in a poverty over which old Samuel Johnson rather chuckles), when in these shabby rooms an emissary from Government and Fortune came and found him.† A poem was wanted about the Duke of Marlborough's victory of Blenheim. Would Mr. Addison write one? Mr. Boyle, afterward Lord Carleton, took back the reply to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, that Mr. Addison would. When the poem had reached a certain stage, it was carried to Godolphin; and the last lines which he read were these:

But, oh, my Muse! what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd?
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amid confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land
(Such as of late o'er pale Britannia passed),
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased the Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

Addison left off at a good moment. That simile was pronounced to be of the greatest ever produced in poetry. That angel, that good angel, flew off with Mr. Addison, and landed

* 'Addison usually studied all the morning; then met his party at Button's; dined there, and stayed five or six hours, and sometimes far into the night. I was of the company for about a year, but found it too much for me; it hurt my health, and so I quitted it.'—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† 'When he returned to England (in 1702), with a meanness of appearance which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced, he found his old patrons out of power, and was, therefore, for a time, at full leisure for the cultivation of his mind.'—JOHNSON: *Lives of the Poets.*

him in the place of Commissioner of Appeals—vice Mr. Locke providentially promoted. In the following year Mr. Addison went to Hanover with Lord Halifax, and the year after was made Under Secretary of State. Oh, angel visits! you come 'few and far between' to literary gentlemen's lodgings! Your wings seldom quiver at second-floor windows now!

You laugh? You think it is in the power of few writers nowadays to call up such an angel? Well, perhaps not; but permit us to comfort ourselves by pointing out that there are in the poem of the 'Campaign' some as bad lines as heart can desire; and to hint that Mr. Addison did very wisely in not going further with my Lord Godolphin than that angelical simile. Do allow me, just for a little harmless mischief, to read you some of the lines which follow. Here is the interview between the duke and the King of the Romans after the battle:

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Scepters and thrones are destined to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends.
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne.
What tides of glory to his bosom ran
Clasped in th' embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt!
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turned and finished for the camp or court!

How many fourth-form boys at Mr. Addison's school of Charterhouse could write as well as that now? The 'Campaign' has blunders, triumphant as it was; and weak points like all campaigns.*

In the year 1713 'Cato' came out. Swift has left a description of the first night of the performance. All the laurels of Europe were scarcely sufficient for the author of this prodigious poem.† Laudations of Whig and Tory chiefs, popular

* 'Mr. Addison wrote very fluently; but he was sometimes very slow and scrupulous in correcting. He would show his verses to several friends; and would alter almost everything that any of them hinted at as wrong. He seemed to be too diffident of himself; and too much concerned about his character as a poet; or (as he worded it) too solicitous for that kind of praise which, God knows, is but a very little matter after all!'—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† 'As to political affairs,' says Pope in 1713, 'I am content at present to be a bare looker-on. . . Cato was not so much the wonder of Rome in his days, as he is of Britain in ours; and though all the foolish industry possible has been used to make it thought a party play, yet what the author once said of another may the most properly in the world be applied to him on this occasion:

'"Envy itself is dumb—in wonder lost;
And factions strive who shall applaud him most."

'The numerous and violent claps of the Whig party on the one side of the theater were echoed back by the Tories on the other; while the author sweated behind the scenes with concern to find their applause proceeding more from the hand than the head. . . I believe you have heard that, after all the applauses of the opposite faction, my Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth, who played Cato, into the box, and presented him with fifty guineas in acknowledgment (as he expressed it) for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator.'—POPE'S *Letters to* SIR W. TRUMBULL.

ovations, complimentary garlands from literary men, translations in all languages, delight and homage from all—save from John Dennis in a minority of one. Mr. Addison was called the 'great Mr. Addison' after this. The Coffeehouse Senate saluted him Divus; it was heresy to question that decree.

Meanwhile he was writing political papers and advancing in the political profession. He went Secretary to Ireland. He was appointed Secretary of State in 1717. And letters of his are extant, bearing date some year or two before, and written to young Lord Warwick, in which he addresses him as 'my dearest lord,' and asks affectionately about his studies, and writes very prettily about nightingales and birds' nests, which he has found at Fulham for his lordship. Those nightingales were intended to warble in the ear of Lord Warwick's mamma. Addison married her ladyship in 1716, and died at Holland House three years after that splendid but dismal union.*

But it is not for his reputation as the great author of 'Cato' and the 'Campaign,' or for his merits as Secretary of State, or for his rank and high distinction as my Lady War-

'Cato' ran for thirty-five nights without interruption. Pope wrote the prologue and Garth the Epilogue.

It is worth noticing how many things in 'Cato' keep their ground as habitual quotations, *e. g.*:

'. . . big with the fate
Of Cato and of Rome.'

''Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.'

'Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.'

'I think the Romans call it stoicism.'

'My voice is still for war.'

'When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honor is a private station.'

Not to mention

'The woman who deliberates is lost,'

And the eternal

'Plato, thou reasonest well,'

which avenges, perhaps, on the public their neglect of the play!

* 'The lady was persuaded to marry him on terms much like those on which a Turkish princess is espoused—to whom the Sultan is reported to pronounce, "Daughter, I give thee this man for thy slave." The marriage, if uncontradicted report can be credited, made no addition to his happiness; it neither found them nor made them equal. . . . Rowe's ballad of "The Despairing Shepherd" is said to have been written, either before or after marriage, upon this memorable pair.'—Dr. Johnson.

'I received the news of Mr. Addison's being declared Secretary of State with the less surprise, in that I knew that post was almost offered to him before. At that time he declined it, and I really believe that he would have done well to have declined it now. Such a post as that, and such a wife as the countess, do not seem to be, in prudence, eligible for a man that is asthmatic, and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both.'—Lady Wortley Montagu to Pope: *Works, Lord Wharncliffe's edit.*, vol. ii. p. 111.

The issue of this marriage was a daughter, Charlotte Addison, who inherited, on her mother's death, the estate of Bilton, near Rugby, which her father had purchased. She was of weak intellect, and died, unmarried, at an advanced age.

Rowe appears to have been faithful to Addison during his courtship, for his collection contains 'Stanzas to Lady Warwick, on Mr. Addison's going to Ireland,' in which her ladyship is called 'Chloe,' and Joseph Addison 'Lycidas'; besides the ballad

wick's husband, or for his eminence as an examiner of political questions on the Whig side, or a guardian of British liberties, that we admire Joseph Addison. It is as a Tatler of small talk and a Spectator of mankind that we cherish and love him, and owe as much pleasure to him as to any human being that ever wrote. He came in that artificial age, and began to speak with his noble, natural voice. He came, the gentle satirist, who hit no unfair blow; the kind judge who castigated only in smiling. While Swift went about, hanging and ruthless—a literary Jeffreys—in Addison's kind court only minor cases were tried: only peccadilloes and small sins against society: only a dangerous libertinism in tuckers and hoops,* or a nuisance in the abuse of beaux' canes and snuff-boxes. It may be a lady is tried for breaking the peace of

mentioned by the doctor, and which is entitled 'Colin's Complaint.' But not even the interest attached to the name of Addison could induce the reader to peruse this composition, though one stanza may serve as a specimen:

'What though I have skill to complain—
 Though the Muses my temples have crowned;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
 The virgins sit weeping around.

'Ah, Colin! thy hopes are in vain;
 Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
 Whose music is sweeter than thine.

* One of the most humorous of these is the paper on Hoops, which, the *Spectator* tells us, particularly pleased his friend Sir Roger:

'Mr. Spectator: You have diverted the town almost a whole month at the expense of the country; it is now high time that you should give the country their revenge. Since your withdrawing from this place, the fair sex are run into great extravagances. Their petticoats, which began to heave and swell before you left us, are now blown up into a most enormous concave, and rise every day more and more; in short, sir, since our women know themselves to be out of the eye of the Spectator, they will be kept within no compass. You praised them a little too soon, for the modesty of their head-dresses; for, as the humor of a sick person is often driven out of one limb into another, their superfluity of ornaments, instead of being entirely banished, seems only fallen from their heads upon their lower parts. What they have lost in height they make up in breadth, and, contrary to all rules of architecture, widen the foundations at the same time that they shorten the superstructure.

'The women give out, in defense of these wide bottoms, that they are airy and very proper for the season; but this I look upon to be only a pretense and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not had a more moderate summer these many years, so that it is certain the heat they complain of cannot be in the weather; besides, I would fain ask these tender-constitutioned ladies why they should require more cooling than their mothers before them.

'I find several speculative persons are of opinion that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and that the hoop petticoat is made use of to keep us at a distance. It is most certain that a woman's honor cannot be better intrenched than after this manner, in circle within circle, amid such a variety of outworks of lines and circumvallation. A female who is thus invested in whalebone is sufficiently secured against the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who might as well think of Sir George Etheridge's way of making love in a tub as in the midst of so many hoops.

'Among these various conjectures, there are men of superstitious tempers who look upon the hoop petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it that it portends the downfall of the *French* king, and observe that the farthingale appeared in *England* a little before the ruin of the *Spanish* monarchy. Others are of opinion that it foretells battle and bloodshed, and believe it of the same prognostication as the tail of a blazing star. For my part, I am apt to think it is a sign that multitudes are coming into the world rather than going out of it,' etc., etc.—*Spectator*, No. 127.

our sovereign lady Queen Anne, and ogling too dangerously from the side box; or a Templar for beating the watch, or breaking Priscian's head; or a citizen's wife for caring too much for the puppet show, and too little for her husband and children—every one of the little sinners brought before him is amusing, and he dismisses each with the pleasantest penalties and the most charming words of admonition.

Addison wrote his papers as gayly as if he was going out for a holiday. When Steele's *Tatler* first began his prattle, Addison, then in Ireland, caught at his friend's notion, poured in paper after paper, and contributed the stores of his mind, the sweet fruits of his reading, the delightful gleanings of his daily observation, with a wonderful profusion, and, as it seemed, an almost endless fecundity. He was six-and-thirty years old: full and ripe. He had not worked crop after crop from his brain, manuring hastily, subsoiling indifferently, cutting and sowing and cutting again, like other luckless cultivators of letters. He had not done much as yet: a few Latin poems—graceful prolusions; a polite book of travels; a dissertation on medals, not very deep; four acts of a tragedy, a great classical exercise; and the 'Campaign,' a large prize poem that won an enormous prize. But with his friend's discovery of the *Tatler*, Addison's calling was found, and the most delightful talker in the world began to speak. He does not go very deep; let gentlemen of a profound genius, critics accustomed to the plunge of the bathos, console themselves by thinking that he *couldn't* go very deep. There are no traces of suffering in his writing. He was so good, so honest, so healthy, so cheerfully selfish, if I must use the word. There is no deep sentiment. I doubt, until after his marriage, perhaps, whether he ever lost his night's rest or his day's tranquillity about any woman in his life;* whereas poor Dick Steele had capacity enough to melt, and to languish, and to sigh, and to cry his honest old eyes out for a dozen. His writings do not show insight into or reverence for the love of women, which I take to be one the consequence of the other. He walks about the world watching their pretty humors, fashions, follies, flirtations, rivalries; and noting them with the most charming archness. He sees them in public, in the theater, or the assembly, or the puppet show; or at the toy shop higgling for gloves and lace; or at the auction, battling together over a blue porcelain dragon, or a darling monster in

* 'Mr. Addison has not had one epithalamium that I can hear of, and must even be reduced, like a poorer and a better poet, Spenser, to make his own.'—POPE'S *Letters*.

Japan; or at church, eying the width of their rivals' hoops. or the breadth of their laces, as they sweep down the aisles, Or he looks out of his window at the Garter in St. James' Street at Ardelia's coach, as she blazes to the drawing room with her coronet and six footmen; and remembering that her father was a Turkey merchant in the City, calculates how many sponges went to purchase her earring, and how many drums of figs to build her coach box; or he demurely watches behind a tree in Spring Garden as Saccharissa (whom he knows under her mask) trips out of her chair to the alley where Sir Fopling is waiting. He sees only the public life of women. Addison was one of the most resolute clubmen of his day. He passed many hours daily in those haunts. Besides drinking—which alas! is past praying for—you must know it, he owned too, ladies, that he indulged in that odious practice of smoking. Poor fellow! He was a man's man, remember. The only woman he *did* know he didn't write about. I take it there would not have been much humor in that story.

He likes to go and sit in the smoking room of the Grecian, or the Devil; to pace 'Change and the Mall *—to mingle in that great club of the world, sitting alone in it somehow;

* 'I have observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or a choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of a like nature that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings; and shall give some account in them of the persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history. . . There runs a story in the family that when my mother was gone with child of me about three months she dreamed that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a lawsuit, which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world, and all the time that I sucked, seemed to favor my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

'As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find that during my nonage I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always the favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say that *my parts were solid and would wear well.* I had not been long at the university before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and, indeed, I do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life.

'I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not more than half a dozen of my select friends that know me. . . There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance. Sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in these little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Tuesday night at St. James' Coffeehouse; and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theaters both of Drury Lane and the Haymarket. I have been taken for a merchant upon

having good will and kindness for every single man and woman in it; having need of some habit and custom binding him to some few; never doing any man a wrong (unless it be a wrong to hint a little doubt about a man's parts, and to damn him with faint praise); and so he looks on the world and plays with the ceaseless humors of all of us—laughs the kindest laugh; points our neighbor's foible or eccentricity out to us with the most good-natured, smiling confidence; and then, turning over his shoulder, whispers *our* foibles to our neighbor. What would Sir Roger de Coverley be without his follies and his charming little brain-cracks? * If the good knight did not call out to the people sleeping in church, and say 'Amen' with such a delightful pomposity; if he did not make a speech in the assize court *àpropos de bottes*, and merely to show his dignity to Mr. Spectator; † if he did not mistake Madam Doll Tearsheet for a lady of quality in Temple Garden; if he were wiser than he is; if he had not his humor to salt his life, and were but a mere English gentleman and game preserver—of what worth were he to us? We love him for his vanities as much as his virtues. What is ridiculous is delightful in him; we are so fond of him because we laugh at him so. And out of that laughter, and out of that sweet weakness, and out of those harmless eccentricities and follies, and out of that touched brain, and out of that honest manhood and simplicity—we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety; such as, if my audience will think their read-

the Exchange for above these two years; and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stockjobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people I mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

'Thus I live in the world rather as a "*Spectator*" of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling in any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversions of others better than those who are engaged in them—as standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game. . . In short, I have acted, in all the parts of my life, as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.'—*Spectator*, No. 1.

* 'So effectually, indeed, did he retort on vice the mockery which had recently been directed against virtue that, since his time, the open violation of decency has always been considered, among us, the sure mark of a fool.'—MACAULAY.

† 'The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but, notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old knight at the head of them; who for his reputation in the country took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that *he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit*. I was listening to the proceedings of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws, when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

'Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger *was up*. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it, and I believe was not so much designed by the knight himself to inform the court as to give him a figure in my eyes, and to keep up his credit in the country.'—*Spectator*, No. 122.

ing and hearing over, doctors and divines but seldom have the fortune to inspire. And why not? Is the glory of heaven to be sung only by gentlemen in black coats? Must the truth be only expounded in gown and surplice, and out of these two vestments can nobody preach it? Commend me to this dear preacher without orders—this parson in the tye-wig. When this man looks from the world, whose weaknesses he describes so benevolently, up to the heaven which shines over us all, I can hardly fancy a human face lighted up with a more serene rapture, a human intellect thrilling with a purer love and adoration than Joseph Addison's. Listen to him; from your childhood you have known the verses; but who can hear their sacred music without love and awe?

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing as they shine,
The hand that made us is divine.

It seems to me those verses shine like the stars. They shine out of a great deep calm. When he turns to heaven, a Sabbath comes over that man's mind, and his face lights up from it with a glory of thanks and prayer. His sense of religion stirs through his whole being. In the fields, in the town, looking at the birds in the trees, at the children in the streets, in the morning or in the moonlight, over his books in his own room, in a happy party at a country merry-making or a town assembly, good will and peace to God's creatures, and love and awe of him who made them, fill his pure heart and shine from his kind face. If Swift's life was the most wretched, I think Addison's was one of the most enviable. A life prosperous and beautiful—a calm death—an immense fame and affection afterward for his happy and spotless name.*

STEELE.

What do we look for in studying the history of a past age? Is it to learn the political transactions and characters of the

* 'Garth sent to Addison (of whom he had a very high opinion) on his deathbed, to ask him whether the Christian religion was true.'—Dr. Young. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

'I have always preferred cheerfulness to mirth. The latter I consider as an act, the former as an habit of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheerfulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised into the greatest transports of mirth who are subject to the greatest depression of melancholy; on the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents us from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth is like a flash of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness keeps up a kind of daylight in the mind, and fills it with a steady and perpetual serenity.'—Addison: *Spectator*, No. 381.

leading public men? Is it to make ourselves acquainted with the life and being of the time? If we set out with the former grave purpose, where is the truth, and who believes that he has it entire? What character of what great man is known to you? You can but make guesses as to character more or less happy. In common life don't you often judge and misjudge a man's whole conduct, setting out from a wrong impression? The tone of a voice, a word said in joke, or a trifle in behavior—the cut of his hair or the tie of his neckcloth may disfigure him in your eyes, or poison your good opinion; or at the end of years of intimacy it may be your closest friend says something, reveals something which had previously been a secret, which alters all your view about him, and shows that he has been acting on quite a different motive to that which you fancied you knew. And if it is so with those you know, how much more with those you don't know? Say, for example, that I want to understand the character of the Duke of Marlborough. I read Swift's history of the times in which he took a part: the shrewdest of observers, and initiated, one would think, into the politics of the age—he hints to me that Marlborough was a coward, and even of doubtful military capacity; he speaks of Walpole as a contemptible boor, and scarcely mentions, except to flout it, the great intrigue of the Queen's latter days, which was to have ended in bringing back the Pretender. Again, I read Marlborough's life by a copious archdeacon, who has the command of immense papers, of sonorous language, of what is called the best information; and I get little or no insight into this secret motive which, I believe, influenced the whole of Marlborough's career, which caused his turnings and windings, his opportune fidelity and treason, stopped his army almost at Paris gate, and landed him finally on the Hanoverian side—the winning side. I get, I say, no truth, or only a portion of it, in the narrative of either writer, and believe that Coxe's portrait or Swift's portrait is quite unlike the real Churchill. I take this as a single instance, prepared to be as skeptical about any other, and say to the Muse of History: 'Oh, venerable daughter of Mnemosyne, I doubt every single statement you ever made since your ladyship was a Muse! For all your grave airs and high pretensions you are not a whit more trustworthy than some of your lighter sisters on whom your partisans look down. You bid me listen to a general's oration to his soldiers. Nonsense! He no more made it than Turpin made his dying speech at Newgate. You pronounce a panegyric of a hero. I doubt it, and say you flatter outrageously. You utter the con-

demnation of a loose character. I doubt it, and think you are prejudiced and take the side of the dons. You offer me an autobiography. I doubt all autobiographies I ever read; except those, perhaps, of Mr. Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and writers of his class. *These* have no object in setting themselves right with the public or their own consciences; these have no motive for concealment or half truths; these call for no more confidence than I can cheerfully give, and do not force me to tax my credulity or to fortify it by evidence. I take up a volume of Dr. Smollett, or a volume of the *Spectator*, and say the fiction carries a greater amount of truth in solution than the volume which purports to be all true. Out of the fictitious book I get the expression of the life of the time ; of the manners, of the movement, the dress, the pleasures, the laughter, the ridicules of society—the old times live again, and I travel in the old country of England. Can the heaviest historian do more for me ?"

As we read in these delightful volumes of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* the past age returns, the England of our ancestors is revivified. The Maypole rises in the Strand again in London ; the churches are thronged with daily worshipers ; the beaux are gathering in the coffee houses ; the gentry are going to the drawing room ; the ladies are thronging to the toy shops ; the chairmen are jostling in the streets ; the footmen are running with links before the chariots, fighting round the theater doors. In the country I see the young squire riding to Eton with his servants behind him, and Will Wimble, the friend of the family, to see him safe. To make that journey from the squire's and back, Will is a week on horseback. The coach takes five days between London and Bath. The judges and the bar ride the circuit. If my lady comes to town in her post-chariot, her people carry pistols to fire a salute on Captain Macheath if he should appear, and her couriers ride ahead to prepare apartments for her at the great caravanserais on the road ; Boniface receives her under the creaking sign of the Bell or the Ram, and he and his chamberlains bow her up the great stair to the state apartments, while her carriage rumbles into the courtyard, where the 'Exeter Fly,' is housed, that performs the journey in eight days, God willing, having achieved its daily flight of twenty miles, and landed its passengers for supper and sleep. The curate is taking his pipe in the kitchen, where the captain's man—having hung up his master's half pike—is at his bacon and eggs, bragging of Ramillies and Malplaquet to the town's folk, who have their club in the chimney corner. The captain is ogling the cham-

bermaid in the wooden gallery, or bribing her to know who is the pretty young mistress that has come in the coach. The pack-horses are in the great stable, and the drivers and ostlers carousing in the tap. And in Mrs. Landlady's bar, over a glass of strong waters, sits a gentleman of military appearance, who travels with pistols, as all the rest of the world does, and has a rattling gray mare in the stables which will be saddled and away with its owner half an hour before the 'Fly' sets out on its last day's flight. And some five miles on the road, as the 'Exeter Fly' comes jingling and creaking onward, it will suddenly be brought to a halt by a gentleman on a gray mare, with a black vizard on his face, who thrusts a long pistol into the coach window, and bids the company to hand out their purses. . . It must have been no small pleasure even to sit in the great kitchen in those days, and see the tide of humankind pass by. We arrive at places now, but we travel no more. Addison talks jocularly of a difference of manner and costume being quite perceivable at Staines, where there passed a young fellow 'with a very tolerable periwig,' though, to be sure, his hat was out of fashion, and had a Ramillies cock. I would have liked to travel in those days (being of that class of travelers who are proverbially pretty easy *coram latronibus*) and have seen my friend with the gray mare and the black vizard. Alas! there always came a day in the life of that warrior when it was the fashion to accompany him as he passed —without his black mask, and with a nosegay in his hand, accompanied by halberdiers and attended by the sheriff—in a carriage without springs, and a clergyman jolting beside him, to a spot close by Cumberland Gate and the Marble Arch, where a stone still records that here Tyburn turnpike stood. What a change in a century; in a few years! Within a few yards of that gate the fields began: the fields of his exploits, behind the hedges of which he lurked and robbed. A great and wealthy city has grown over those meadows. Were a man brought to die there now, the windows would be closed and the inhabitants keep their houses in sickening horror. A hundred years back, people crowded to see that last act of a highwayman's life, and make jokes on it. Swift laughed at him, grimly advising him to provide a Holland shirt and white cap crowned with a crimson or black ribbon for his exit, to mount the cart cheerfully—shake hands with the hangman, and so—farewell. Gay wrote the most delightful ballads, and made merry over the same hero. Contrast these with the writings of our present humorists! Compare those morals and ours —those manners and ours!

We can't tell—you would not bear to be told the whole truth regarding those men and manners. You could no more suffer in a British drawing room, under the reign of Queen Victoria, a fine gentleman or fine lady of Queen Anne's time, or hear what they heard and said, than you would receive an ancient Briton. It is as one reads about savages, that one contemplates the wild ways, the barbarous feasts, the terrific pastimes, of the men of pleasure of that age. We have our fine gentlemen, and our 'fast men'; permit me to give you an idea of one particularly fast nobleman of Queen Anne's days, whose biography has been preserved to us by the law reporters.

In 1691, when Steele was a boy at school, my Lord Mohun was tried by his peers for the murder of William Mountford, comedian. In 'Howell's State Trials,' the reader will find not only an edifying account of this exceedingly fast nobleman, but of the times and manners of those days. My lord's friend, a Captain Hill, smitten with the charms of the beautiful Mrs. Bracegirdle, and anxious to marry her at all hazards, determined to carry her off, and for this purpose hired a hackney coach with six horses, and a half-dozen soldiers, to aid him in the storm. The coach with a pair of horses (the four leaders being in waiting elsewhere) took its station opposite my Lord Craven's house in Drury Lane, by which door Mrs. Bracegirdle was to pass on her way from the theater. As she passed in company of her mamma and a friend, Mr. Page, the captain seized her by the hand, the soldiers hustled Mr. Page and attacked him sword in hand, and Captain Hill and his noble friend endeavored to force Madam Bracegirdle into the coach. Mr. Page called for help: the population of Drury Lane rose: it was impossible to effect the capture; and bidding the soldiers to go about their business, and the coach to drive off, Hill let go of his prey sulkily, and waited for other opportunities of revenge. The man of whom he was most jealous was Will Mountford, the comedian; Will removed, he thought Mrs. Bracegirdle might be his; and accordingly the captain and his lordship lay that night in wait for Will; and, as he was coming out of a house in Norfolk Street, while Mohun engaged him in talk, Hill, in the words of the Attorney-General, made a pass and ran him clean through the body.

Sixty-one of my lord's peers finding him not guilty of murder, while but fourteen found him guilty, this very fast nobleman was discharged; and made his appearance seven years after in another trial for murder—when he, my Lord Warwick, and three gentlemen of the military profession were concerned in the fight which ended in the death of Captain Coote.

This jolly company were drinking together at 'Lockit's' in Charing Cross, when angry words arose between Captain Coote and Captain French; whom my Lord Mohun and my Lord the Earl of Warwick * and Holland endeavored to pacify. My Lord Warwick was a dear friend of Captain Coote, lent him a hundred pounds to buy his commission in the Guards; once when the captain was arrested for thirteen pounds by his tailor, my lord lent him five guineas, often paid his reckoning for him, and showed him other offices of friendship. On this evening the disputants, French and Coote, being separated while they were upstairs, unluckily stopped to drink ale again at the bar of 'Lockit's.' The row began afresh—Coote lunged at French over the bar, and at last all six called for chairs, and went to Leicester Fields, where they fell to. Their lordships engaged on the side of Captain Coote. My Lord of Warwick was severely wounded in the hand, Mr. French also was stabbed, but honest Captain Coote got a couple of wounds—one especially, 'a wound in the left side just under the short ribs, and piercing through the diaphragma,' which did for Captain Coote. Hence the trials of my Lords Warwick and Mohun; hence the assemblage of peers, the report of the transaction, in which these defunct fast men still live for the observation of the curious. My Lord of Warwick is brought to the bar by the Deputy Governor of the Tower of London, having the ax carried before him by the gentleman jailer, who stood with it at the bar at the right hand of the prisoner, turning the edge from him; the prisoner, at his approach, making three bows, one to his Grace the Lord High Steward, the other to the peers on each hand; and his Grace and the peers return the salute. And besides these great personages, august in periwigs, and nodding to the right and left, a host of the small come up out of the past and pass before us—the jolly captains brawling in the tavern, and laughing and cursing over their cups—the drawer that serves, the bar-girl that waits, the bailiff on the prowl, the chairmen trudging through the black lampless streets, and smoking their pipes

* The husband of the Lady Warwick who married Addison, and the father of the young earl, who was brought to his stepfather's bed to see 'how a Chistian could die.' He was among the wildest of the nobility of that day; and in the curious collection of Chap-books at the British Museum, I have seen more than one anecdote of the freaks of the gay lord. He was popular in London, as such daring spirits have been in our time. The anecdotists speak very kindly of his practical jokes. Mohun was scarcely out of prison for his second homicide, when he went on Lord Macclesfield's embassy to the Elector of Hanover, when Queen Anne sent the garter to H. E. Highness. The chronicler of the expedition speaks of his lordship as an amiable young man, who had been in bad company, but was quite repentant and reformed. He and Macartney afterward murdered the Duke of Hamilton between them, in which act Lord Mohun died. This amiable baron's name was Charles, and not Henry, as a recent novelist has christened him.

by the railings, while swords are clashing in the garden within. 'Help there! a gentleman is hurt!' The chairmen put up their pipes, and help the gentleman over the railings, and carry him, ghastly and bleeding, to the bagnio in Long Acre, where they knock up the surgeon—a pretty tall gentleman; but that wound under the short ribs has done for him. Surgeon, lords, captains, bailiffs, chairmen, and gentleman jailer with your ax, where be you now? The gentleman axman's head is off his own shoulders; the lords and judges can wag theirs no longer; the bailiff's writs have ceased to run; the honest chairmen's pipes are put out, and with their brawny calves have walked away into Hades—all as irrecoverably done for as Will Mountford or Captain Coote. The subject of our night's lecture saw all these people—rode in Captain Coote's company of the Guards very probably—wrote and sighed for Bracegirdle, went home tipsy in many a chair, after many a bottle, in many a tavern—fled from many a bailiff.

In 1709, when the publication of the *Tatler* began, our great-great-grandfathers must have seized upon that new and delightful paper with much such eagerness as lovers of light literature in a later day exhibited when the Waverley novels appeared, upon which the public rushed, forsaking that feeble entertainment of which the Miss Porters, the Anne of Swanseas, and worthy Mrs. Radcliffe herself, with her dreary castles and exploded old ghosts, had had pretty much the monopoly. I have looked over many of the comic books with which our ancestors amused themselves, from the novels of Swift's coadjutrix, Mrs. Manley, the delectable author of the 'New Atlantis,' to the facetious productions of Tom Turfey and Tom Brown and Ned Ward, writer of the 'London Spy' and several other volumes of ribaldry. The slang of the taverns and ordinaries, the wit of the bagnios, form the strongest part of the farrago of which these libels are composed. In the excellent newspaper collection at the British Museum you may see, besides, the *Craftsmen* and *Postboy* specimens, and queer specimens they are, of the higher literature of Queen Anne's time. Here is an abstract from a notable journal bearing date, Wednesday, October 13th, 1708, and entitled *The British Apollo; or, curious amusements for the ingenious, by a society of gentlemen.* The *British Apollo* invited and professed to answer questions upon all subjects of wit, morality, science, and even religion; and two out of its four pages are filled with queries and replies much like some of the oracular penny prints of the present time.

One of the first querists, referring to the passage that a bishop should be the husband of one wife, argues that polygamy is justifiable in the laity. The society of gentlemen conducting the *British Apollo* are posed by this casuist, and promise to give him an answer. Celinda then wishes to know from 'the gentlemen,' concerning the souls of the dead, whether they shall have the satisfaction to know those whom they most valued in this transitory life. The gentlemen of the *Apollo* give but cold comfort to poor Celinda. They are inclined to think not; for, say they, since every inhabitant of those regions will be infinitely dearer than here are our nearest relatives—what have we to do with a partial friendship in that happy place? Poor Celinda! it may have been a child or a lover whom she had lost, and was pining after, when the oracle of *British Apollo* gave her this dismal answer. She has solved the question for herself by this time, and knows quite as well as the society of gentlemen.

From theology we come to physics, and Q. asks, 'Why does hot water freeze sooner than cold?' *Apollo* replies, 'Hot water cannot be said to freeze sooner than cold; but water once heated and cold, may be subject to freeze by the evaporation of the spirituous parts of the water, which renders it less able to withstand the power of frosty weather.'

The next query is rather a delicate one. 'You, Mr. Apollo, who are said to be the God of wisdom, pray give us the reason why kissing is so much in fashion; what benefit one receives by it, and who was the inventor, and you will oblige Corinna.' To this queer demand the lips of Phœbus, smiling, answer: 'Pretty innocent Corinna! *Apollo* owns that he was a little surprised by your kissing question, particularly at that part of it where you desire to know the benefit you receive by it. Ah! madam, had you a lover, you would not come to *Apollo* for a solution; since there is no dispute but the kisses of mutual lovers give infinite satisfaction. As to its invention, 'tis certain nature was its author, and it began with the first courtship.'

After a column more of questions, follow nearly two pages of poems, signed by Philander, Armenia, and the like, and chiefly on the tender passion; and the paper wound up with a letter from Leghorn, an account of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene before Lille, and proposals for publishing two sheets on the present state of Æthiopia, by Mr. Hill: all of which is printed for the authors by J. Mayo, at the printing press against Water Lane in Fleet Street. What a change it must have been—how *Apollo's* oracles must have been

struck dumb, when the *Tatler* appeared, and scholars, gentlemen, men of the world, men of genius, began to speak!

Shortly before the Boyne was fought, and young Swift had begun to make acquaintance with English court manners and English servitude in Sir William Temple's family, another Irish youth was brought to learn his humanities at the old school of Charterhouse, near Smithfield; to which foundation he had been appointed by James Duke of Ormond, a governor of the house, and a patron of the lad's family. The boy was an orphan, and described twenty years after, with a sweet pathos and simplicity, some of the earliest recollections of a life which was destined to be checkered by a strange variety of good and evil fortune.

I am afraid no good report could be given by his masters and ushers of that thick-set, square-faced, black-eyed, soft-hearted little Irish boy. He was very idle. He was whipped deservedly a great number of times. Though he had very good parts of his own, he got other boys to do his lessons for him, and only took just as much trouble as should enable him to scuffle through his exercises, and by good fortune escape the flogging block. One hundred and fifty years after, I have myself inspected, but only as an amateur, that instrument of righteous torture still existing, and in occasional use, in a secluded private apartment of the old Charterhouse School; and have no doubt it is the very counterpart, if not the ancient and interesting machine itself, at which poor Dick Steele submitted himself to the tormentors.

Besides being very kind, lazy, and good-natured, this boy went invariably into debt with the tart woman; ran out of bounds, and entered into pecuniary, or rather promissory, engagements with the neighboring lollipop venders and piemen —exhibited an early fondness and capacity for drinking mum and sack, and borrowed from all his comrades who had money to lend. I have no sort of authority for the statements here made of Steele's early life; but if the child is father of the man, the father of young Steele of Merton, who left Oxford without taking a degree, and entered the Life Guards—the father of Captain Steele of Lucas' Fusiliers, who got his company through the patronage of my Lord Cutts—the father of Mr. Steele, the Commissioner of Stamps, the editor of the *Gazette*, the *Tatler*, and *Spectator*, the expelled Member of Parliament, and the author of the 'Tender Husband' and the 'Conscious Lovers'—if man and boy resembled each other, Dick Steele the schoolboy must have been one of the most

generous, good-for-nothing, amiable little creatures that ever conjugated the verb *tupto*, I beat, *tuptomai*, I am whipped, in any school in Great Britain.

Almost every gentleman who does me the honor to hear me will remember that the very greatest character which he has seen in the course of his life, and the person to whom he has looked up with the greatest wonder and reverence, was the head boy at his school. The schoolmaster himself hardly inspires such an awe. The head boy construes as well as the schoolmaster himself. When he begins to speak the hall is hushed, and every little boy listens. He writes off copies of Latin verses as melodiously as Vergil. He is good-natured, and, his own masterpieces achieved, pours out other copies of verses for other boys with an astonishing ease and fluency; the idle ones only trembling lest they should be discovered on giving in their exercises, and whipped because their poems were too good. I have seen great men in my time, but never such a great one as that head boy of my childhood; we all thought he must be prime minister, and I was disappointed on meeting him in after-life to find he was no more than six feet high.

Dick Steele, the Charterhouse gownboy, contracted such an admiration in the years of his childhood, and retained it faithfully through his life. Through the school and through the world, whithersoever his strange fortune led this erring, wayward, affectionate creature, Joseph Addison was always his head boy. Addison wrote his exercises. Addison did his best themes. He ran on Addison's messages, fagged for him and blacked his shoes; to be in Joe's company was Dick's greatest pleasure; and he took a sermon or a caning from his monitor with the most boundless reverence, acquiescence, and affection.*

Steele found Addison a stately college don at Oxford, and himself did not make much figure at this place. He wrote a comedy, which, by the advice of a friend, the humble fellow burned there; and some verses, which I dare say are as sublime as other gentlemen's composition at that age; but being smitten with a sudden love for military glory, he threw up the cap and gown for the saddle and bridal, and rode privately in the Horse Guards, in the Duke of Ormond's troop—the second—and, probably, with the rest of the gentlemen of his troop, 'all mounted on black horses with white feathers in their hats,

* 'Steele had the greatest veneration for Addison, and used to show it in all companies, in a particular manner. Addison, now and then, used to play a little upon him; but he always took it well.'—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

'Sir Richard Steele was the best natured creature in the world; even in his worst state of health, he seemed to desire nothing but to please and be pleased.'—DR. YOUNG. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

and scarlet coats richly laced,' marched by King William, in Hyde Park, in November, 1699, and a great show of the nobility, besides twenty thousand people, and above a thousand coaches. 'The Guards had just got their new clothes,' the *London Post* said; 'they are extraordinary grand, and thought to be the finest body of horse in the world.' But Steele could hardly have seen any actual service. He who wrote about himself, his mother, his wife, his loves, his debts, his friends, and the wine he drank, would have told us of his battles if he had seen any. His old patron, Ormond, probably got him his cornetcy in the Guards, from which he was promoted to be a captain in Lucas' Fusiliers, getting his company through the patronage of Lord Cutts, whose secretary he was, and to whom he dedicated his work called the 'Christian Hero.' As for Dick, while writing this ardent devotional work, he was deep in debt, in drink, and in all the follies of the town; it is related that all the officers of Lucas', and the gentlemen of the Guards, laughed at Dick.* And in truth a theologian in liquor is not a respect-

* 'The gayety of his dramatic tone may be seen in this little scene between two brilliant sisters, from his comedy 'The Funeral, or Grief à la Mode.' Dick wrote this, he said, from 'a necessity of enlivening his character,' which, it seemed, the 'Christian Hero' had a tendency to make too decorous, grave, and respectable in the eyes of readers of that pious piece.

[*Scene draws and discovers* LADY CHARLOTTE, *reading at a table*--LADY HARRIET, *playing at a glass, to and fro, and viewing herself*.]

'*L. Ha.*—Nay, good sister, you may as well talk to me [*looking at herself as she speaks*] as sit staring at a book which I know you can't attend. Good Dr Lucas may have writ there what he pleases, but there's no putting Francis, Lord Hardy, now Earl of Brumpton, out of your head, or making him absent from your eyes. Do but look on me, now, and deny it if you can.

'*L. Ch.*—You are the maddest girl [*smiling*].

'*L. Ha.*—Look ye, I knew you could not say it and forbear laughing [*looking over Charlotte*]. Oh! I see his name as plain as you do—F-r-a-n, Fran—c-i-s, cis, Francis; 'tis in every line of the book.

'*L. Ch.*--[*rising*]—It's in vain, I see, to mind anything in such impertinent company--but granting 'twere as you say, as to my Lord Hardy—'tis more excusable to admire another than one's self.

'*L. Ha.*—No, I think not—yes, I grant you, than really to be vain of one's person, but I don't admire myself. Pish! I don't believe my eyes to have that softness. [*Looking in the glass.*] They aint so piercing; no, 'tis only stuff, the men will be talking. Some people are such admirers of teeth.—Lord, what signifies teeth! [*Showing her teeth.*] A very blackamoor has as white a set of teeth as I. No, sister, I don't admire myself, but I've a spirit of contradiction in me: I don't know I'm in love with myself, only to rival the men.

'*L. Ch.*—Aye, but Mr. Campley will gain ground ev'n of that rival of his, your dear self.

'*L. Ha.*--Oh, what have I done to you that you should name that insolent intruder? A confident, opinionative fop. No, indeed; if I am, as a poetical lover of mine sighed and sung of both sexes,

'The public envy and the public care,

I shan't be so easily catched—I thank him—I want but to be sure I should heartily torment him by banishing him, and then consider whether he should depart this life or not.

'*L. Ch.*—Indeed, sister, to be serious with you, this vanity in your humor does not at all become you.

'*L. Ha.*—Vanity! All the matter is, we gay people are more sincere than you wise folks: all your life's an art. Speak your soul. Look you there. [*Hauling her to the glass.*] Are you not struck with a secret pleasure when you view that bloom in your look, that harmony in your shape, that promptitude in your mien?

able object, and a hermit, though he may be out at elbows, must not be in debt to the tailor. Steele says of himself that he was always sinning and repenting. He beat his breast and cried most piteously when he *did* repent; but as soon as crying had made him thirsty he fell to sinning again. In that charming paper in the *Tatler*, in which he records his father's death, his mother's griefs, his own most solemn and tender emotions, he says he is interrupted by the arrival of a hamper of wine, 'the same as is to be sold at Garraway's, next week'; upon the receipt of which he sends for three friends, and they fall to instantly, 'drinking two bottles apiece, with great benefit to themselves, and not separating till two o'clock in the morning.'

His life was so. Jack the drawer was always interrupting it, bringing him a bottle from the Rose, or inviting him over to a bout there with Sir Plume and Mr. Diver; and Dick wiped his eyes, which were whimpering over his papers, took down his laced hat, put on his sword and wig, kissed his wife and children, told them a lie about pressing business, and went off to the Rose to the jolly fellows.

While Mr. Addison was abroad, and after he came home in rather a dismal way to wait upon Providence in his shabby lodging in the Haymarket, young Captain Steele was cutting a much smarter figure than that of his classical friend of Charterhouse Cloister and Maudlin Walk. Could not some painter give an interview between the gallant captain of Lucas', with his hat cocked, and his face, too, a trifle tarnished with drink, and that poet, that philosopher, pale, proud, and poor, his friend and monitor of school days, of all days? How Dick must have bragged about his chances and his hopes, and the fine company he kept, and the charms of the reigning toasts and popular actresses, and the number of bottles that he and my lord and some other pretty fellows had cracked overnight at the Devil or the Garter! Cannot one fancy Joseph Addison's calm smile and cold gray eyes following

'*L. Ch.*—Well, simpleton, if I am at first so simple as to be a little taken with myself, I know it a fault, and take pains to correct it.

'*L. Ha.*—Pshaw! Pshaw! Talk this musty tale to old Mrs. Fardingdale, 'tis too soon for me to think at that rate.

'*L. Ch.*—They that think it too soon to understand themselves will very soon find it too late. But tell me honestly, don't you like Campley?

'*L. Ha.*—The fellow is not to be abhorred, if the forward thing did not think of getting me so easily. Oh, I hate a heart I can't break when I please. What makes the value of dear china but that 'tis so brittle? Were it not for that, you might as well have stone mugs in your closet.'—*The Funeral*, October 2.

'We knew the obligations the stage had to his writings [Steele's]; there being scarcely a comedian of merit in our whole company whom his *Tatlers* had not made better by his recommendation of them.'—CIBBER.

Dick for an instant, as he struts down the Mall, to dine with the Guard at St. James', before he turns, with his sober pace and threadbare suit, to walk back to his lodgings up the two pair of stairs? Steele's name was down for promotion, Dick always said himself, in the glorious, pious, and immortal William's last table-book. Jonathan Swift's name had been written there by the same hand too.

Our worthy friend, the author of the 'Christian Hero,' continued to make no small figure about town by the use of his wits.* He was appointed gazetteer; he wrote, in 1703, 'The Tender Husband,' his second play, in which there is some delightful farcical writing, and of which he fondly owned in after life, and when Addison was no more, that there were 'many applauded strokes' from Addison's beloved hand.† Is it not a pleasant partnership to remember? Can't one fancy Steele, full of spirits and youth, leaving his gay company to go to Addison's lodging, where his friend sits in the shabby sitting room, quite serene and cheerful and poor? In 1704 Steele came on the town with another comedy, and behold, it was so moral and religious, as poor Dick insisted—so dull the town thought—that the 'Lying Lover' was damned.

Addison's hour of success now came, and he was able to help our friend the 'Christian Hero' in such a way that, if there had been any chance of keeping that poor tipsy champion upon his legs, his fortune was safe, and his competence assured. Steele procured the place of Commissioner of Stamps; he wrote so richly, so gracefully often, so kindly always, with such a pleasant wit and easy frankness, with such a gush of good spirits and good humor, that his early papers may be compared to Addison's own, and are to be read, by a male reader at least, with quite an equal pleasure.‡

* 'There is not now in his sight that excellent man, whom Heaven made his friend and superior, to be at a certain place in pain for what he should say or do. I will go on in his further encouragement The best woman that ever man had cannot now lament and pine at his neglect of himself.'—STEELE [of himself]: *The Theatre*, No. 12, February, 1719–20

† 'The Funeral' supplies an admirable stroke of humor—one which Sydney Smith has used as an illustration of the faculty in his Lectures.

The undertaker is talking to his *employés* about their duty.

Sable.—'Ha, you! A little more upon the dismal [*forming their countenances*]; this fellow has a good moral look—place him near the corpse; that wainscot face must be o' top of the stairs; that fellow's almost in a fright (that looks as if he were full of some strange misery) at the end of the hall. So—but I'll fix you all myself. Let's have no laughing now on any provocation. Look yonder,—that hale, well-looking puppy! You ungrateful scoundrel, did not I pity you, take you out of a great man's service, and show you the pleasure of receiving wages? *Did I not give you ten, then fifteen and twenty shillings a week to be sorrowful?—and the more I give you I think the gladder you are!*'

‡ 'FROM MY OWN APARTMENT, November 16.

'There are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy; it is, therefore, a kind and good office to ac-

After the *Tatler* in 1711, the famous *Spectator* made its appearance, and this was followed at various intervals by many periodicals under the same editor—the *Guardian*—the *Englishman*—the *Lover*, whose love was rather insipid—the *Reader*, of whom the public saw no more after his second appearance—the *Theatre*, under the pseudonym of Sir John Edgar, which Steele wrote while governor of the Royal Company of Comedians, to which post, and to that of surveyor of the

quaint them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune as they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor; and pine away their days by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmuring which carries with it, in the opinion of others, a complication of all the pleasures of life and a retreat from its inquietudes.

'I am led into this thought by a visit I made to an old friend who was formerly my schoolfellow. He came to town last week, with his family, for the winter; and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home at that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first when they think it is I that am knocking at the door; and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr. Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl that we all thought must have forgot me; for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance; after which they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country, about my marriage with one of my neighbor's daughters; upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, "Nay; if Mr. Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference; there is Mrs. Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well; he is so enamored with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress when Teraminta reigned in your heart As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her." With such reflections on little passages which happened long ago, we passed our time during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand: "Well, my good friend," says he, "I am heartily glad to see thee; I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again. Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered since you followed her from the playhouse to find out who he was for me?" I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little. But, to turn the discourse, I said, "She is not, indeed, that creature she was when she returned me the letter I carried from you, and told me, 'She hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me; but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in.' You may remember I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you. You cannot expect her to be forever fifteen." "Fifteen!" replied my good friend. "Ah! you little understand—you, that have lived a bachelor—how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is in being really beloved! It is impossible that the most beauteous face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas as when I look upon that excellent woman. That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me in my fever. This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried me off last winter. I tell you, sincerely, I have so many obligations to her that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health. But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasure beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty when I was in the vigor of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it; there is no decay in any feature which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks the love I conceived toward her for what she was is heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name as the loud laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel! In her examination of her household affairs she shows a certain fearfulness to find a

royal stables at Hampton Court, and to the commission of the peace for Middlesex, and to the honor of knighthood, Steele had been preferred soon after the accession of George I., whose cause honest Dick had nobly fought, through disgrace and danger, against the most formidable enemies, against traitors and bullies, against Bolingbroke and Swift in the last

fault which makes her servants obey her like children; and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offense not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her sickness things that gave me the quickest joy before turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take in telling my boys stories of battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy."

'He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and, with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance, told us "she had been searching her closet for something very good to treat such an old friend as I was." Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in an instant. The lady, observing something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of; and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, "Mr. Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you; I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country; for he sees several of his old acquaintances and schoolfellows are here—*young fellows with fair, full-bottomed periwigs.* I could scarce keep him this morning from going out *open-breasted.*" My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humor, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humor she had brought in with her, turned her raillery upon me. "Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the playhouse; suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow night, and lead me in the front box." This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties who were the mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago. I told her, "I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a year of being a toast."

'We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preferment of the young lady when, on a sudden, we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have him put out of the room; but I would not part with him so. I found upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side of eight years old. I perceived him a very great historian in "Æsop's Fables"; but he frankly declared to me his mind, "that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true"; for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, "The Seven Champions," and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son, and that these diversions might turn to some profit. I found the boy had made remarks which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagement of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper of Bevis of Southampton, and loved St. George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly molded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honor. I was extolling his accomplishments, when his mother told me "that the little girl who led me in this morning was, in her way, a better scholar than he. Betty," said she, "deals chiefly in fairies and sprites; and sometimes in a winter night will terrify the maids with her accounts until they are afraid to go up to bed."

'I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern to reflect that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I return to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.'
—*The Tatler.*

reign. With the arrival of the king that splendid conspiracy broke up, and a golden opportunity came to Dick Steele, whose hand, alas! was too careless to gripe it.

Steele married twice; and outlived his places, his schemes, his wife, his income, his health, and almost everything but his kind heart. That ceased to trouble him in 1729, when he died, worn out and almost forgotten by his contemporaries, in Wales, where he had the remnant of a property.

Posterity has been kinder to this amiable creature; all women especially are bound to be grateful to Steele, as he was the first of our writers who really seemed to admire and respect them. Congreve the Great, who alludes to the low estimation in which women were held in Elizabeth's time as a reason why the women of Shakspere make so small a figure in the poet's dialogues, though he can himself pay splendid compliments to women, yet looks on them as mere instruments of gallantry, and destined, like the most consummate fortifications, to fall, after a certain time, before the arts and bravery of the besieger, man. There is a letter of Swift's entitled 'Advice to a Very Young Married Lady,' which shows the dean's opinion of the female society of his day, and that if he despised man he utterly scorned woman too. No lady of our time could be treated by any man, were he ever so much a wit or dean, in such a tone of insolent patronage and vulgar protection. In this performance Swift hardly takes pains to hide his opinion that a woman is a fool; tells her to read books, as if reading was a novel accomplishment; and informs her that 'not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand has been brought to read or understand her own natural tongue.' Addison laughs at women equally; but, with the gentleness and politeness of his nature, smiles at them and watches them as if they were harmless, half-witted, amusing, pretty creatures, only made to be men's playthings. It was Steele who first began to pay a manly homage to their goodness and understanding, as well as to their tenderness and beauty.* In his comedies the heroes do not rant and rave about the divine beauties of Gloriana or Statira, as the characters were made

* 'As to the pursuits after affection and esteem, the fair sex are happy in this particular, that with them the one is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her; and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man that dotes on a woman for her beauty will whisper his friend, "That creature has a great deal of wit when you are well acquainted with her." And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman, you will find you have a greater opinion of her beauty than anybody else. As to us men, I design to pass most of my time with the facetious Harry Bickerstaff; but William Bickerstaff, the most prudent man of our family, shall be my executor.'—*Tatler*, No. 206.

to do in chivalry romances and the high-flown dramas just going out of vogue; but Steele admires women's virtue, acknowledges their sense, and adores their purity and beauty with an ardor and strength which should win the good will of all women to their hearty and respectful champion. It is this ardor, this respect, this manliness, which makes his comedies so pleasant and their heroes such fine gentlemen. He paid the finest compliment to a woman that perhaps ever was offered. Of one woman, whom Congreve had also admired and celebrated, Steele says, that 'to have loved her was a liberal education.' 'How often,' he says, dedicating a volume to his wife, 'how often has your tenderness removed pain from my sick head, how often anguish from my afflicted heart! If there are such beings as guardian angels, they are thus employed. I cannot believe one of them to be more good in inclination or more charming in form than my wife.' His breast seems to warm and his eyes to kindle when he meets with a good and beautiful woman, and it is with his heart as well as with his hat that he salutes her. About children, and all that relates to home, he is not less tender, and more than once speaks in apology of what he calls his softness. He would have been nothing without that delightful weakness. It is that which gives his works their worth and his style its charm. It, like his life, is full of faults and careless blunders; and redeemed, like that, by his sweet and compassionate nature.

We possess of poor Steele's wild and checkered life some of the most curious memoranda that ever were left of a man's biography.* Most men's letters, from Cicero down to Walpole, or down to the great men of our own time, if you will, are doc-

* The correspondence of Steele passed after his death into the possession of his daughter Elizabeth, by his second wife, Miss Scurlock of Carmarthenshire. She married the Hon. John, afterward third Lord Trevor. At her death part of the letters passed to Mr. Thomas, a grandson of a natural daughter of Steele's; and part to Lady Trevor's next of kin, Mr. Scurlock. They were published by the learned Nichols—from whose later edition of them, in 1809, our specimens are quoted.

Here we have him in his courtship—which was not a very long one:

'TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

'AUGUST 30, 1707.

'MADAM: I beg pardon that my paper is not finer, but I am forced to write from a coffee house, where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me, talking of money; while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love! Love which animates my heart, sweetens my humor, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe, that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions; it is the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirer some similitude of the object admired. Thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair one, to that Heaven which made thee such, and join with me to implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the Author of love to bless the rites he has ordained—and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavor to please him and each other. I am forever your faithful servant,

'RICH. STEELE.'

tored compositions, and written with an eye suspicious toward posterity. That dedication of Steele's to his wife is an artificial performance, possibly; at least it is written with that degree of artifice which an orator uses in arranging a statement for the House, or a poet employs in preparing a sentiment in verse or for the stage. But there are some 400 letters of Dick Steele's to his wife, which that thrifty woman preserved accurately, and which could have been written but for her and her alone. They contain details of the business, pleasures, quarrels, reconciliations of the pair; they have all the genuineness of conversation; they are as artless as a child's prattle, and as confidential as a curtain lecture. Some are written from the printing office, where he is waiting for the proof-sheets of his *Gazette* or his *Tatler*; some are written from the tavern, whence he promises to come to his wife 'within a pint of wine,' and where he has given a rendezvous to a friend or a money-lender;

Some few hours afterward, apparently, Mistress Scurlock received the next one—obviously written later in the day:

'SATURDAY NIGHT, [August 30, 1707.]

'DEAR, LOVELY MRS. SCURLOCK: I have been in very good company, where your health, under the character of *the woman I loved best*, has been often drunk; so that I may say that I am dead drunk for your sake, which is more than *I die for you*.

'RICH. STEELE.'

'TO MRS. SCURLOCK.

'SEPTEMBER 1, 1707.

'MADAM: It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all who speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me.

'A gentleman asked me this morning, "What news from Lisbon?" and I answered, "She is exquisitely handsome." Another desired to know "when I had last been at Hampton Court?" I replied, "It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight." Pr'ythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. O Love!

'"A thousand torments dwell about thee,
Yet who could live, to live without thee?"

'Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

'I am ever yours,

'RICH. STEELE.'

Two days after this he is found expounding his circumstances and prospects to the young lady's mamma. He dates from 'Lord Sunderland's office, Whitehall'; and states his clear income at £1025 per annum. 'I promise myself,' says he, 'the pleasure of an industrious and virtuous life, in studying to do things agreeable to you.'

They were married, according to the most probable conjectures, about the 7th September. There are traces of a tiff about the middle of the next month, she being prudish and fidgety, as he was impassioned and reckless. General progress, however, may be seen from the following notes. The 'house in Bury Street, St James',' was now taken.

'TO MRS. STEELE.

'OCTOBER 16, 1707.

'DEAREST BEING ON EARTH: Pardon me if you do not see me till eleven o'clock, having met a schoolfellow from India, by whom I am to be informed on things this night which expressly concern your obedient husband, RICH. STEELE.'

'TO MRS. STEELE.

'EIGHT O'CLOCK, FOUNTAIN TAVERN, October 22, 1707.

'MY DEAR: I beg of you not to be uneasy; for I have done a great deal of business to-day very successfully, and wait an hour or two about my *Gazette*.'

some are composed in a high state of vinous excitement, when his head is flustered with Burgundy, and his heart abounds with amorous warmth for his darling Prue; some are under the influence of the dismal headache and repentance next morning: some, alas, are from the lock-up house, where the lawyers have impounded him, and where he is waiting for bail. You trace many years of the poor fellow's career in these letters. In September, 1707, from which day she begun to save the letters, he married the beautiful Mistress Scurlock. You have his passionate protestations to the lady; his respectful proposals to her mamma; his private prayer to Heaven when the union so ardently desired was completed; his fond professions of contrition and promises of amendment, when, immediately after his marriage, there began to be just cause for the one and need for the other.

Captain Steele took a house for his lady upon their marriage, 'the third door from Germain Street, left hand of Berry Street,' and the next year he presented his wife with a country

'December 22, 1707.

'My Dear, Dear Wife: I write to let you know I do not come home to dinner, being obliged to attend some business abroad, of which I shall give you an account (when I see you in the evening), as becomes your dutiful and obedient husband.'

'Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, January, 3, 1707-08.

'Dear Prue: I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and inclose two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I cannot come home to dinner. I languish for your welfare, and will never be a moment careless more. Your faithful husband.' etc.

'January 14, 1707-08.

'Dear Wife: 'Mr. Edgecombe, Ned Ask, and Mr. Lumley have desired me to sit an hour with them at the George, in Pall Mall, for which I desire your patience till twelve o'clock, and that you will go to bed,' etc.

'Gray's Inn, February 3, 1708.

'Dear Prue: If the man who has my shoemaker's bill calls, let him be answered that I shall call on him as I come home. I stay here in order to get Jonson to discount a bill for me, and shall dine with him for that end. He is expected at home every minute. Your most humble, obedient servant,' etc.

'Tennis-court Coffeehouse, May 5, 1708.

'Dear Wife: I hope I have done this day what will be pleasing to you; in the meantime shall lie this night at a baker's, one Leg, over against the Devil Tavern, at Charing Cross. I shall be able to confront the fools who wish me uneasy, and shall have the satisfaction to see thee cheerful and at ease.

'If the printer's boy be at home, send him hither; and let Mrs Todd send by the boy my nightgown, slippers, and clean linen. You shall hear from me early in the morning,' etc.

Dozens of similar letters follow, with occasional guineas, little parcels of tea, or walnuts, etc. In 1709 the *Tatler* made its appearance. The following curious note dates April 7, 1710:

'I inclose to you ['Dear Prue'] a receipt for the saucepan and spoon, and a note of £23 of Lewis', which will make up the £50 I promised for your ensuing occasion.

'I know no happiness in this life in any degree comparable to the pleasure I have in your person and society. I only beg of you to add to your other charms a fearfulness to see a man that loves you in pain and uneasiness, to make me as happy as it is possible to be in this life. Rising a little in a morning, and being disposed to a cheerfulness . . . would not be amiss.'

In another he is found excusing his coming home, being 'invited to supper to Mr. Boyle's.' 'Dear Prue,' he says on this occasion, 'do not send after me, for I shall be ridiculous.'

house at Hampton. It appears she had a chariot and pair, and sometimes four horses: he himself enjoyed a little horse for his own riding. He paid, or promised to pay, his barber fifty pounds a year, and always went abroad in a laced coat and a large black buckled periwig, that must have cost somebody fifty guineas. He was rather a well-to-do gentleman, Captain Steele, with the proceeds of his estates in Barbadoes (left to him by his first wife), his income as a writer of the *Gazette*, and his office of gentleman waiter to his Royal Highness Prince George. His second wife brought him a fortune too. But it is melancholy to relate that with these houses and chariots and horses and income, the captain was constantly in want of money, for which his beloved bride was asking as constantly. In the course of a few pages we begin to find the shoemaker calling for money, and some directions from the captain, who has not thirty pounds to spare. He sends his wife, 'the beautifullest object in the world,' as he calls her, and evidently in reply to applications of her own, which have gone the way of all waste paper, and lighted Dick's pipes, which were smoked a hundred and forty years ago—he sends his wife now a guinea, then a half guinea, then a couple of guineas, then half a pound of tea; and again no money and no tea at all, but a promise that his darling Prue shall have some in a day or two; or a request, perhaps, that she will send over his nightgown and shaving plate to the temporary lodging where the nomadic captain is lying, hidden from the bailiffs. Oh! that a Christian hero and late captain in Lucas' should be afraid of a dirty sheriff's officer! That the pink and pride of chivalry should turn pale before a writ! It stands to record in poor Dick's own handwriting—the queer collection is preserved at the British Museum to this present day—that the rent of the nuptial house in Jermyn Street, sacred to unutterable tenderness and Prue, and three doors from Bury Street, was not paid until after the landlord had put in an execution on Captain Steele's furniture. Addison sold the house and furniture at Hampton, and, after deducting the sum in which his incorrigible friend was indebted to him, handed over the residue of the proceeds of the sale to poor Dick, who wasn't in the least angry at Addison's summary proceeding, and I dare say was very glad of any sale or execution the result of which was to give him a little ready money. Having a small house in Jermyn Street for which he couldn't pay, and a country house at Hampton on which he had borrowed money, nothing must content Captain Dick but the taking, in 1712, a much finer,

larger, and grander house in Bloomsbury Square; where his unhappy landlord got no better satisfaction than his friend in St. James', and where it is recorded that Dick, giving a grand entertainment, had a half dozen queer looking fellows in livery to wait upon his noble guests, and confessed that his servants were bailiffs to a man. 'I fared like a distressed prince,' the kindly prodigal writes, generously complimenting Addison for his assistance in the *Tatler*—'I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid. I was undone by my auxiliary; when I had once called him in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.' Poor, needy Prince of Bloomsbury! think of him in his palace, with his allies from Chancery Lane ominously guarding him.

All sorts of stories are told indicative of his recklessness and his good humor. One narrated by Dr. Hoadly is exceedingly characteristic; it shows the life of the time, and our poor friend very weak, but very kind both in and out of his cups.

'My father,' says Dr. John Hoadly, the bishop's son, 'when Bishop of Bangor, was, by invitation, present at one of the Whig meetings, held at the Trumpet, in Shire Lane, when Sir Richard in his zeal rather exposed himself, having the double duty of the day upon him, as well to celebrate the immortal memory of King William, it being the 4th of November, as to drink his friend Addison up to conversation pitch, whose phlegmatic constitution was hardly warmed for society by that time. Steele was not fit for it. Two remarkable circumstances happened. John Sly, the hatter of facetious memory, was in the house; and John, pretty mellow, took it into his head to come in to the company on his knees, with a tankard of ale in his hand to drink off to the *immortal memory*, and to return in the same manner. Steele, sitting next my father, whispered him—*Do laugh. It is humanity to laugh.* Sir Richard, in the evening, being too much in the same condition, was put into a chair and sent home. Nothing would serve him but being carried to the Bishop of Bangor's, late as it was. However, the chairmen carried him home, and got him upstairs, when his great complaisance would wait on them downstairs, which he did, and then was got quietly to bed.' *

There is another amusing story which, I believe, that renowned collector, Mr. Joseph Miller, or his successors, have

* Of this famous bishop, Steele wrote:

'Virtue with so much ease on Bangor sits,
All faults he pardons, though he none commits.'

incorporated into their work. Sir Richard Steele, at a time when he was much occupied with theatrical affairs, built himself a pretty private theater, and, before it was opened to his friends and guests, was anxious to try whether the hall was well adapted for hearing. Accordingly he placed himself in the most remote part of the gallery, and begged the carpenter who had built the house to speak up from the stage. The man at first said that he was unaccustomed to public speaking, and did not know what to say to his honor; but the good-natured knight called out to him to say whatever was uppermost; and, after a moment, the carpenter began, in a voice perfectly audible: 'Sir Richard Steele!' he said, 'for three months past me and my men has been a-working in this theater, and we've never seen the color of your honor's money; we will be very much obliged if you'll pay it directly, for until you do we won't drive in another nail.' Sir Richard said that his friend's elocution was perfect, but that he didn't like his subject much.

The great charm of Steele's writing is its naturalness. He wrote so quickly and carelessly that he was forced to make the reader his confidant, and had not the time to deceive him. He had a small share of book learning, but a vast acquaintance with the world. He had known men and taverns. He had lived with gownsmen, with troopers, with gentlemen ushers of the court, with men and women of fashion, with authors and wits, with the inmates of the sponging houses, and with the frequenters of all the clubs and coffeehouses in the town. He was liked in all company because he liked it; and you like to see his enjoyment as you like to see the glee of a boxful of children at the pantomime. He was not of those lonely ones of the earth whose greatness obliged them to be solitary; on the contrary, he admired, I think, more than any man who ever wrote; and full of hearty applause and sympathy, wins upon you by calling you to share his delight and good humor. His laugh rings through the whole house. He must have been invaluable at a tragedy, and have cried as much as the most tender young lady in the boxes. He has a relish for beauty and goodness wherever he meets it. He admired Shakspere affectionately, and more than any man of his time; and, according to his generous expansive nature, called upon all his company to like what he liked himself. He did not damn with faint praise: he was in the world and of it; and his enjoyment of life presents the strangest contrast to Swift's savage indignation and Addison's

lonely serenity.* Permit me to read you a passage from each writer, curiously indicative of his peculiar humor: the subject is the same, and the mood the very gravest. We have said that upon all the actions of man, the most trifling and the most solemn, the humorist takes upon himself to comment. All readers of our old masters know the terrible lines of Swift, in which he hints at his philosophy and describes the end of mankind: †

Amazed, confused, its fate unknown,
The world stood trembling at Jove's throne;
While each pale sinner hung his head,
Jove, nodding, shook the heavens, and said:
'Offending race of human kind,
By nature, reason, learning, blind;
You who through frailty stepped aside,
And you who never err'd through pride;
You who in different sects were shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd
(So some folk told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's design than you);
The world's mad business now is o'er,
And I resent your freaks no more;
I to such blockheads set my wit,
I damn such fools—go, go, you're bit!'

Addison, speaking on the very same theme, but with how different a voice, says in his famous paper on Westminster Abbey (*Spectator*, No. 26): 'For my own part, though I am always

* Here we have some of his later letters:

'To Lady Steele.

'Hampton Court, March 16, 1716-17.

'Dear Prue: If you have written anything to me which I should have received last night, I beg your pardon that I cannot answer till the next post. . . Your son at the present writing is mighty well employed in tumbling on the floor of the room and sweeping the sand with a feather. He grows a most delightful child, and very full of play and spirit. He is also a very great scholar: he can read his primer; and I have brought down my Vergil. He makes most shrewd remarks about the pictures. We are very intimate friends and playfellows. He begins to be very ragged; and I hope I shall be pardoned if I equip him with new clothes and frocks, or what Mrs. Evans and I shall think for his service.'

'To Lady Steele.

[Undated.]

'You tell me you want a little flattery from me. I assure you I know no one who deserves so much commendation as yourself, and to whom saying the best things would be so little like flattery. The thing speaks for itself, considering you as a very handsome woman that loves retirement—one who does not want wit, and yet is extremely sincere; and so I could go through all the vices which attend the good qualities of other people, of which you are exempt. But, indeed, though you have every perfection, you have an extravagant fault, which almost frustrates the good in you to me; and that is, that you do not love to dress, to appear, to shine out, even at my request, and to make me proud of you, or rather to indulge the pride I have that you are mine. . . Your most affectionate, obsequious husband,

'Richard Steele.

'A quarter of Molly's schooling is paid. The children are perfectly well.'

'To Lady Steele.

'March 26, 1717.

'My Dearest Prue: I have received yours, wherein you give me the sensible affliction of telling me enow of the continual pain in your head. . . When I lay in your place, and on your pillow, I assure you I fell into tears last night, to think that my charming little insolent might be then awake and in pain; and took it to be a sin to go to sleep.

'For this tender passion toward you I must be contented that your *Prueship* will condescend to call yourself my well-wisher. . .'

At the time when the above later letters were written Lady Steele was in Wales, looking after her estate there. Steele, about this time, was much occupied with a project for conveying fish alive, by which, as he constantly assures his wife, he firmly believed he should make his fortune. It did not succeed, however.

Lady Steele died in December of the succeeding year. She lies buried in Westminster Abbey.

† Lord Chesterfield sends these verses to Voltaire in a characteristic letter.

serious, I do not know what it is to be melancholy, and can therefore take a view of nature in her deep and solemn scenes with the same pleasure as in her most gay and delightful ones. When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out; when I meet with the grief of parents on a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tomb of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those we must quickly follow.' (I have owned that I do not think Addison's heart melted very much, or that he indulged very inordinately in the 'vanity of grieving.') 'When,' he goes on, 'when I see kings lying by those who deposed them: when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men that divided the world with their contests and disputes—I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions, factions, and debates of mankind. And when I read the several dates on the tombs of some that died yesterday and some 600 years ago, I consider that Great Day when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.'

Our third humorist comes to speak upon the same subject. You will have observed in the previous extracts the characteristic humor of each writer—the subject and the contrast—the fact of death, and the play of individual thought, by which each comments on it, and now hear the third writer—death, sorrow, and the grave being for the moment also his theme. 'The first sense of sorrow I ever knew,' Steele says in the *Tatler*, 'was upon the death of my father, at which time I was not quite five years of age; but was rather amazed at what all the house meant than possessed of a real understanding why nobody would play with us. I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it. I had my battledoor in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling papa; for, I know not how, I had some idea that he was locked up there. My mother caught me in her arms, and, transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces, and told me in a flood of tears, 'Papa could not hear me, and would play with me no more: for they were going to put him under ground, whence he would never come to us again.' She was a very beautiful woman, of a noble spirit, and there was a dignity in her grief amid all the wildness of her transport which methought struck me with an instinct of sorrow that, before I was sensible what it was to grieve, seized my very soul, and has made pity the weakness of my heart ever since.'

Can there be three more characteristic moods of minds and men? 'Fools, do you know anything of this mystery?' says Swift, stamping on a grave, and carrying his scorn for mankind actually beyond it. 'Miserable, purblind wretches, how dare you pretend to comprehend the Inscrutable, and how can your dim eyes pierce the unfathomable depths of yonder boundless heaven?' Addison, in a much kinder language and gentler voice, utters much the same sentiment, and speaks of the rivalry of wits, and the contests of holy men, with the same skeptic placidity. 'Look what a little vain dust we are,' he says, smiling over the tombstones; and catching, as is his wont, quite a divine effulgence as he looks heavenward, he speaks, in words of inspiration almost, of 'the Great Day, when we shall all of us be contemporaries, and make our appearance together.'

The third, whose theme is death too, and who will speak his word of moral as Heaven teaches him, leads you up to his father's coffin, and shows you his beautiful mother weeping, and himself an unconscious little boy wondering at her side. His own natural tears flow as he takes your hand and confidingly asks your sympathy. 'See how good and innocent and beautiful women are,' he says; 'how tender little children! Let us love these and one another, brother—God knows we have need of love and pardon.' So it is each man looks with his own eyes, speaks with his own voice, and prays his own prayer.

When Steele asks your sympathy for the actors in that charming scene of love and grief and death, who can refuse it? One yields to it as to the frank advance of a child, or to the appeal of a woman. A man is seldom more manly than when he is what you call unmanned—the source of his emotion is championship, pity, and courage; the instinctive desire to cherish those who are innocent and unhappy, and defend those who are tender and weak. If Steele is not our friend he is nothing. He is by no means the most brilliant of wits nor the deepest of thinkers: but he is our friend: we love him, as children love their love with an A, because he is amiable. Who likes a man best because he is the cleverest or the wisest of mankind, or a woman because she is the most virtuous, or talks French, or plays the piano better than the rest of her sex? I own to liking Dick Steele the man, and Dick Steele the author, much better than much better men and much better authors.

The misfortune regarding Steele is that most part of the company here present must take his amiability upon hearsay, and certainly can't make his intimate acquaintance. Not that Steele was worse than his time; on the contrary, a far better,

truer, and higher-hearted man than most who lived in it. But things were done in that society, and names were named, which would make you shudder now. What would be the sensation of a polite youth of the present day if at a ball he saw the young object of his affections taking a box out of her pocket and a pinch of snuff—or if at dinner, by the charmer's side, she deliberately put her knife into her mouth? If she cut her mother's throat with it, mamma would scarcely be more shocked. I allude to these peculiarities of bygone times as an excuse for my favorite, Steele, who was not worse, and often much more delicate, than his neighbors.

There exists a curious document descriptive of the manners of the last age, which describes most minutely the amusements and occupations of persons of fashion in London at the time of which we are speaking: the time of Swift and Addison and Steele.

When Lord Sparkish, Tom Neverout, and Colonel Alwit, the immortal personages of Swift's polite conversation, came to breakfast with my Lady Smart, at eleven o'clock in the morning, my Lord Smart was absent at the levée. His lordship was at home to dinner at three o'clock to receive his guests; and we may sit down to this meal, like the Barmecide's, and see the fops of the last century before us. Seven of them sat down at dinner, and were joined by a country baronet who told them they kept court hours. These persons of fashion began their dinner with a sirloin of beef, fish, a shoulder of veal, and a tongue. My Lady Smart carved the sirloin, my Lady Answerall helped the fish, and the gallant colonel cut the shoulder of veal. All made a considerable inroad on the sirloin and the shoulder of veal with the exception of Sir John, who had no appetite, having already partaken of a beefsteak and two mugs of ale besides a tankard of March beer as soon as he got out of bed. They drank claret, which the master of the house said should always be drunk after fish; and my Lord Smart particularly recommended some excellent cider to my Lord Sparkish, which occasioned some brilliant remarks from that nobleman. When the host called for wine, he nodded to one or other of his guests, and said, 'Tom Neverout, my service to you.'

After the first course came almond pudding, fritters, which the colonel took with his hands out of the dish in order to help the brilliant Miss Notable; chickens, black puddings, and soup; and Lady Smart, the elegant mistress of the mansion, finding a skewer in a dish, placed it in her plate with directions that it should be carried down to the cook and dressed

for the cook's own dinner. Wine and small beer were drunk during the second course; and when the colonel called for beer, he called the butler friend, and asked whether the beer was good. Various jocular remarks passed from the gentlefolks to the servants; at breakfast several persons had a word and a joke for Mrs. Betty, my lady's maid, who warmed the cream and had charge of the canister (the tea cost thirty shillings a pound in those days). When my Lady Sparkish sent her footman out to my Lady Match to come at six o'clock and play at quadrille, her ladyship warned the man to follow his nose, and if he fell by the way not to stay to get up again. And when the gentlemen asked the hall porter if his lady was at home, that functionary replied, with manly waggishness, 'She was at home just now, but she's not gone out yet.'

After the puddings, sweet and black, the fritters and soup, came the third course, of which the chief dish was a hot venison pasty, which was put before Lord Smart, and carved by that nobleman. Besides the pasty, there was a hare, a rabbit, some pigeons, partridges, a goose, and a ham. Beer and wine were freely imbibed during this course, the gentlemen always pledging somebody with every glass which they drank; and by this time the conversation between Tom Neverout and Miss Notable had grown so brisk and lively that the Derbyshire baronet began to think the young gentlewoman was Tom's sweetheart; on which miss remarked that she loved Tom 'like pie.' After the goose, some of the gentlemen took a dram of brandy, 'which was very good for the wholesomes,' Sir John said; and now having had a tolerably substantial dinner, honest Lord Smart bade the butler bring up the great tankard full of October to Sir John. The great tankard was passed from hand to hand and mouth to mouth, but when pressed by the noble host upon the gallant Tom Neverout, he said, 'No, faith, my lord; I like your wine, and won't put a churl upon a gentleman. Your honor's claret is good enough for me.' And so, the dinner over, the host said, 'Hang saving, bring us up a ha'porth of cheese.'

The cloth was now taken away, and a bottle of Burgundy was set down, of which the ladies were invited to partake before they went to their tea. When they withdrew, the gentlemen promised to join them in an hour: fresh bottles were brought; and the 'dead men,' meaning the empty bottles, removed; and 'D'you hear, John? bring clean glasses,' my Lord Smart said. On which the gallant Colonel Alwit said, 'I'll keep my glass; for wine is the best liquor to wash glasses in.'

After an hour the gentlemen joined the ladies, and then they all sat and played quadrille until three o'clock in the morning, when the chairs and the flambeaux came, and this noble company went to bed.

Such were matters six or seven score years ago. I draw no inference from this queer picture—let all moralists here present deduce their own. Fancy the moral condition of that society in which a lady of fashion joked with a footman, and carved a sirloin, and provided besides a great shoulder of veal, a goose, hare, rabbit, chickens, partridges, black puddings, and a ham for a dinner for eight Christians. What—what could have been the condition of that polite world in which people openly ate goose after almond pudding, and took their soup in the middle of dinner? Fancy a colonel in the Guards putting his hand into a dish of *beignets d'abricot*, and helping his neighbor, a young lady *du monde!* Fancy a noble lord calling out to the servants, before the ladies at his table, 'Hang expense, bring us a ha'porth of cheese!' Such were the ladies of St. James'—such were the frequenters of White's Chocolate House, when Swift used to visit it, and Steele described it as the center of pleasure, gallantry, and entertainment, a hundred and forty years ago!

Dennis, who ran amuck at the literary society of his day, falls foul of poor Steele, and thus depicts him: 'Sir John Edgar, of the County of —— in Ireland, is of a middle stature, broad shoulders, thick legs, a shape like the picture of somebody over a farmer's chimney—a short chin, a short nose, a short forehead, a broad flat face, and a dusky countenance. Yet with such a face and such a shape, discovered at sixty that he took himself for a beauty, and appeared to be more mortified at being told that he was ugly than he was by any reflection made upon his honor or understanding.

'He is a gentleman born, witness himself, of very honorable family; certainly of a very ancient one, for his ancestors flourished in Tipperary long before the English ever set foot in Ireland. He has testimony of this more authentic than the Herald's Office, or any human testimony. For God has marked him more abundantly than he did Cain, and stamped his native country on his face, his understanding, his writings, his actions, his passions, and, above all, his vanity. The Hibernian brogue is still upon all these, though long habit and length of days have worn it off his tongue.'*

* Steele replied to Dennis in an 'Answer to a Whimsical Pamphlet, called The Character of Sir John Edgar.' What Steele had to say against the cross-grained old critic discovers a great deal of humor:

Although this portrait is the work of a man who was neither the friend of Steele nor of any other man alive, yet there is a dreadful resemblance to the original in the savage and exaggerated traits of the caricature, and everybody who knows him must recognize Dick Steele. Dick set about almost all the undertakings of his life with inadequate means, and, as he took and furnished a house with the most generous intentions toward his friend, the most tender gallantry toward his wife, and with this only drawback, that he had not wherewithal to pay the rent when quarter-day came—so in his life he proposed to himself the most magnificent schemes of virtue, forbearance, public and private good, and the advancement of his own and the national religion; but when he had to pay for these articles—so difficult to purchase and so costly to maintain—poor Dick's money was not forthcoming: and when Vritue called with her little bill, Dick made a shuffling excuse that he could not see her that morning, having a headache from being tipsy overnight; or when stern Duty rapped at the door with his account, Dick was absent and not ready to pay. He was shirking at the tavern; or had some particular business (of somebody else's) at the ordinary; or he was in hiding, or worse than in hiding, in the lock-up house. What a situation for a man—for a philanthropist—for a lover of right and truth—for a magnificent designer and schemer! Not to dare to look in the face the religion which he adored and which he had offended; to have to shirk down back lanes and alleys, so as to avoid the friend whom he loved and who had trusted him; to have the house which he had in-

'Thou never didst let the sun into thy garret, for fear he should bring a bailiff along with him. . .

'Your years are about sixty-five, an ugly, vinegar face, that if you had any command you would be obeyed out of fear, from your ill nature pictured there; not from any other motive. . Your height is about some five feet five inches. You see I can give your exact measure as well as if I had taken your dimension with a good cudgel, which I promise you to do as soon as ever I have the good fortune to meet you. . .

'Your doughty paunch stands before you like a firkin of butter, and your duck legs seem to be cast for carrying burdens.

'Thy works are libels upon others, and satires upon thyself; and while they bark at men of sense, call him knave and fool that wrote them. Thou hast a great antipathy to thy own species; and hates the sight of a fool but in thy glass.'

Steele had been kind to Dennis, and once got arrested on account of a pecuniary service which he did him. When John heard of the fact—'S'death!' cries John; 'why did not he keep out of the way as I did?'

The 'Answer' concludes by mentioning that Cibber had offered ten pounds for the discovery of the authorship of Dennis' pamphlet; on which, says Steele, 'I am only sorry he has offered so much, because the *twentieth part* would have overvalued his whole carcass. But I know the fellow that he keeps to give answers to his creditors will betray him; for he gave me his word to bring officers on top of the house that should make a hole through the ceiling of his garret, and so bring him to the punishment he deserves. Some people think this expedient out of the way, and that he would make his escape upon hearing the least noise. I say so too; but it takes him up half an hour every night to fortify himself with his old hair trunk, two or three joint-stools, and some other lumber, which he ties together with cords so fast that it takes him up the same time in the morning to release himself.'

tended for his wife, whom he loved passionately, and for her ladyship's company which he wished to entertain splendidly, in the possession of a bailiff's man, with a crowd of little creditors—grocers, butchers, and small-coal men—lingering round the door with their bills and jeering at him. Alas! for poor Dick Steele! For nobody else, of course. There is no man or woman in *our* time who makes fine projects and gives them up from idleness or want of means. When Duty calls upon *us*, we no doubt are always at home and ready to pay that grim tax-gatherer. When *we* are stricken with remorse and promise reform, we keep our promise, and are never angry or idle or extravagant any more. There are no chambers in *our* hearts, destined for family friends and affections, and now occupied by some Sin's emissary and bailiff in possession. There are no little sins, shabby peccadilloes, importunate remembrances, or disappointed holders of our promises to reform, hovering at our steps or knocking at our door! Of course not. We are living in the nineteenth century; and poor Dick Steele stumbled and got up again, and got into jail and out again, and sinned and repented, and loved and suffered, and lived and died, scores of years ago. Peace be with him! Let us think gently of one who was so gentle; let us speak kindly of one whose own breast exuberated with human kindness.

PRIOR, GAY, AND POPE.

MATTHEW PRIOR was one of those famous and lucky wits of the auspicious reign of Queen Anne, whose name it behoves us not to pass over. Mat was a world-philosopher of no small genius, good nature, and acumen.* He loved, he

* Gay calls him, 'Dear Prior . . . beloved by every muse.'—*Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece.*

Swift and Prior were very intimate, and he is frequently mentioned in the 'Journal to Stella.' 'Mr. Prior,' says Swift, 'walks to make himself fat, and I to keep myself down. . . We often walk round the park together.'

In Swift's works there is a curious tract called 'Remarks on the Characters of the Court of Queen Anne' [SCOTT's edition, vol. xii.]. The 'Remarks' are not by the dean; but at the end of each is an addition in italics from his hand, and these are always characteristic. Thus to the Duke of Marlborough he adds, '*Detestably covetous*,' etc. Prior is thus noticed:

'MATTHEW PRIOR, Esq., Commissioner of Trade.

'On the queen's accession to the throne, he was continued in his office; is very well at court with the ministry, and is an entire creature of my Lord Jersey's, whom he supports by his advice; is one of the best poets in England, but very facetious in conversation. A thin, hollow-looking man, turned of forty years old. *This is near the truth.*'

'Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are.
High hopes he conceived, and he smothered great fears
In a life party-colored—half pleasure, half care.

drank, he sang. He describes himself, in one of his lyrics, 'in a little Dutch chaise on a Saturday night; on his left hand his Horace, and a friend on his right,' going out of town from The Hague to pass that evening, and the ensuing Sunday boozing at a spielhaus with his companions, perhaps bobbing for perch in a Dutch canal, and noting down, in a strain and with a grace not unworthy of his Epicurean master, the charms of his idleness, his retreat, and his Batavian Chloe. A vintner's son in Whitehall, and a distinguished pupil of Busby of the Rod, Prior attracted some notice by writing verses at St. John's College, Cambridge, and, coming up to town, aided Montague* in an attack on the noble old English lion John Dryden; in ridicule of whose work, 'The Hind and the Panther,' he brought out that remarkable and famous burlesque, 'The Town and Country Mouse.' Aren't you all acquainted with it? Have you not all got it by heart? What! have you never heard of it? See what fame is made of! The wonderful part of the satire was that, as a natural consequence of 'The Town and Country Mouse,' Matthew Prior was made Secretary of Embassy at The Hague! I believe it is dancing rather than singing which distinguishes the young English diplomatists of the present day; and have seen them in various parts perform that part of their duty very finely. In Prior's time it appears a different accomplishment led to preferment. Could you write a copy of Alcaics? That was the question. Could you turn out a neat epigram or two? Could you compose 'The Town and Country Mouse'? It is manifest that, by the possession of this faculty, the most difficult treaties, the laws of foreign nations, and the interests of our own, are easily understood. Prior rose in the diplomatic service, and said good things that proved his sense and his spirit. When the apartments at Versailles were shown to him, with the victories of Louis XIV. painted on the walls, and Prior

'Not to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make interest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord, how merry was he!

'Now in equipage stately, now humble on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirled in the round as the wheel turned about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.'
PRIOR'S *Poems*. [*For my own monument.*]

* 'They joined to produce a parody, entitled the 'Town and Country Mouse,' part of which Mr. Bayes is supposed to gratify his old friends, Smart and Johnson, by repeating to them. The piece is therefore founded on the twice-told jest of the 'Rehearsal.' . . There is nothing new or original in the idea. . . In this piece Prior, though the younger man, seems to have had by far the largest share.'—SCOTT'S *Dryden*, vol. i. p. 330.

was asked whether the palace of the King of England had any such decorations, 'The monuments of my master's actions,' Mat said of William, whom he cordially revered, 'are to be seen everywhere except in his own house.' Bravo, Mat! Prior rose to be full ambassador at Paris,* where he somehow was cheated out of his ambassadorial plate; and in an heroic poem, addressed by him to her late lamented Majesty Queen Anne, Mat makes some magnificent allusions to these dishes and spoons, of which Fate had deprived him. All that he wants, he says, is her Majesty's picture; without that he can't be happy.

Thee, gracious Anne, thee present I adore:
Thee, Queen of Peace, if Time and Fate have power
Higher to raise the glories of thy reign,
In words sublimer and a nobler strain
May future bards the mighty theme rehearse.
Here, Stator Jove, and Phœbus, king of verse,
The votive tablet I suspend.

With that word the poem stops abruptly. The votive tablet is suspended for ever, like Mohammed's coffin. News came that the queen was dead. Stator Jove, and Phœbus, king of verse, were left there, hovering to this day, over the votive tablet. The picture was never got, any more than the spoons and dishes: the inspiration ceased, the verses were not wanted —the ambassador wasn't wanted. Poor Mat was recalled from his embassy, suffered disgrace along with his patrons, lived under a sort of cloud ever after, and disappeared in Essex. When deprived of all his pensions and emoluments, the hearty and generous Oxford pensioned him. They played for gallant stakes— the bold men of those days—and lived and gave splendidly.

Johnson quotes from Spence a legend that Prior, after spending an evening with Harley, St. John, Pope, and Swift, would go off and smoke a pipe with a couple of friends of his, a soldier and his wife, in Long Acre. Those who have not read his late Excellency's poems should be warned that they smack not a little of the conversation of his Long Acre friends. Johnson speaks lightly of his lyrics; but with due deference to the great Samuel, Prior's seem to me among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical

* 'He was to have been in the same commission with the Duke of Shrewsbury, but that that nobleman,' says Johnson, 'refused to be associated with one so meanly born. Prior therefore continued to act without a title till the duke's return next year to England, and then he assumed the style and dignity of ambassador.'
He had been thinking of slights of this sort when he wrote his epitaph:

'Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Bourbon or Nassau claim higher?'

But, in this case, the old prejudice got the better of the old joke.

poems.* Horace is always in his mind: and his song and his philosophy, his good sense, his happy easy turns and melody, his loves and his Epicureanism, bear a great resemblance to that most delightful and accomplished master. In reading his works one is struck with their modern air, as well as by their happy similarity to the songs of the charming owner of the Sabine farm. In his verses addressed to Halifax, he says, writing of that endless theme to poets, the vanity of human wishes:

So whilst in fevered dreams we sink,
  And waking, taste what we desire,
  The real draught but feeds the fire,
The dream is better than the drink.

Our hopes like towering falcons aim
  At objects in an airy height;
  To stand aloof and view the flight
Is all the pleasure of the game.

Would not you fancy that a poet of our own days was singing? and in the verses of Chloe weeping and reproaching him for his inconstancy, where he says:

The God of us versemen, you know, child, the Sun,
  How, after his journeys, he sets up his rest.
If at morning o'er earth 'tis his fancy to run,
  At night he declines on his Thetis's breast.

So when I am wearied with wandering all day,
  To thee, my delight, in the evening I come;
No matter what beauties I saw in my way;
  They were but my visits, but thou art my home!

Then finish, dear Chloe, this pastoral war,
  And let us like Horace and Lydia agree.
For thou art a girl as much brighter than her,
  As he was a poet sublimer than me.

If Prior read Horace, did not Thomas Moore study Prior? Love and pleasure find singers in all days. Roses are always blowing and fading—to-day as in that pretty time when Prior sang of them, and of Chloe, lamenting their decay:

She sighed, she smiled, and to the flowers
  Pointing, the lovely moralist said:
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
  See yonder what a change is made!

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
  And that of Beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish, bright and gay,
  Both fade at evening, pale and gone.

At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,
  The amorous youth around her bowed;
At night her fatal knell was rung;
  I saw, and kissed her in her shroud.

Such as she is who died to-day,
  Such I, alas! may be to-morrow.
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
  The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.

* His epigrams have the genuine sparkle:

'THE REMEDY WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

'I sent for Radcliff; was so ill
  That other doctors gave me over:
He felt my pulse, prescribed his pill,
  And I was likely to recover.

'But when the wit began to wheeze,
  And wine had warmed the politician,
Cured yesterday of my disease,
  I died last night of my physician.'

'Yes, every poet is a fool;
  By demonstration Ned can show it;
Happy could Ned's inverted rule
  Prove every fool to be a poet.'

'On his death-bed poor Lubin lies,
  His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs and mutual cries,
  They both express their care.

'"A different cause," says Parson Sly,
  "The same effect may give.
Poor Lubin fears that he shall die,
  His wife that he may live."'

Damon's knell was rung in 1721. May his turf lie lightly on him! *Deus sit propitius huic potatori*, as Walter de Mapes sang.* Perhaps Samuel Johnson, who spoke slightly of Prior's verses, enjoyed them more than he was willing to own. The old moralist had studied them as well as Mr. Thomas Moore, and defended them, and showed that he remembered them very well

* 'PRIOR TO SIR THOMAS HANMER.

'AUGUST 4, 1709.

'DEAR SIR: Friendship may live, I grant you, without being fed and cherished by correspondence; but with that additional benefit I am of opinion it will look more cheerful and thrive better: for in this case, as in love, though a man is sure of his own constancy, yet his happiness depends a good deal upon the sentiments of another, and while you and Chloe are alive, 'tis not enough that I love you both, except I am sure you both love me again; and as one of her scrawls fortifies my mind more against affliction than all Epictetus, with Simplicius's comments into the bargain, so your single letter gave me more real pleasure than all the works of Plato. . . I must return my answer to your very kind question concerning my health. The Bath waters have done a good deal toward the recovery of it, and the great specific, *Cape caballum*, will, I think, confirm it. Upon this head I must tell you that my mare Betty grows blind, and may one day, by breaking my neck, perfect my cure; if at Rixham fair any pretty nagg that is between thirteen and fourteen hands presented himself, and you would be pleased to purchase him for me, one of your servants might ride him to Euston, and I might receive him there. This, sir, is just as such a thing happens. If you hear, too, of a Welch widow, with a good jointure, that has her *goings* and is not very skittish, pray, be pleased to cast your eye on her for me too. You see, sir, the great trust I repose in your skill and honor, when I dare put two such commissions in your hand. . .'—*The Hanmer Correspondence*, p. 120.

'FROM MR. PRIOR.

'PARIS, 1st-12th May, 1714.

'MY DEAR LORD AND FRIEND: Matthew never had so great occasion to write a word to Henry as now: it is noised here that I am soon to return. The question that I wish I could answer to the many that ask, and to our friend Colbert de Torcy (to whom I made your compliments in the manner you commanded) is, what is done for me; and to what I am recalled? It may look like a bagatelle, what is to become of a philosopher like me! but it is not such: what is to become of a person who had the honor to be chosen, and sent hither as intrusted, in the midst of a war, with what the Queen designed should make the peace; returning with the Lord Bolingbroke, one of the greatest men in England, and one of the finest heads in Europe (as they say here, if true or not, *n'importe*); having been left by him in the greatest character (that of her Majesty's Plenipotentiary), exercising that power conjointly with the Duke of Shrewsbury, and solely after his departure; having here received more distinguished honor than any Minister, except an Ambassador, ever did, and some which were never given to any but who had that character; having had all the success that could be expected; having (God be thanked!) spared no pains, at a time when at home the peace is voted safe and honorable—at a time when the Earl of Oxford is Lord Treasurer and Lord Bolingbroke First Secretary of State? This unfortunate person, I say, neglected, forgot, unnamed to anything that may speak the Queen satisfied with his services, or his friends concerned as to his fortune.

'Mr. de Torcy put me quite out of countenance, the other day, by a pity that wounded me deeper than ever did the cruelty of the late Lord Godolphin. He said he would write to Robin and Harry about me. God forbid, my lord, that I should need any foreign intercession, or owe the least to any Frenchman living, besides the decency of behavior and the returns of common civility; some say I am to go to Baden, others that I am to be added to the Commissioners for settling the commerce. In all cases I am ready. but in the meantime, *dic aliquid de tribus capellis*. Neither of these two are, I presume, honors or rewards, neither of them (let me say to my dear Lord Bolingbroke, and let him not be angry with me,) are what Drift may aspire to, and what Mr. Whitworth, who was his fellow-clerk, has or may possess. I am far from desiring to lessen the great merit of the gentleman I named, for I heartily esteem and love him; but in this trade of ours, my lord, in which you are the general, as in that of the soldiery, there is a certain right acquired by time and long service. You would do anything for your Queen's service, but you would not be contented to descend, and be degraded to a charge, no way proportioned to that of Secretary of State, any more than Mr. Ross, though he would charge a party with a halberd in his hand, would be content all his life after to be Sergeant. Was my Lord Dartmouth, from Secretary, returned again to be Commissioner of Trade, or from Secretary of War, would Frank Gwyn think

too, on an occasion when their morality was called in question by that noted puritan, James Boswell, Esq., of Auchinleck.*

In the great society of the wits, John Gay deserved to be a favorite, and to have a good place.† In his set all were fond of him. His success offended nobody. He missed a fortune once or twice. He was talked of for court favor, and hoped to win it; but the court favor jilted him. Craggs gave him some South Sea stock; and at one time Gay had very nearly made his fortune. But Fortune shook her swift wings and jilted him too; and so his friends, instead of being angry with him, and jealous of him, were kind and fond of honest Gay. In the portraits of the literary worthies of the early part of the last century, Gay's face is the pleasantest perhaps of all. It appears adorned with neither periwig nor nightcap (the full dress and *negligée* of learning, without which the painters of those days scarcely ever portrayed wits), and he laughs at you over his shoulder with an honest boyish glee—an artless sweet humor. He was so kind, so gentle, so jocular, so delightfully brisk at times, so dismally woebegone at others, such a natural

himself kindly used to be returned again to be Commissioner? In short, my lord, you have put me above myself, and if I am to return to myself, I shall return to something very discontented and uneasy. I am sure, my lord, you will make the best use you can of this hint for my good. If I am to have anything, it will certainly be for her Majesty's service, and the credit of my friends in the Ministry, that it be done before I am recalled from home, lest the world may think either that I have merited to be disgraced, or that ye dare not stand by me. If nothing is to be done, *fiat voluntas Dei.* I have writ to Lord Treasurer upon this subject, and having implored your kind intercession, I promise you it is the last remonstrance of this kind that I will ever make. Adieu, my lord: all honor, health, and pleasure to you. Yours ever, MATT.

'P.S.—Lady Jersey is just gone from me. We drank your healths together in usquebaugh after our tea: we are the greatest friends alive. Once more adieu. There is no such thing as the 'Book of Travels' you mentioned; if there be, let friend Tilson send us more particular account of them, for neither I nor Jacob Tonson can find them. Pray send Barton back to me, I hope with some comfortable tidings.'—*Bolingbroke's Letters.*

* 'I asked whether Prior's poems were to be printed entire; Johnson said they were. I mentioned Lord Hales' censure of Prior in his preface to a collection of sacred poems, by various hands, published by him at Edinburgh a great many years ago, where he mentions "these impure tales, which will be the eternal opprobrium of their ingenious author." JOHNSON: "Sir, Lord Hales has forgot. There is nothing in Prior that will excite to lewdness. If Lord Hales thinks there is he must be more combustible than other people." I instanced the tale of "Paulo Purganti and his wife." JOHNSON: "Sir, there is nothing there but that his wife wanted to be kissed, when poor Paulo was out of pocket. No, sir, Prior is a lady's book. No lady is ashamed to have it standing in her library." '—BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson.*

† Gay was of an old Devonshire family, but his pecuniary prospects not being great, was placed in his youth in the house of a silk mercer in London. He was born in 1688—Pope's year, and in 1712 the Duchess of Monmouth made him her secretary. Next year he published his 'Rural Sports,' which he dedicated to Pope, and so made an acquaintance which became a memorable friendship.

'Gay,' says Pope, 'was quite a natural man—wholly without art or design, and spoke just what he thought and as he thought it. He dangled for twenty years about a court, and at last was offered to be made usher to the young princesses. Secretary Craggs made Gay a present of stock in the South Sea year; and he was once worth 20,000*l.*, but lost it all again. He got about 400*l.* by the first "Beggar's Opera," and 1100*l*, or 1200*l*, by the second. He was negligent and a bad manager. Latterly, the Duke of Queensbury took his money into his keeping, and let him only have what was necessary out of it, and as he lived with them, he could not have occasion for much. He died worth upward of 3000*l.*'—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

good creature that the Giants loved him. The great Swift was gentle and sportive with him,* as the enormous Brobdingnag maids of honor were with little Gulliver. He could frisk and fondle round Pope,† and sport, and bark, and caper, without offending the most thin-skinned of poets and men; and when he was jilted in that little court affair of which we have spoken, his warm-hearted patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry ‡ (the 'Kitty, beautiful and young,' of Prior)

* 'Mr. Gay is, in all regards, as honest and sincere a man as ever I knew.'—SWIFT, *To Lady Betty Germaine*, January, 1733.

† 'Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child;
With native humor temp'ring virtuous rage,
Form'd to delight at once and lash the age;
Above temptation in a low estate,
And uncorrupted e'en among the great:
A safe companion, and an easy friend,
Unblamed through life, lamented in thy end,
These are thy honors; not that here thy bust
Is mixed with heroes, or with kings thy dust;
But that the worthy and the good shall say,
Striking their pensive bosoms, "*Here* lies Gay."'
—POPE'S *Epitaph on Gay*.

'A hare who, in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like Gay.'
—*Fables*, '*The Hare and many Friends*.'

‡ 'I can give you no account of Gay,' says Pope curiously, 'since he was raffled for, and won back by his Duchess.'—*Works*, *Roscoe's Ed.*, vol. ix. p. 302.

Here is the letter Pope wrote to him when the death of Queen Anne brought back Lord Clarendon from Hanover, and lost him the Secretaryship of that nobleman, of which he had had but a short tenure.

Gay's court prospects were never happy from this time. His dedication of the 'Shepherd's Week' to Bolingbroke, Swift used to call the 'original sin' which had hurt him with the house of Hanover:

'SEPTEMBER 23, 1714.

'DEAR MR. GAY: Welcome to your native soil! welcome to your friends! thrice welcome to me! whether returned in glory, blest with court interest, the love and familiarity of the great, and filled with agreeable hopes; or melancholy with dejection, contemplative of the changes of fortune, and doubtful for the future; whether returned a triumphant Whig or a desponding Tory, equally all hail! equally beloved and welcome to me! If happy, I am to partake in your elevation; if unhappy, you have still a warm corner in my heart, and a retreat at Binfield in the worst of times at your service. If you are a Tory, or thought so by any man, I know it can proceed from nothing but your gratitude to a few people who endeavored to serve you, and whose politics were never your concern. If you are a Whig, as I rather hope, and as I think your principles and mine (as brother poets) had ever a bias to the side of liberty, I know you will be an honest man and an inoffensive one. Upon the whole, I know you are incapable of being so much of either party as to be good for nothing. Therefore, once more, whatever you are or in whatever state you are, all hail!

'One or two of your old friends complained they had heard nothing from you since the Queen's death: I told them no man living loved Mr. Gay better than I, yet I had not once written to him in all his voyage. This I thought a convincing proof how truly one may be a friend to another without telling him so every month. But they had reasons, too, themselves to allege in your excuse, as men who really value one another will never want such as make their friends and themselves easy. The late universal concern in public affairs threw us all into a hurry of spirits: even I, who am more a philosopher than to expect anything from any reign, was borne away with the current, and full of the expectation of the successor. During your journeys, I knew not whither to aim a letter after you; that was a sort of shooting flying; add to this the demand Homer had upon me, to write fifty verses a day, besides learned notes, all which are at a conclusion for this year. Rejoice with me, O my friend! that my labor is over; come and make merry with me in much feasting. We will feed among the lilies (by the lilies I mean the ladies). Are not the Rosalindas of Britain as charm-

pleaded his cause with indignation, and quitted the court in a huff, carrying off with them into their retirement their kind gentle protégé. With these kind lordly folks, a real duke and duchess, as delightful as those who harbored Don Quixote and loved that dear old Sancho, Gay lived, and was lapped in cotton, and had his plate of chicken, and his saucer of cream, and frisked and barked, and wheezed and grew fat, and so ended.* He became very melancholy and lazy, sadly plethoric, and only occasionally diverting in his latter days. But everybody loved him and the remembrance of his pretty little tricks; and the raging old Dean of St. Patrick's, chafing in his banishment, was afraid to open the letter which Pope wrote him, announcing the sad news of the death of Gay.†

Swift's letters to him are beautiful; and having no purpose but kindness in writing to him, no party aim to advocate, or slight or anger to wreak, every word the dean says to his favorite is natural, trustworthy, and kindly. His admiration for Gay's parts and honesty, and his laughter at his weaknesses, were alike just and genuine. He paints his character in wonderful pleasant traits of jocular satire. 'I writ lately to Mr.

ing as the Blousalindas of The Hague? or have the two great pastoral poets of our nation renounced love at the same time? for Philips, immortal Philips, hath deserted, yea, and in a rustic manner kicked his Rosalind. Dr. Parnell and I have been inseparable ever since you went. We are now at the Bath, where (if you are not, as I heartily hope, better engaged) your coming would be the greatest pleasure to us in the world. Talk not of expenses: Homer shall support his children. I beg a line from you directed to the Post-house in Bath. Poor Parnell is in an ill state of health.

'Pardon me if I add a word of advice in the poetical way. Write something on the King, or Prince, or Princess. On whatsoever foot you may be with the court, this can do no harm. I shall never know where to end, and am confounded in the many things I have to say to you, though they all amount but to this, that I am, entirely, as ever, Your,' &c.

Gay took the advice 'in the poetical way,' and published 'An Epistle to a Lady, occasioned by the arrival of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.' But though this brought him access to court, and the attendance of the Prince and Princess at his farce of the 'What d'ye call it?' it did not bring him a place. On the accession of George II., he was offered the situation of Gentleman Usher to the Princess Louisa (her highness being then two years old); but 'by this offer,' says Johnson, 'he thought himself insulted.'

* 'Gay was a great eater. As the French philosopher used to prove his existence by *Cogito, ergo sum*, the greatest proof of Gay's existence is *Edit, ergo est*.'—CONGREVE, *in a letter to Pope. Spence's Anecdotes.*

† Swift endorsed the letter—'On my dear friend Mr. Gay's death; received Dec. 15, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune.'

'It was by Swift's interest that Gay was made known to Lord Bolingbroke, and obtained his patronage.'—SCOTT's *Swift*, vol. i. p. 156.

Pope wrote on the occasion of Gay's death to Swift, thus:

[DECEMBER 5, 1732.]

'. . . One of the nearest and longest ties I have ever had is broken all on a sudden by the unexpected death of poor Mr. Gay. An inflammatory fever hurried him out of this life in three days. . . He asked of you a few hours before when in acute torment by the inflammation in his bowels and breast. . . His sisters, we suppose, will be his heirs, who are two widows. . . Good God! how often are we to die before we go quite off this stage. In every friend we lose a part of ourselves, and the best part. God keep those we have left! few are worth praying for, and one's self the least of all.'

Pope,' Swift says, writing to Mr. Gay: 'I wish you had a little little villakin in his neighborhood; but you are yet too volatile, and any lady with a coach and six horses would carry you to Japan.' 'If your ramble,' says Swift, in another letter, 'was on horseback, I am glad of it, on account of your health; but I know your arts of patching up a jonrney between stage-coaches and friends' coaches—for you are as arrant a Cockney as any hosier in Cheapside. I have often had it in my head to put it into yours that you ought to have some great work in scheme, which may take up seven years to finish, besides two or three under-ones that may add another thousand pounds to your stock, and then I shall be in less pain about you. I know you can find dinners, but you love twelvepenny coaches too well, without considering that the interest of a whole thousand pounds brings you but half a crown a day.' And then Swift goes off from Gay to pay some grand compliments to her Grace the Duchess of Queensberry, in whose sunshine Mr. Gay was basking, and in whose radiance the dean would have liked to warm himself too.

But we have Gay here before us, in these letters—lazy, kindly, uncommonly idle; rather slovenly, I'm afraid; forever eating and saying good things; a little round French abbé of a man, sleek, soft-handed, and soft-hearted.

Our object in these lectures is rather to describe the men than their works; or to deal with the latter only in as far as they seem to illustrate the character of their writers. Mr. Gay's 'Fables,' which were written to benefit that amiable prince, the Duke of Cumberland, the warrior of Dettingen and Culloden, I have not, I own, been able to peruse since a period of very early youth; and it must be confessed that they did not effect much benefit upon the illustrious young prince, whose manners they were intended to mollify, and whose natural ferocity our gentle-hearted satirist perhaps proposed to restrain. But the six pastorals called the 'Shepherd's Week,' and the burlesque poem of 'Trivia,' any man fond of lazy literature will find delightful at the present day, and must read from beginning to end with pleasure. They are to poetry what charming little Dresden china figures are to sculpture: graceful, minikin, fantastic; with a certain beauty always accompanying them. The pretty little personages of the pastoral, with gold clocks to their stockings, and fresh satin ribbons to their crooks and waistcoats and bodices, dance their loves to a minuet tune played on a bird organ, approach the charmer, or rush from the false one daintly on their red-heeled tiptoes, and die of

despair or rapture, with the most pathetic little grins and ogles; or repose, simpering at each other, under an arbor of pea-green crockery; or piping to pretty flocks that have just been washed with the best Naples in a stream of Bergamot. Gay's gay plan seems to me far pleasanter than that of Philips—his rival and Pope's—a serious and dreary idyllic Cockney; not that Gay's 'Bumkinets' and 'Hobnelias' are a whit more natural than the wouldbe serious characters of the other posture master; but the quality of this true humorist was to laugh and make laugh, though always with a secret kindness and tenderness, to perform the drollest little antics and capers, but always with a certain grace, and to sweet music—as you may have seen a Savoyard boy abroad, with a hurdy-gurdy and a monkey, turning over head and heels, or clattering and pirouetting in a pair of wooden shoes, yet always with a look of love and appeal in his bright eyes, and a smile that asks and wins affection and protection. Happy they who have that sweet gift of nature! It was this which made the great folks and court ladies free and friendly with John Gay—which made Pope and Arbuthnot love him—which melted the savage heart of Swift when he thought of him—and drove away, for a moment or two, the dark frenzies which obscured the lonely tyrant's brain, as he heard Gay's voice with its simple melody and artless ringing laughter.

What used to be said about Rubini, *qu'il avait des larmes dans la voix*, may be said of Gay,* and of one other humorist of whom we shall have to speak. In almost every ballad of his, however slight,† in the 'Beggar's

*'Gay, like Goldsmith, had a musical talent. "He could play on the flute," says Malone, "and was, therefore, enabled to adapt so happily some of the airs in the 'Beggar's Opera.'" '—*Notes to Spence.*

†' 'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crown'd with willows
That trembled o'er the brook.

'"Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days:
Why didst thou, venturous lover—
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease, thou cruel Ocean,
And let my lover rest;
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast!

'"The merchant, robb'd of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure
To losing of my dear?
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

'"How can they say that Nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why, then, beneath the water
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep?"

'All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repay'd each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear;
When o'er the white wave stooping,
His floating corpse she spy'd;
Then like a lily drooping,
She bow'd her head, and died.'
—*A Ballad from the 'What d'ye call it?'*

What can be prettier than Gay's ballad, or, rather, Swift's, Arbuthnot's, Pope's, and

Opera'* and in its wearisome continuation" (where the verses are to the full as pretty as in the first piece, however), there is a peculiar, hinted, pathetic sweetness and melody. It charms and melts you. It's indefinable, but it exists; and is the property of John Gay's and Oliver Goldsmith's best verse, as fragrance is of a violet, or freshness of a rose.

Let me read a piece from one of his letters, which is so famous that most people here are no doubt familiar with it, but so delightful that it is always pleasant to hear:

I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's which he lent me. It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers—as constant as ever were found in romance—beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labor of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighborhood, for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the laborers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock; and John (who never separated from her), sat by her side: having raked two or three heaps together, to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack, as if heaven had burst asunder. The laborers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers, hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John, with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discoloring on their bodies—only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave.

And the proof that this description is delightful and beautiful is that the great Mr. Pope admired it so much that he thought proper to steal it and to send it off to a certain lady and wit, with whom he pretended to be in love in those days—my Lord Duke of Kingston's daughter, and married to Mr. Wortley Montagu, then his Majesty's Ambassador at Constantinople.

Gay's, in the "What d'ye call it?" "'Twas when the seas were roaring?" I have been well informed that they all contributed.'—*Cowper to Unwin*, 1783.

* 'Dr. Swift had been observing once to Mr. Gay what an odd pretty sort of thing a Newgate Pastoral might make. Gay was inclined to try at such a thing for some time, but afterward thought it would be better to write a comedy on the same plan. This was what gave rise to the "Beggar's Opera." He began on it, and when he first mentioned it to Swift, the doctor did not much like the project. As he carried it on, he showed what he wrote to both of us; and we now and then gave a correction, or a word or two of advice; but it was wholly of his own writing. When it was done, neither of us thought it would succeed. We showed it to Congreve, who, after reading it over, said, "It would either take greatly, or be damned confoundedly." We were all at the first night of it, in great uncertainty of the event, till we were very much encouraged by overhearing the Duke of Argyle, who sat in the next box to us, say, "It will do—it must do!—I see it in the eyes of them!" This was a good while before the first act was over, and so gave us ease soon; for the duke [besides his own good taste] has a more particular knack than anyone now living in discovering the taste of the public. He was quite right in this as usual; the good nature of the audience appeared stronger and stronger every act, and ended in a clamor of applause.'—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

We are now come to the greatest name on our list—the highest among the poets, the highest among the English wits and humorists with whom we have to rank him. If the author of the 'Dunciad' be not a humorist, if the poet of the 'Rape of the Lock' be not a wit, who deserves to be called so? Besides that brilliant genius and immense fame, for both of which we should respect him, men of letters should admire him as being the greatest literary *artist* that England has seen. He polished, he refined, he thought; he took thoughts from other works to adorn and complete his own; borrowing an idea or a cadence from another poet as he would a figure or a simile from a flower, or a river, stream, or any object which struck him in his walk or contemplation of Nature. He began to imitate at an early age; * and taught himself to write by copying printed books. Then he passed into the hands of the priests, and from his first clerical master, who came to him when he was eight years old, he went to a school at Twyford, and another school at Hyde Park, at which places he unlearned all that he had got from his first instructor. At twelve years old, he went with his father into Windsor Forest, and there learned for a few months under a fourth priest. 'And this was all the teaching I ever had,' he said, 'and God knows it extended a very little way.'

When he had done with his priests he took to reading by himself, for which he had a very great eagerness and enthusiasm, especially for poetry. He learned versification from Dryden, he said. In his youthful poem of 'Alcander,' he imitated every poet, Cowley, Milton, Spencer, Statius, Homer, Vergil. In a few years he had dipped into a great number of

* 'Waller, Spencer, and Dryden were Mr. Pope's great favorites, in the order they are named, in his first reading, till he was about twelve years old.'—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

'Mr. Pope's father (who was an honest merchant, and dealt in Hollands, wholesale) was no poet, but he used to set him to make English verses when very young. He was pretty difficult in being pleased; and used often to send him back to new turn them. "These are not good rhimes;" for that was my husband's word for verses.'—POPE'S MOTHER. *Spence.*

'I wrote things, I'm ashamed to say how soon. Part of an Epic Poem when about twelve. The scene of it lay at Rhodes and some of the neighboring islands; and the poem opened under water with a description of the Court of Neptune.'—POPE. *Ibid.*

'His perpetual application (after he set to study of himself) reduced him in four years' time to so bad a state of health that, after trying physicians for a good while in vain, he resolved to give way to his distemper; and sat down calmly in a full expectation of death in a short time. Under this thought, he wrote letters to take a last farewell of some of his more particular friends, and, among the rest, one to the Abbé Southcote. The abbé was extremely concerned, both for his very ill state of health and the resolution he said he had taken. He thought there might yet be hope, and went immediately to Dr. Radcliffe, with whom he was well acquainted, told him Mr. Pope's case, got full directions from him, and carried them down to Pope in Windsor Forest. The chief thing the doctor ordered him was to apply less, and to ride every day. The following his advice soon restored him to his health.'—POPE. *Ibid.*

the English, French, Italian, Latin, and Greek poets. 'This I did,' he says, 'without any design, except to amuse myself; and got the languages by hunting after the stories in the several poets I read, rather than read the books to get the languages. I followed everywhere as my fancy led me, and was like a boy gathering flowers in the fields and woods, just as they fell in his way. These five or six years I looked upon as the happiest in my life.' Is not here a beautiful holiday picture? The forest and the fairy story-book—the boy spelling Ariosto or Vergil under the trees, battling with the Cid for the love of Chimène, or dreaming of Armida's garden—peace and sunshine roundabout—the kindest love and tenderness waiting for him at his quiet home yonder—and Genius throbbing in his young heart, and whispering to him, 'You shall be great; you shall be famous; you too shall love and sing; you will sing her so nobly that some kind heart shall forget you are weak and ill formed. Every poet had a love. Fate must give one to you too,'—and day by day he walks the forest; very likely looking out for that charmer. 'They were the happiest days of his life,' he says, when he was only dreaming of his fame: when he had gained that mistress she was no consoler.

That charmer made her appearance, it would seem, about the year 1705, when Pope was seventeen. Letters of his are extant, addressed to a certain Lady M——, whom the youth courted, and to whom he expressed his ardor in language, to say no worse of it, that is entirely pert, odious, and affected. He imitated love compositions as he had been imitating love poems just before—it was a sham mistress he courted, and a sham passion, expressed as became it. These unlucky letters found their way into print years afterward, and were sold to the congenial Mr. Curll. If any of my hearers, as I hope they may, should take a fancy to look at Pope's correspondence, let them pass over that first part of it; over, perhaps, almost all Pope's letters to women; in which there is a tone of not pleasant gallantry, and amid a profusion of compliments and politenesses, a something which makes one distrust the little pert, prurient bard. There is very little indeed to say about his loves, and that little not edifying. He wrote flames and raptures and elaborate verse and prose for Lady Mary Wortley Montagu: but that passion probably came to a climax in an impertinence and was extinguished by a box on the ear, or some such rebuff, and he began on a sudden to hate her with a fervor much more genuine than that of his love had been. It was a feeble, puny grimace of love, and paltering with pas-

sion. After Mr. Pope had sent off one of his fine compositions to Lady Mary, he made a second draft from the rough copy, and favored some other friend with it. He was so charmed with the letter of Gay's that I have just quoted, that he had copied that and amended it, and sent it to Lady Mary as his own. A gentleman who writes letters *à deux fins*, and having poured out his heart to the beloved, serves up the same dish *réchauffé* to a friend, is not very much in earnest about his loves, however much he may be in his piques and vanities when his impertinence gets its due.

But, save that unlucky part of the 'Pope Correspondence,' I do not know, in the range of our literature, volumes more delightful.* You live in them in the finest company in the

* 'MR. POPE TO THE REV. MR. BROOM, PULHAM, NORFOLK.

'AUGUST 29, 1730.

'DEAR SIR: I intended to write to you on this melancholy subject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before yours came, but stayed to have informed myself and you of the circumstances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a gradual decay, though so early in life, and was declining for five or six months. It was not, as I apprehended, the gout in his stomach, but, I believe, rather a complication first of gross humors, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves, as he used no sort of exercise. No man better bore the approaches of his dissolution (as I am told), or with less ostentation yielded up his being. The great modesty which you know was natural to him, and the great contempt he had for all sorts of vanity and parade, never appeared more than in his last moments; he had a conscious satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, and unpretending to more than his own. So he died as he lived, with that secret, yet sufficient contentment.

'As to any papers left behind him, I dare say they can be but few; for this reason, he never wrote out of vanity, or thought much of the applause of men. I know an instance when he did his utmost to conceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural love of ease, I fancy we must expect little of this sort: at least, I heard of none, except some few further remarks on Waller (which his cautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson), and perhaps, though it is many years since I saw it, a translation of the first book of "Oppian." He had begun a "tragedy of Dion," but made small progress in it.

'As to his other affairs, he died poor but honest, leaving no debts or legacies, except of a few pounds to Mr. Trumbull and my lady, in token of respect, gratefulness, and mutual esteem.

'I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending Christian, and philosophical character in his epitaph. There truth may be spoken in a few words; as for flourish, and oratory, and poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively writers such as love writing for writing's sake, and would rather show their own fine parts than report the valuable ones of any other man. So the elegy I renounce.

'I condole with you from my heart on the loss of so worthy a man, and a friend to us both. . .

'Adieu; let us love his memory and profit by his example. Am very sincerely, dear sir,

'Your affectionate and real servant.'

'TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON.

'AUGUST, 1714.

'MY LORD: If your mare could speak she would give you an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road, which, since she cannot do, I will.

'It was the enterprising Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse, overtook me in Windsor Forest. He said he heard I designed for Oxford, the seat of the muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means accompany me hither.

'I asked him where he got his horse? He answered he got it of his publisher; "for that rogue, my printer," said he, "disappointed me. I hoped to put him in good humor by a treat at the tavern of a brown fricassée of rabbits, which cost ten shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cock-sure of his horse,

world. A little stately, perhaps; a little *aprêté* and conscious that they are speaking to whole generations who are listening; but in the tone of their voices—pitched, as no doubt they are, beyond the mere conversation key—in the expression of their thoughts, their various views and natures, there is something generous, and cheering, and ennobling. You are in the society of men who have filled the greatest parts in the world's story

which he readily promised me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. —— ; and if Mr. Tonson went, he was pre-engaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy. So, in short, I borrowed this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt. He lent me, too, the pretty boy you see after me. He was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me more than two hours to wash the ink off his face: but the devil is a fair-conditioned devil, and very forward in his catechism. If you have any more bags he shall carry them."

'I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag containing three shirts and an Elzevir Vergil, and, mounting in an instant, proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

'Mr. Lintot began in this manner: "Now, damn them! What if they should put it into the newspaper how you and I went together to Oxford? What would I care? If I should go down into Sussex they would say I was gone to the Speaker; but what of that? If my son were but big enough to go on with the business, by G—d, I would keep as good company as old Jacob."

'Hereupon, I inquired of his son. "The lad," says he, "has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are. I spare for nothing in his education at Westminster. Pray, don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? Most of the late Ministry came out of it; so did many of this Ministry. I hope the boy will make his fortune."

'"Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford?" "To what purpose?" said he. "The Universities do but make pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

'As Mr. Lintot was talking I observed he sat uneasy on his saddle, for which I expressed some solicitude. "Nothing," says he. "I can bear it well enough; but, since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest awhile under the woods." When we were alighted, "See, here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket? What, if you amused yourself in turning an ode till we mount again? Lord! if you pleased, what a clever miscellany might you make at leisure hours?" "Perhaps I may," said I, "if we ride on: the motion is an aid to my fancy; a round trot very much awakens my spirits; then jog on apace, and I'll think as hard as I can."

'Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugged the reins, stopped short, and broke out. "Well, sir, how far have you gone?" I answered, "Seven miles," "Z—ds, sir," said Lintot, "I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbledon Hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. I'll say that for Oldsworth [though I lost by his Timothy's], he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern, three hours after he could not speak; and there is Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleet Ditch and St. Giles' Pound, shall make you half a Job."

'"Pray, Mr. Lintot," said I, "now you talk of translators, what is your method of managing them?" "Sir," replied he, "these are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe. I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter and cry, 'Ah, this is Hebrew, and must read it from the latter end.' By G—d, I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso that I will have their doings corrected with whom I please; so by one or the other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators." "Then how are you sure these correctors may not impose upon you?" "Why, I get any civil gentleman (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not.

'"I'll tell you what happened to me last month. I bargained with S—— for a new version of 'Lucretius,' to publish against Tonson's, agreeing to pay the author so many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went

—you are with St. John the statesman; Peterborough the conqueror; Swift, the greatest wit of all times; Gay, the kindliest laugher—it is a privilege to sit in that company. Delightful and generous banquet! with a little faith and a little fancy any one of us here may enjoy it, and conjure up those great figures out of the past, and listen to their wit and wisdom. Mind that there is always a certain cachet about great men—they may be as mean on many points as you or I, but they carry their great air—they speak of common life

directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same, word for word, all but the first page. Now, what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopped the corrector's pay, too, upon the proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

'"Pray tell me next how you deal with the critics?" "Sir," said he, "nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them; the rich ones for a sheet apiece of the blotted manuscript, which cost me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted it to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with and dedicated to as the tiptop critics of the town. As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess the rest; a lean man, that looked like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turned over your Homer, shook his head, shrugged up his shoulders, and pish'd at every line of it. 'One would wonder,' says he, 'at the strange presumption of some men: Homer is no such easy task as every stripling, every versifier'—he was going on when my wife called to dinner. 'Sir,' said I, 'will you please to eat a piece of beef with me?' 'Mr. Lintot,' said he, 'I am very sorry you should be at the expense of this great book. I am really concerned on your account.' 'Sir, I am much obliged to you; if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding——?' 'Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning——' 'Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in.' My critic complies: he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in the same breath that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent.

'"Now, sir," continued Mr. Lintot, "in return for the frankness I have shown, pray tell me, is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Lansdowne will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him I heard he would not, and I hoped it, my lord being one I had particular obligations to. "That may be," replied Mr. Lintot; "but by G--, if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good trial."

'These, my lord, are a few traits with which you discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropped him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton, at Middleton. . .

'I am,' etc.

'DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE.

'SEPTEMBER 29, 1725.

'I am now returning to the noble scene of Dublin—into the *grand monde*—for fear of burying my parts; to signalize myself among curates and vicars, and correct all corruptions crept in relating to the weight of bread and butter through those dominions where I govern. I have employed my time (besides ditching) in finishing, correcting, amending, and transcribing my "Travels" [Gulliver's], in four parts complete, newly augmented, and intended for the press when the world shall deserve them, or rather, when a printer shall be found brave enough to venture his ears. I like the scheme of our meeting after distresses and dispersions; but the chief end I propose to myself in all my labors is to vex the world rather than divert it; and if I could compass that design without hurting my own person or fortune, I would be the most indefatigable writer you have ever seen, without reading. I am exceedingly pleased that you have done with translations; Lord Treasurer Oxford often lamented that a rascally world should lay you under a necessity of misemploying your genius for so long a time; but since you will now be so much better employed, when you think of the world, give it one lash the more at my request. I have ever hated all nations, professions, and communities, and all my love is toward individuals—for instance, I hate the tribe of lawyers, but I love Councilor Such-a-one and Judge Such-a-one; it is so with physicians (I will not speak of my own trade), soldiers, English, Scotch, French, and the rest. But principally I hate and detest that animal called Man—although I heartily love John, Peter, Thomas, and so forth.

'. . . I have got materials toward a treatise proving the falsity of that definition

more largely and generously than common men do—they regard the world with a manlier countenance, and see its real features more fairly than the timid shufflers who only dare to look up at life through blinkers, or to have an opinion when there is a crowd to back it. He who reads these noble records of a past age, salutes and reverences the great spirits who adorn it. You may go home now and talk with St. John; you may take a volume from your library and listen to Swift and Pope.

Might I give counsel to any young hearer, I would say to him, Try to frequent the company of your betters. In books and life that is the most wholesome society; learn to admire rightly; the great pleasure of life is that. Note what the great men admired; they admired great things: narrow spirits admire basely, and worship meanly. I know nothing in any story more gallant and cheering than the love and friendship which this company of famous men bore toward one another. There never has been a society of men more friendly, as there never was one more illustrious. Who dares quarrel with Mr. Pope, great and famous himself, for liking the society of men great

animal rationale, and to show it should be only *rationis capax*. . . The matter is so clear that it will admit of no dispute—nay, I will hold a hundred pounds that you and I agree in the point. . .

'Mr. Lewis sent me an account of Dr. Arbuthnot's illness, which is a very sensible affliction to me, who, by living so long out of the world, have lost that hardness of heart contracted by years and general conversation. I am daily losing friends, and neither seeking nor getting others. Oh! if the world had but a dozen of Arbuthnots in it, I would burn my "Travels!"'

'MR. POPE TO DR. SWIFT.

'OCTOBER 15, 1725.

'I am wonderfully pleased with the suddenness of your kind answer. It makes me hope you are coming toward us, and that you incline more and more to your old friends. . . . Here is one [Lord Bolingbroke] who was once a powerful planet, but has now (after long experience of all that comes of shining) learned to be content with returning to his first point without the thought or ambition of shining at all. Here is another [Edward, Earl of Oxford], who thinks one of the greatest glories of his father was to have distinguished and loved you, and who loves you hereditarily. Here is Arbuthnot, recovered from the jaws of death, and more pleased with the hope of seeing you again than of reviewing a world, every part of which he has long despised but what is made up of a few men like yourself. . .

'Our friend Gay is used as the friends of Tories are by Whigs—and generally by Tories too. Because he had humor, he was supposed to have dealt with Dr. Swift, in like manner as when anyone had learning formerly, he was thought to have dealt with the devil. . . .

'Lord Bolingbroke had not the least harm by his fall; I wish he had received no more by his other fall. But Lord Bolingbroke is the most improved mind since you saw him, that ever was improved without shifting into a new body, or being *paullo minus ab angelis*. I have often imagined to myself, that if ever all of us meet again, after so many varieties and changes, after so much of the old world and of the old man in each of us has been altered, that scarce a single thought of the one, any more than a single atom of the other, remains just the same; I have fancied, I say, that we should meet like the righteous in the millennium, quite in peace, divested of all our former passion, smiling at our past follies, and content to enjoy the kingdom of the just in tranquillity.

. . . .

'I designed to have left the following page for Dr. Arbuthnot to fill, but he is so touched with the period in yours to me, concerning him, that he intends to answer it by a whole letter. . .'

and famous? and for liking them for the qualities which made them so? A mere pretty fellow from White's could not have written the 'Patriot King,' and would very likely have despised little Mr. Pope, the decrepit Papist, whom the great St. John held to be one of the best and greatest of men: a mere nobleman of the court could no more have won Barcelona than he could have written Peterborough's letters to Pope,* which are as witty as Congreve: a mere Irish dean could not have written 'Gulliver'; and all these men loved Pope, and Pope loved all these men. To name his friends is to name the best men of his time. Addison had a senate; Pope reverenced his equals. He spoke of Swift with respect and admiration always. His admiration for Bolingbroke was so great that when someone said of his friend, 'There is something in that great man which looks as if he was placed here by mistake,' 'Yes,' Pope answered, 'and when the comet appeared to us a month or two ago, I had sometimes an imagination that it might possibly be come to carry him home, as a coach comes to one's door for visitors.' So these great spirits spoke of one another. Show me six of the dullest middle-aged gentlemen that ever dawdled round a club table, so faithful and so friendly.

We have said before that the chief wits of this time, with the exception of Congreve, were what we should now call men's men. They spent many hours of the four-and-twenty, a fourth part of each day nearly, in clubs and coffeehouses, where they

* Of the Earl of Peterborough, Walpole says: 'He was one of those men of careless wit and negligent grace, who scatter a thousand *bon-mots* and idle verses, which we painful compilers gather and hoard, till the authors stare to find themselves authors. Such was this lord, of an advantageous figure and enterprising spirit; as gallant as Amadis and as brave; but a little more expeditious in his journeys; for he is said to have seen more kings and more postilions than any man in Europe. . . He was a man, as his friend said, who would neither live nor die like any other mortal.'

'From the Earl of Peterborough to Pope.

'You must receive my letters with a just impartiality, and give grains of allowance for a gloomy or rainy day; I sink grievously with the weather-glass, and am quite spiritless when oppressed with the thoughts of a birthday or a return.

'Dutiful affection was bringing me to town; but undutiful laziness, and being much out of order, keep me in the country: however, if alive, I must make my appearance at the birthday. . .

'You seem to think it vexatious that I shall allow you but one woman at a time either to praise or love. If I dispute with you upon this point, I doubt every jury will give a verdict against me. So, sir, with a Mahometan indulgence, I allow you pluralities, the favorite privilege of our church.

'I find you don't mend upon correction; again I tell you you must not think of women in a reasonable way; you know we always make goddesses of those we adore upon earth; and do not all the good men tell us we must lay aside reason in what relates to the Deity?

'. . . I should have been glad of anything of Swift's. Pray, when you write to him next, tell him I expect him with impatience, in a place as odd and as much out of the way as himself. Yours.'

Peterborough married Miss Anastasia Robinson, the celebrated singer.

dined, drank, and smoked. Wit and news went by word of mouth; a journal of 1710 contained the very smallest portion of one or the other. The chiefs spoke, the faithful *habitués* sat round; strangers came to wonder and listen. Old Dryden had his headquarters at Will's, in Russell Street, at the corner of Bow Street; at which place Pope saw him when he was twelve years old. The company used to assemble on the first floor—what was called the dining-room floor in those days—and sat at various tables smoking their pipes. It is recorded that the beaux of the day thought it a great honor to be allowed to take a pinch out of Dryden's snuffbox. When Addison began to reign, he with a certain crafty propriety—a policy let us call it—which belonged to his nature, set up his court, and appointed the officers of his royal house. His palace was Button's, opposite Will's.* A quiet opposition, a silent assertion of empire, distinguished this great man. Addison's ministers were Budgell, Tickell, Philips, Carey; his master of the horse, honest Dick Steele, who was what Duroc was to Napoleon, or Hardy to Nelson; the man who performed his master's bidding, and would have cheerfully died in his quarrel. Addison lived with these people for seven or eight hours every day. The male society passed over their punch bowls and tobacco pipes about as much time as ladies of that age spent over Spadille and Manille.

For a brief space, upon coming up to town, Pope formed part of King Joseph's court, and was his rather too eager and obsequious humble servant.† Dick Steele, the editor of the *Tatler*, Mr. Addison's man, and his own man too—a person of no little figure in the world of letters—patronized the young poet, and set him a task or two. Young Mr. Pope did the tasks very quickly and smartly (he had been at the feet, quite

* 'Button had been a servant in the Countess of Warwick's family, who, under the patronage of Addison, kept a coffeehouse on the south side of Russell Street, about two doors from Covent Garden. Here it was that the wits of that time used to assemble. It is said that when Addison had suffered any vexation from the Countess, he withdrew the company from Button's house.

'From the coffeehouse he went again to a tavern, where he often sat late and drank too much wine.'—Dr. Johnson.

Will's coffeehouse was on the west side of Bow Street, and 'corner of Russell Street.' See 'Handbook of London.'

† 'My acquaintance with Mr. Addison commenced in 1712: I liked him then as well as I liked any man, and was very fond of his conversation. It was very soon after that Mr. Addison advised me "not to be content with the applause of half the nation." He used to talk much and often to me, of moderation in parties; and used to blame his dear friend Steele for being too much of a party man. He encouraged me in my design of translating the "Iliad," which was begun that year, and finished in 1718.'—Pope. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

'Addison had Budgell, and I think Philips, in the house with him—Gay they would call one of my *élèves*.—They were angry with me for keeping so much with Dr. Swift and some of the late Ministry.'—Pope. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

as a boy, of Wycherley's * decrepit reputation, and propped up for a year that doting old wit); he was anxious to be well with the men of letters, to get a footing and a recognition. He thought it an honor to be admitted into their company; to have the confidence of Mr. Addison's friend, Captain Steele. His eminent parts obtained for him the honor of heralding Addison's triumph of 'Cato' with his admirable prologue, and heading the victorious procession as it were. Not content with this act of homage and admiration, he wanted to distinguish himself by assaulting Addison's enemies, and attacked John Dennis with a prose lampoon, which highly offended his lofty patron. Mr. Steele was instructed to write to Mr. Dennis, and inform him that Mr. Pope's pamphlet against him was written quite without Mr. Addison's approval.† Indeed, 'The Narrative of Dr. Robert Norris on the Phrenzy of J. D.' is a vulgar and mean satire, and such a blow as the magnificent Addison could never desire to see any partisan of his strike in any literary quarrel. Pope was closely allied with Swift when he wrote this pamphlet. It is so dirty that it has been printed in Swift's works too. It bears the foul marks of the master hand. Swift admired and enjoyed with all his heart the prodigious

*' To Mr. Blount.

'January 21, 1715-16.

'I know of nothing that will be so interesting to you at present as some circumstances of the last act of that eminent comic poet and our friend Wycherley. He had often told me, and I doubt not he did all his acquaintance, that he would marry as soon as his life was despaired of. Accordingly, a few days before his death, he underwent the ceremony, and joined together these two sacraments which wise men say we should be the last to receive; for, if you observe, matrimony is placed after extreme unction in our catechism, as a kind of hint of the order of time in which they are to be taken. The old man then lay down, satisfied in the consciousness of having, by this one act, obliged a woman who (he was told) had merit, and shown an heroic resentment of the ill-usage of his next heir. Some hundred pounds which he had with the lady discharged his debts; a jointure of 500*l.* a year made her a recompense; and the nephew was left to comfort himself as well as he could with the miserable remains of a mortgaged estate. I saw our friend twice after this was done—less peevish in his sickness than he used to be in his health; neither much afraid of dying nor (which in him had been more likely) much ashamed of marrying. The evening before he expired, he called his young wife to the bedside, and earnestly entreated her not to deny him one request—the last he should make. Upon her assurances of consenting to it, he told her: "My dear, it is only this—that you will never marry an old man again." I cannot help remarking that sickness, which often destroys both wit and wisdom, yet seldom has power to remove that talent which we call humor. Mr. Wycherley showed his even in his last compliment; though I think his request a little hard, for why should he bar her from doubling her jointure on the same easy terms!

'So trivial as these circumstances are, I should not be displeased myself to know such trifles when they concern or characterize any eminent person. The wisest and wittiest men are seldom wiser and wittier than others in these sober moments; at least, our friend ended much in the same character he had lived in; and Horace's rule for play may as well be applied to him as a playwright:

'"Servetur ad imum
Qualis ab incepto processerit et sibi constet."

'I am,' etc.

† 'Addison, who was no stranger to the world, probably saw the selfishness of Pope's friendship; and resolving that he should have the consequences of his officiousness to himself, informed Dennis by Steele that he was sorry for the insult.'—Johnson: *Life of Addison.*

genius of the young Papist lad out of Windsor Forest, who had never seen a university in his life, and came and conquered the Dons and the doctors with his wit. He applauded and loved him, too, and protected him, and taught him mischief. I wish Addison could have loved him better. The best satire that ever has been penned would never have been written then; and one of the best characters the world ever knew would have been without a flaw. But he who had so few equals could not bear one, and Pope was more than that. When Pope, trying for himself, and soaring on his immortal young wings, found that his, too, was a genius which no pinion of that age could follow, he rose and left Addison's company, settling on his own eminence, and singing his own song.

It was not possible that Pope should remain a retainer of Mr. Addison; nor likely that after escaping from his vassalage and assuming an independent crown, the sovereign whose allegiance he quitted should view him amicably.* They did not do wrong to mislike each other. They but followed the impulse of nature, and the consequence of position. When Bernadotte became heir to a throne, the Prince Royal of Sweden was naturally Napoleon's enemy. 'There are many passions and tempers of mankind,' says Mr Addison in the *Spectator*, speaking a couple of years before the little differences between him and Mr. Pope took place, 'which naturally dispose us to depress and vilify the merit of one rising in the esteem of mankind. All those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflection on their own deserts. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him the superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.' Did Mr. Addison, justly perhaps thinking that, as young Mr. Pope had not had the benefit of a university education, he couldn't know Greek, therefore he couldn't translate Homer, encourage his young friend Mr. Tickell of Queen's to translate that poet, and aid him with his own known scholarship and skill? † It was natural that

* 'While I was heated with what I heard, I wrote a letter to Mr. Addison, to let him know "that I was not unacquainted with this behavior of his; that if I was to speak of him severely in return for it, it should not be in such a dirty way; that I should rather tell him himself fairly of his faults, and allow his good qualities; and that it should be something in the following manner." I then subjoined the first sketch of what has since been called my satire on Addison. He used me very civilly ever after; and never did me any injustice, that I know of, from that time to his death, which was about three years after.'—POPE. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

† 'That Tickell should have been guilty of a villainy seems to us highly improbable; that Addison should have been guilty of a villainy seems to us highly improbable; but that these two men should have conspired together to commit a villainy, seems, to us, improbable in a tenfold degree.'—MACAULAY.

Mr. Addison should doubt of the learning of an amateur Grecian, should have a high opinion of Mr. Tickell of Queen's, and should help that ingenious young man. It was natural, on the other hand, that Mr. Pope and Mr. Pope's friends should believe that this counter-translation, suddenly advertised and so long written, though Tickell's college friends had never heard of it—though, when Pope first wrote to Addison regarding his scheme, Mr. Addison knew nothing of the similar project of Tickell of Queen's—it was natural that Mr. Pope and his friends, having interests, passions, and prejudices of their own, should believe that Tickell's translation was but an act of opposition against Pope, and that they should call Mr. Tickell's emulation Mr. Addison's envy—if envy it were.

'And were there one whose fires
True genius kindles and fair fame inspires,
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne;
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate, for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame as to commend,
A timorous foe and a suspicious friend:
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged:
Like Cato give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise;
Who but must laugh if such a man there be,
Who would not weep if Atticus were he?'

'I sent the verses to Mr. Addison,' said Pope, 'and he used me very civilly ever after.' No wonder he did. It was shame very likely more than fear that silenced him. Johnson recounts an interview between Pope and Addison after their quarrel, in which Pope was angry, and Addison tried to be contemptuous and calm. Such a weapon as Pope's must have pierced any scorn. It flashes forever, and quivers in Addison's memory. His great figure looks out on us from the past—stainless but for that—pale, calm, and beautiful; it bleeds from that black wound. He should be drawn, like St. Sebastian, with that arrow in his side. As he sent to Gay and asked his pardon, as he bade his stepson come and see his death, be sure he had forgiven Pope, when he made ready to show how a Christian could die.

Pope then formed part of the Addisonian court for a short time, and describes himself in his letters as sitting with that

coterie until two o'clock in the morning over punch and burgundy amid the fumes of tobacco. To use an expression of the present day, the 'pace' of those *viveurs* of the former age was awful. Peterborough lived into the very jaws of death; Godolphin labored all day and gambled at night; Bolingbroke,* writing to Swift, from Dawley, in his retirement, dating his letter at six o'clock in the morning, and rising, as he says, refreshed, serene, and calm, calls to mind the time of his London life when about that hour he used to be going to bed, surfeited with pleasure and jaded with business; his head often full of schemes, and his heart as often full of anxiety. It was too hard, too coarse a life for the sensitive, sickly Pope. He was the only wit of the day, a friend writes to me, who wasn't fat.† Swift was fat; Addison was fat; Steele was fat; Gay and Thomson were preposterously fat—all that fuddling and punch-drinking, that club and coffee-house boozing, shortened the lives and enlarged the waistcoats of the men of that age. Pope withdrew in a great measure from this boisterous London company, and being put into an independence by the gallant exertions of Swift ‡ and his private friends, and by the enthusiastic national admiration which justly rewarded his great achievement of the 'Iliad,' purchased that famous villa of Twickenham which his song and life celebrated; duteously bringing his old parent to live and die there, entertaining his friends there, and making occasional visits to London in his little chariot, in which Atterbury compared him to 'Homer in a nutshell.'

'Mr. Dryden was not a genteel man,' Pope quaintly said to Spence, speaking of the manner and habits of the famous old patriarch of Will's. With regard to Pope's own manners, we have the best contemporary authority that they were sin-

* 'LORD BOLINGBROKE TO THE THREE YAHOOS OF TWICKENHAM.

"JULY 23, 1726.

'JONATHAN, ALEXANDER, JOHN, MOST EXCELLENT TRIUMVIRS OF PARNASSUS: Though you are probably very indifferent where I am, or what I am doing, yet I resolve to believe the contrary. I persuade myself that you have sent at least fifteen times within this fortnight to Dawley farm, and that you are extremely mortified at my long silence. To relieve you, therefore, from this great anxiety of mind, I can do no less than write a few lines to you; and I please myself beforehand with the vast pleasure which this epistle must needs give you. That I may add to this pleasure, and give further proofs of my beneficent temper, I will likewise inform you that I shall be in your neighborhood again, by the end of next week, by which time I hope that Jonathan's imagination of business will be succeeded by some imagination more becoming a professor of that divine science, *la bagatelle*. Adieu. Jonathan, Alexander, John, mirth be with you!'

† Prior must be excepted from this observation. 'He was lank and lean.'

‡ Swift exerted himself very much in promoting the 'Iliad' subscription; and also introduced Pope to Harley and Bolingbroke. Pope realized by the 'Iliad' upwards of 5000*l.*, which he laid out partly in annuities, and partly in the purchase of his famous villa. Johnson remarks that 'it would be hard to find a man so well entitled to notice by his wit, that ever delighted so much in talking of his money.'

gularly refined and polished. With his extraordinary sensibility, with his known tastes, with his delicate frame, with his power and dread of ridicule, Pope could have been no other than what we call a highly bred person.* His closest friends, with the exception of Swift, were among the delights and ornaments of the polished society of their age. Garth,† the accomplished and benevolent, whom Steele has described so charmingly, of whom Codrington said that his character was 'all beauty,' and whom Pope himself called the best of Christians without knowing it; Arbuthnot,‡ one of the wisest,

* 'His (Pope's) voice in common conversation was so naturally musical, that I remember honest Tom Southerne used always to call him "the little nightingale"'—ORRERY.

† Garth, whom Dryden calls 'generous as his Muse,' was a Yorkshireman. He graduated at Cambridge, and was made M. D. in 1691. He soon distinguished himself in his profession, by his poem of the 'Dispensary,' and in society, and pronounced Dryden's funeral oration. He was a strict Whig, a notable member of the 'Kit-Cat,' and a friendly, convivial, able man. He was knighted by George I., with the Duke of Marlborough's sword. He died in 1718.

‡ 'Arbuthnot was the son of an episcopal clergyman in Scotland, and belonged to an ancient and distinguished Scotch family. He was educated at Aberdeen; and, coming up to London—according to a Scotch practice often enough alluded to—to make his fortune—first made himself known by "An Examination of Dr. Woodward's Account of the Deluge." He became physician successively to Prince George of Denmark and to Queen Anne. He is usually allowed to have been the most learned, as well as one of the most witty and humorous members of the Scriblerus Club. The opinion entertained of him by the humorists of the day is abundantly evidenced in their correspondence. When he found himself in his last illness, he wrote thus, from his retreat at Hampstead, to Swift:

'"HAMPSTEAD, October 4, 1743.

'"MY DEAR AND WORTHY FRIEND: You have no reason to put me among the rest of your forgetful friends, for I wrote two long letters to you to which I never received one word of answer. The first was about your health; the last I sent a great while ago, by one De la Mar. I can assure you with great truth that none of your friends or acquaintance has a more warm heart toward you than myself. I am going out of this troublesome world, and you, among the rest of my friends, shall have my last prayers and good wishes.

'". . . I came out to this place so reduced by a dropsy and an asthma, that I could neither sleep, breathe, eat, nor move. I most earnestly desired and begged of God that he would take me. Contrary to my expectation, upon venturing to ride (which I had forborne for some years), I recovered my strength to a pretty considerable degree, slept, and had my stomach again. . . . What I did, I can assure you was not for life, but ease; for I am at present in the case of a man that was almost in harbor, and then blown back to sea—who has a reasonable hope of going to a good place, and an absolute certainty of leaving a very bad one. Not that I have any particular disgust at the world; for I have as great comfort in my own family and from the kindness of my friends as any man; but the world, in the main, displeases me, and I have too true a presentiment of calamities that are to befall my country. However, if I should have the happiness to see you before I die, you will find that I enjoy the comforts of life with my usual cheerfulness. I cannot imagine why you are frightened from a journey to England: the reasons you assign are not sufficient—the journey I am sure would do you good. In general, I recommend riding, of which I have always had a good opinion, and can now confirm it from my own experience.

'"My family give you their love and service. The great loss I sustained in one of them gave me my first shock, and the trouble I have with the rest to bring them to a right temper to bear the loss of a father who loves them, and whom they love, is really a most sensible affliction to me. I am afraid, my dear friend, we shall never see one another more in this world. I shall, to the last moment, preserve my love and esteem for you, being well assured you will never leave the paths of virtue and honor; for all that is in this world is not worth the least deviation from the way. It will be great pleasure to me to hear from you sometimes; for none are with more sincerity than I am, my dear friend, your most faithful friend and humble servant."'

'Arbuthnot,' Johnson says, 'was a man of great comprehension, skillful in his pro-

wittiest, most accomplished, gentlest of mankind; Bolingbroke, the Alcibiades of his age; the generous Oxford; the magnificent, the witty, the famous and chivalrous Peterborough: these were the fast and faithful friends of Pope, the most brilliant company of friends, let us repeat, that the world has ever seen. The favorite recreation of his leisure hours was the society of painters, whose art he practiced. In his correspondence are letters between him and Jervas, whose pupil he loved to be—Richardson, a celebrated artist of his time, and who painted for him a portrait of his old mother, and for whose picture he asked and thanked Richardson in one of the most delightful letters that ever was penned *—and the wonderful Kneller, who bragged more, spelt worse, and painted better than any other artist of his day. †

It is affecting to note, through Pope's Correspondence, the marked way in which his friends, the greatest, the most famous, and wittiest men of the time—generals and statesmen, philosophers and divines—all have a kind word and a kind thought for the good simple old mother, whom Pope tended so affectionately. Those men would have scarcely valued her, but that they knew how much he loved her, and that they pleased him by thinking of her. If his early letters to women

fession, versed in the sciences, acquainted with ancient literature, and able to animate his mass of knowledge by a bright and active imagination; a scholar with great brilliance of wit; a wit who, in the crowd of life, retained and discovered a noble ardor of religious zeal.'

Dugald Stewart has testified to Arbuthnot's ability in a department of which he was particularly qualified to judge. 'Let me add, that, in the list of philosophical reformers, the authors of "Martinus Scriblerus" ought not to be overlooked. Their happy ridicule of the scholastic logic and metaphysics is universally known; but few are aware of the acuteness and sagacity displayed in their allusions to some of the most vulnerable passages in Locke's "Essay." In this part of the work it is commonly understood that Arbuthnot had the principal share.'—*See Preliminary Dissertation to Encyclopædia Britannica*, note to p. 242, and also note B. B. B., p. 285.

* 'To Mr. Richardson.

'Twickenham, June 10, 1733.

'As I know you and I mutually desire to see one another, I hoped that this day our wishes would have met, and brought you hither. And this for the very reason, which possibly might hinder you coming, that my poor mother is dead. I thank God, her death was as easy as her life was innocent; and as it cost her not a groan, or even a a sigh, there is yet upon her countenance such an expression of tranquillity, nay, almost of pleasure, that it is even amiable to behold it. It would afford the finest image of a saint expired that ever painting drew: and it would be the greatest obligation which even that obliging art could ever bestow on a friend, if you could come and sketch it for me. I am sure, if there be no very prevalent obstacle, you will leave any common business to do this; and I hope to see you this evening, as late as you will, or to-morrow morning as early, before this winter flower is faded. I will defer her interment till to-morrow night. I know you love me, or I could not have written this—I could not (at this time) have written at all. Adieu! May you die as happily!

'Yours,' etc.

† 'Mr. Pope was with Sir Godfrey Kneller one day, when his nephew, a Guinea trader, came in. "Nephew," said Sir Godfrey, "you have the honor of seeing the two greatest men in the world."—"I don't know how great you may be," said the Guinea man, "but I don't like your looks: I have often bought a man much better than both of you together, all muscles and bones, for ten guineas."'—Dr. Warburton. *Spence's Anecdotes.*

are affected and insincere, whenever he speaks about this one it is with a childish tenderness and an almost sacred simplicity. In 1713, when young Mr. Pope had, by a series of the most astonishing victories and dazzling achievements, seized the crown of poetry and the town was in an uproar of admiration, or hostility, for the young chief; when Pope was issuing his famous decrees for the translation of the 'Iliad'; when Dennis and the lower critics were hooting and assailing him; when Addison and the gentlemen of his court were sneering with sickening hearts at the prodigious triumphs of the young conqueror; when Pope, in a fever of victory, and genius, and hope, and anger was struggling through the crowd of shouting friends and furious detractors to his temple of Fame, his old mother writes from the country. 'My deare,' says she—'My deare, there's Mr. Blount, of Mapel Durom, dead the same day that Mr. Inglefield died. Your sister is well; but your brother is sick. My service to Mrs. Blount and all that ask of me. I hope to hear from you and that you are well, which is my daily prayer; and this with my blessing.' The triumph marches by, and the car of the young conqueror, the hero of a hundred brilliant victories: the fond mother sits in the quiet cottage at home and says, 'I send you my daily prayers; and I bless you, my deare.'

In our estimate of Pope's character, let us always take into account that constant tenderness and fidelity of affection which pervaded and sanctified his life, and never forgot that maternal benediction.* It accompanied him always: his life seems purified by those artless and heartfelt prayers. And he seems to have received and deserved the fond attachment of the other members of his family. It is not a little touching to read in Spence of the enthusiastic admiration with which his half-sister regarded him, and the simple anecdote by which she illustrates her love. 'I think no man was ever so little fond of money,' Mrs. Rackett says about her brother. 'I think my brother when he was young read more books than any man in the world;' and she falls to telling stories of his schooldays, and the manner in which his master at Twyford ill-used him. 'I don't think my brother knew what fear was,' she continues; and the accounts of Pope's friends bear out this character for courage. When he had exasperated the dunces, and threats of violence and personal assault were brought to him, the dauntless little champion never

* Swift's mention of him as one

'. . . whose filial piety excels
Whatever Grecian story tells,'

is well known. And a sneer of Walpole's may be put to a better use than he ever intended it for, *àpropos* of this subject. He charitably sneers, in one of his letters, at Spence's 'fondling an old mother—in imitation of Pope!'

for one instant allowed fear to disturb him, or condescended to take any guard in his daily walks, except occasionally his faithful dog to bear him company. 'I had rather die at once,' said the gallant little cripple, 'than live in fear of those rascals.'

As for his death, it was what the noble Arbuthnot asked and enjoyed for himself—a euthanasia—a beautiful end. A perfect benevolence, affection, serenity, hallowed the departure of that high soul. Even in the very hallucinations of his brain, and weaknesses of his delirium, there was something almost sacred. Spence describes him in his last days, looking up and with a rapt gaze as if something had suddenly passed before him. 'He said to me, "What's that?" pointing into the air with a very steady regard, and then looked down and said, with a smile of the greatest softness, "'Twas a vision!" He laughed scarcely ever, but his companions describe his countenance as often illuminated by a peculiar sweet smile.'

'When,' said Spence,* the kind anecdotist whom Johnson despised—'When I was telling Lord Bolingbroke that Mr. Pope, on every catching and recovery of his mind, was always saying something kindly of his present or absent friends; and that this was so surprising, as it seemed to me as if humanity had outlasted understanding, Lord Bolingbroke said, "It has so," and then added, "I never in my life knew a man who had so tender a heart for his particular friends, or a more general friendship for mankind. I have known him these thirty years, and value myself more for that man's love than——" Here,' Spence says, 'St. John sunk his head, and lost his voice in tears.' The sob which finishes the epitaph is finer than words; it is the cloak thrown over the father's face in the famous Greek picture, which hides the grief and heightens it.

In Johnson's 'Life of Pope' you will find described, with rather a malicious minuteness, some of the personal habits and infirmities of the great little Pope. His body was crooked, he was so short that it was necessary to raise his chair in order to place him on a level with other people at table.† He was

* Joseph Spence was the son of a clergyman near Winchester. He was a short time at Eton, and afterward became a Fellow of New College, Oxford, a clergyman, and professor of poetry. He was a friend of Thomson's, whose reputation he aided. He published an 'Essay on the Odyssey' in 1726, which introduced him to Pope. Everybody liked him. His 'Anecdotes' were placed, while still in MS., at the service of Johnson and also of Malone. They were published by Mr. Singer in 1820.

† He speaks of Arbuthnot's having helped him through 'that long disease, my life.' But not only was he so feeble as is implied in his use of the 'buckram,' but 'it now appears,' says Mr. Peter Cunningham, 'from his unpublished letters, that, like Lord Hervey, he had recourse to ass's-milk for the preservation of his health.' It is to his lordship's use of that simple beverage that he alludes when he says:

'Let Sporus tremble! -A. What, that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white-curd of ass's milk?'

sewed up in a buckram suit every morning and required a nurse like a child. His contemporaries reviled these misfortunes with a strange acrimony, and made his poor deformed person the butt for many a bolt of heavy wit. The facetious Mr. Dennis, in speaking of him, says, 'If you take the first letter of Mr. Alexander Pope's Christian name, and the first and last letters of his surname, you have A. P. E.' Pope catalogues, at the end of the 'Dunciad,' with a rueful precision, other pretty names, besides Ape, which Dennis called him. That great critic pronounced Mr. Pope as a little ass, a fool, a coward, a Papist, and therefore a hater of Scripture, and so forth. It must be remembered that the pillory was a flourishing and popular institution in those days. Authors stood in it in the body sometimes, and dragged their enemies thither morally, hooted them with foul abuse, and assailed them with garbage of the gutter. Poor Pope's figure was an easy one for those clumsy caricaturists to draw. Any stupid hand could draw a hunchback and write Pope underneath. They did. A libel was published against Pope, with such a frontispiece. This kind of rude jesting was an evidence not only of an ill nature, but a dull one. When a child makes a pun, or a lout breaks out into a laugh, it is some very obvious combination of words, or discrepancy of objects, which provokes the infantine satirist, or tickles the boorish wag; and many of Pope's revilers laughed not so much because they were wicked, as because they knew no better.

Without the utmost sensibility, Pope could not have been the poet he was; and through his life, however much he protested that he disregarded their abuse, the coarse ridicule of his opponents stung and tore him. One of Cibber's pamphlets coming into Pope's hands, while Richardson the painter was with him, Pope turned round and said, 'These things are my diversions'; and Richardson, sitting by while Pope perused the libel, said he saw his features 'writhing with anguish.' How little human nature changes! Can't one see that little figure? Can't one fancy one is reading Horace? Can't one fancy one is speaking of to-day?

The tastes and sensibilities of Pope, which led him to cultivate the society of persons of fine manners, or wit, or taste, or beauty caused him to shrink equally from that shabby and boisterous crew which formed the rank and file of literatnre in his time, and he was as unjust to these men as they to him. The delicate little creature sickened at habits and company which were quite tolerable to robuster men; and in the famous

feud between Pope and the Dunces, and without attributing any peculiar wrong to either, one can quite understand how the two parties should so hate each other. As I fancy, it was a sort of necessity that, when Pope's triumph passed, Mr. Addison and his men should look rather contemptuously down on it from their balcony ; so it was natural for Dennis and Theobald, and Welsted and Cibber, and the worn and hungry pressmen in the crowd below to howl at him and assail him. And Pope was more savage to Grub Street than Grub Street was to Pope. The thong with which he lashed them was dreadful ; he fired upon that howling crew such shafts of flame and poison, he slew and wounded so fiercely, that in reading the 'Dunciad' and the prose lampoons of Pope, one feels disposed to side against the ruthless little tyrant ; at least to pity those wretched folks upon whom he was so unmerciful. It was Pope, and Swift to aid him, who established among us the Grub Street tradition. He revels in base descriptions of poor men's want ; he gloats over poor Dennis' garret and flannel-nightcap and red stockings ; he gives instructions how to find Curll's authors, the historian at the tallow-chandler's under the blind arch in Petty France, the two translators in bed together, the poet in the cock-loft in Budge Row, whose landlady keeps the ladder. It was Pope, I fear, who contributed, more than any man who ever lived, to depreciate the literary calling. It was not an unprosperous one before that time, as we have seen : at least there were great prizes in the profession which had made Addison a Minister, and Prior an Ambassador, and Steele a Commissioner, and Swift all but a Bishop. The profession of letters was ruined by that libel of the 'Dunciad.' If authors were wretched and poor before, if some of them lived in haylofts, of which their landladies kept the ladders, at least nobody came to disturb them in their straw ; if three of them had but one coat between them, the two remained invisible in the garret, the third, at any rate, appeared decently at the coffeehouse and paid his twopence like a gentleman. It was Pope that dragged into light all this poverty and meanness, and held up those wretched shifts and rags to public ridicule. It was Pope that has made generations of the reading world (delighted with the mischief, as who would not be that reads it?) believe that author and wretch, author and rags, author and dirt, author and drink, gin, cowheel, tripe, poverty, duns, bailiffs, squalling children and clamorous landladies were always associated together. The condition of authorship began to fall from the days of the

'Dunciad,' and I believe in my heart that much of that obloquy which has since pursued our calling was occasioned by Pope's libels and wicked wit. Everybody read those. Everybody was familiarized with the idea of the poor devil, the author. The manner is so captivating that young authors practice it, and begin their career with satire. It is so easy to write and so pleasant to read! to fire a shot that makes a giant wince, perhaps; and fancy one's self his conqueror. It is easy to shoot—but not as Pope did. The shafts of his satire rise sublimely: no poet's verse ever mounted higher than that wonderful flight with which the 'Dunciad' concludes:*

She comes, she comes! the sable throne behold
Of Night primeval and of Chaos old;
Before her, Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away;
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As, one by one, at dread Medea's strain
The sick'ning stars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppress'd,
Closed, one by one, to everlasting rest;
Thus, at her felt approach and secret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.
See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of casuistry heaped o'er her head;
Philosophy, that leaned on Heaven before,
Shrinks to her second cause and is no more.
Religion, blushing, veils her sacred fires,
And, unawares, Morality expires.
Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine,
Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine.
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos, is restored,
Light dies before thy uncreating word;
Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,
And universal darkness buries all.†

In these astonishing lines Pope reaches, I think, to the very greatest height which his sublime art has attained, and shows himself the equal of all poets of all times. It is the brightest ardor, the loftiest assertion of truth, the most generous wisdom, illustrated by the noblest poetic figure, and spoken in words the aptest, grandest, and most harmonious. It is heroic courage speaking: a splendid declaration of righteous wrath and war. It is the gage flung down, and the silver trumpet ringing defiance to falsehood and tyranny, deceit, dullness, superstition. It is Truth, the champion, shining and intrepid, and fronting the great world-tyrant with armies of slaves at his back. It is a wonderful and victorious single combat, in that great battle which has always been waging since society began.

* 'He (Johnson) repeated to us, in his forcible, melodious manner, the concluding lines of the "Dunciad."'—BOSWELL.

† 'Mr Langton informed me that he once related to Johnson (on the authority of Spence), that Pope himself admired these lines so much that when he repeated them his voice faltered. "And well it might, sir," said Johnson, "for they are noble lines."'—J. BOSWELL, Junior.

In speaking of a work of consummate art one does not try to show what it actually is, for that were vain; but what it is like, and what are the sensations produced in the mind of him who views it. And in considering Pope's admirable career I am forced into similitudes drawn from other courage and greatness, and into comparing him with those who achieved triumphs in actual war. I think of the works of young Pope as I do of the actions of young Bonaparte or young Nelson. In their common life you will find frailties and meannesses, as great as the vices and follies of the meanest men. But in the presence of the great occasion, the great soul flashes out, and conquers transcendent. In thinking of the splendor of Pope's young victories, of his merit, unequaled as his renown, I hail and salute the achieving genius, and do homage to the pen of a hero.

HOGARTH, SMOLLETT, AND FIELDING.

I SUPPOSE, as long as novels last and authors aim at interesting their public, there must always be in the story a virtuous and gallant hero, a wicked monster his opposite, and a pretty girl who finds a champion; bravery and virtue conquer beauty; and vice, after seeming to triumph through a certain number of pages, is sure to be discomfited in the last volume, when justice overtakes him and honest folks come by their own. There never was perhaps a greatly popular story but this simple plot was carried through it; mere satiric wit is addressed to a class of readers and thinkers quite different to those simple souls who laugh and weep over the novel. I fancy very few ladies indeed, for instance, could be brought to like 'Gulliver' heartily, and (putting the coarseness and difference of manners out of the question) to relish the wonderful satire of 'Jonathan Wild.' In that strange apologue the author takes for a hero the greatest rascal, coward, traitor, tyrant, hypocrite, that his wit and experience, both large in this matter, could enable him to devise or depict; he accompanies this villain through all the actions of his life, with a grinning deference and a wonderful mock respect: and doesn't leave him till he is dangling at the gallows, when the satirist makes him a low bow and wishes the scoundrel good-day.

It was not by satire of this sort, or by scorn and contempt, that Hogarth achieved his vast popularity and acquired his reputation.* His art is quite simple,† he speaks popular parables

* Coleridge speaks of the 'beautiful female faces' in Hogarth's pictures, 'in whom,' he says, 'the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet.'—*The Friend.*

† 'I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who, being asked which book he

to interest simple hearts, and to inspire them with pleasure or pity or warning and terror. Not one of his tales but is as easy as 'Goody Twoshoes'; it is the moral of Tommy was a naughty boy and the master flogged him, Jacky was a good boy and had plumcake, which pervades the whole works of the homely and famous English moralist. And if the moral is written in rather too large letters after the fable, we must remember how simple the scholars and schoolmaster both were, and like neither the less because they are so artless and honest. 'It was a maxim of Dr. Harrison's,' Fielding says, in 'Amelia,' —speaking of the benevolent divine and philosopher who represents the good principle in that novel—'that no man can descend below himself, in doing any act which may contribute to protect an innocent person, *or to bring a rogue to the gallows*.' The moralists of that age had no compunction, you see; they had not begun to be skeptical about the theory of punishment, and thought that the hanging of a thief was a

esteemed most in his library, answered "Shakspere"; being asked which he esteemed next best, replied "Hogarth." His graphic representations are indeed books; they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at—his prints we read. . .

'The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture would almost unvulgarize every subject which he might choose. . .

'I say not that all the ridiculous subjects of Hogarth have necessarily something in them to make us like them; some are indifferent to us, some in their nature repulsive, and only made interesting by the wonderful skill and truth to nature in the painter; but I contend that there is in most of them that sprinkling of the better nature, which, like holy water, chases away and disperses the contagion of the bad. They have this in them, besides, that they bring us acquainted with the everyday human face—they give us skill to detect those gradations of sense and virtue (which escape the careless or fastidious observer) in the circumstances of the world about us; and prevent that disgust at common life, that *tædium quotidianarum formarum* which an unrestricted passion for ideal forms and beauties is in danger of producing. In this, as in many other things, they are analogous to the best novels of Smollett and Fielding.' —CHARLES LAMB.

'It has been observed that Hogarth's pictures are exceedingly unlike any other representations of the same kind of subjects—that they form a class, and have a character, peculiar to themselves. It may be worth while to consider in what this general distinction consists.

'In the first place they are, in the strictest sense, *historical* pictures; and if what Fielding says be true, that his novel of "Tom Jones" ought to be regarded as an epic prose-poem, because it contained a regular development of fable, manners, character, and passion, the compositions of Hogarth will, in like manner, be found to have a higher claim to the title of epic pictures than many which have of late arrogated that denomination to themselves. When we say that Hogarth treated his subject historically, we mean that his works represent the manners and humors of mankind in action, and their characters by varied expression. Everything in his pictures has life and motion in it. Not only does the business of the scene never stand still, but every feature and muscle is put into full play; the exact feeling of the moment is brought out, and carried to its utmost height, and then instantly seized and stamped on the canvas forever. The expression is always taken *en passant*, in a state of progress or change, and, as it were, at the salient point. . . His figures are not like the background on which they are painted: even the pictures on the wall have a peculiar look of their own. Again, with the rapidity, variety, and scope of history, Hogarth's heads have all the reality and correctness of portraits. He gives the extremes of character and expression, but he gives them with perfect truth and accuracy. This is, in fact, what distinguishes his compositions from all others of the same kind, that they are equally remote from caricature, and from mere still life. . . His faces go to the very verge of caricature, and yet never (we believe in any single instance) go beyond it.'—HAZLITT.

spectacle for edification. Masters sent their apprentices, fathers took their children, to see Jack Sheppard or Jonathan Wild hanged, and it was as undoubting subscribers to this moral law that Fielding wrote and Hogarth painted. Except in one instance, where, in the madhouse scene in the 'Rake's Progress,' the girl whom he has ruined is represented as still tending and weeping over him in his insanity, a glimpse of pity for his rogues never seems to enter honest Hogarth's mind. There's not the slightest doubt in the breast of the jolly Draco.

The famous set of pictures called 'Marriage à la Mode,' and which are now exhibited in the National Gallery in London, contains the most important and highly wrought of the Hogarth comedies. The care and method with which the moral grounds of these pictures are laid is as remarkable as the wit and skill of the observing and dexterous artist. He has to describe the negotiations for a marriage pending between the daughter of a rich citizen alderman and young Lord Viscount Squanderfield, the dissipated son of a gouty old earl. Pride and pomposity appear in every accessory surrounding the earl. He sits in gold lace and velvet—as how should such an earl wear anything but velvet and gold lace? His coronet is everywhere: on his footstool, on which reposes one gouty toe turned out; on the sconces and looking-glass; on the dogs; on his lordship's very crutches; on his great chair of state and the great baldachin behind him; under which he sits pointing majestically to his pedigree, which shows that his race is sprung from the loins of William the Conqueror, and confronting the old alderman from the City, who has mounted his sword for the occasion, and wears his alderman's chain, and has brought a bagful of money, mortgage-deeds, and thousand-pound notes, for the arrangement of the transaction pending between them. While the steward (a Methodist—therefore a hypocrite and cheat, for Hogarth scorned a Papist and a Dissenter) is negotiating between the old couple, their children sit together, united but apart. My lord is admiring his countenance in the glass, while his wife is twiddling her marriage ring on her pocket handkerchief, and listening with rueful countenance to Counselor Silvertongue, who has been drawing the settlements. The girl is pretty, but the painter, with a curious watchfulness, has taken care to give her a likeness to her father; as in the young viscount's face you see a resemblance to the earl, his noble sire. The sense of the coronet pervades the picture, as it is supposed to do the mind of its wearer. The pictures round the room are sly hints indicating

the situation of the parties about to marry. A martyr is led to the fire; Andromeda is offered to sacrifice; Judith is going to slay Holofernes. There is the ancestor of the house (in the picture it is the earl himself as a young man), with a comet over his head, indicating that the career of the family is to be brilliant and brief. In the second picture, the old lord must be dead, for madam has now the countess' coronet over her bed and toilet-glass, and sits listening to that dangerous Counselor Silvertongue, whose portrait now actually hangs up in her room, while the counselor takes his ease on the sofa by her side, evidently the familiar of the house, and the confidant of the mistress. My lord takes his pleasure elsewhere than at home, whither he returns jaded and tipsy from the Rose, to find his wife yawning in her drawing room, her whist party over, and the daylight streaming in; or he amuses himself with the very worst company abroad, while his wife sits at home listening to foreign singers, or wastes her money at auctions, or, worse still, seeks amusement at masquerades. The dismal end is known. My lord draws upon the counselor, who kills him, and is apprehended while endeavoring to escape. My lady goes back perforce to the alderman in the City, and faints upon reading Counselor Silvertongue's dying speech at Tyburn, where the counselor has been executed for sending his lordship out of the world. Moral: don't listen to evil silver-tongued counselors; don't marry a man for his rank, or a woman for her money; don't frequent foolish auctions and masquerade balls unknown to your husband; don't have wicked companions abroad and neglect your wife, otherwise you will be run through the body, and ruin will ensue, and disgrace, and Tyburn. The people are all naughty, and Bogey carries them all off. In the 'Rake's Progress,' a loose life is ended by a similar sad catastrophe. It is the spendthrift coming into possession of the wealth of the paternal miser; the prodigal surrounded by flatterers, and wasting his substance on the very worst company; the bailiffs, the gambling house, and Bedlam for an end. In the famous story of 'Industry and Idleness,' the moral is pointed in a manner similarly clear. Fair-haired Frank Goodchild smiles at his work, while naughty Tom Idle snores over his loom. Frank reads the edifying ballads of 'Whittington' and the 'London 'Prentice,' while that reprobate Tom Idle prefers 'Moll Flanders,' and drinks hugely of beer. Frank goes to church of a Sunday, and warbles hymns from the gallery; while Tom lies on a tombstone outside playing at 'halfpenny-under-the-hat' with street blackguards, and

is deservedly caned by the beadle. Frank is made overseer of the business, while Tom is sent to sea. Frank is taken into partnership and marries his master's daughter, sends out broken victuals to the poor, and listens in his nightcap and gown, with the lovely Mrs. Goodchild by his side, to the nuptial music of the City bands and the marrowbones and cleavers; while Idle Tom, returned from sea, shudders in a garret lest the officers are coming to take him for picking pockets. The Worshipful Francis Goodchild, Esq., becomes Sheriff of London and partakes of the most splendid dinners which money can purchase or alderman devour; while poor Tom is taken up in a night cellar, with that one-eyed and disreputable accomplice who first taught him to play chuck-farthing on a Sunday. What happens next? Tom is brought up before the justice of his country, in the person of Mr. Alderman Goodchild, who weeps as he recognizes his old brother 'prentice, as Tom's one-eyed friend peaches on him, and the clerk makes out the poor rogue's ticket for Newgate. Then the end comes. Tom goes to Tyburn in a cart with a coffin in it; while the Right Honorable Francis Goodchild, Lord Mayor of London, proceeds to his mansion house, in his gilt coach with four footmen and a sword-bearer, while the Companies of London march in the august procession, while the trainbands of the City fire their pieces and get drunk in his honor; and—oh, crowning delight and glory of all—while his Majesty the King looks out from his royal balcony, with his ribbon on his breast, and his Queen and his star by his side, at the corner house of St. Paul's Churchyard.

How the times have changed! The new post office now not disadvantageously occupies that spot where the scaffolding is in the picture, where the tipsy trainband-man is lurching against the post, with his wig over one eye, and the 'prentice boy is trying to kiss the pretty girl in the gallery. Passed away 'prentice boy and pretty girl! Passed away tipsy trainband-man with wig and bandoleer! On the spot where Tom Idle (for whom I have an unaffected pity) made his exit from this wicked world, and where you see the hangman smoking his pipe as he reclines on the gibbet and views the hills of Harrow or Hampstead beyond, a splendid marble arch, a vast and modern city—clean, airy, painted drab, populous with nursery-maids and children, the abode of wealth and comfort—the elegant, the prosperous, the polite Tyburnia rises, the most respectable district in the habitable globe!

In that last plate of the London Apprentices, in which the apotheosis of the Right Honorable Francis Goodchild is drawn,

a ragged fellow is represented in the corner of the simple, kindly piece, offering for sale a broadside, purporting to contain an account of the appearance of the ghost of Tom Idle, executed at Tyburn. Could Tom's ghost have made its appearance in 1847, and not in 1747, what changes would have been remarked by that astonished escaped criminal! Over that road which the hangman used to travel constantly, and the Oxford stage twice a week, go ten thousand carriages every day; over yonder road, by which Dick Turpin fled to Windsor, and Squire Western journeyed into town, when he came to take up his quarters at the Hercules' Pillars on the outskirts of London, what a rush of civilization and order flows now! What armies of gentlemen with umbrellas march to banks and chambers and counting houses! What regiments of nursery-maids and pretty infantry; what peaceful processions of policemen, what light broughams and what gay carriages, what swarms of busy apprentices and artificers, riding on omnibus-roofs, pass daily and hourly! Tom Idle's times are quite changed: many of the institutions gone into disuse which were admired in his day. There's more pity and kindness and a better chance for poor Tom's successors now than at that simpler period when Fielding hanged him and Hogarth drew him.

To the student of history, these admirable works must be invaluable, as they give us the most complete and truthful picture of the manners, and even the thoughts of the past century. We look, and see pass before us the England of a hundred years ago—the peer in his drawing room, the lady of fashion in her apartment, foreign singers surrounding her, and the chambers filled with gewgaws in the mode of that day; the church, with its quaint florid architecture and singing congregation; the parson with his great wig, and the beadle with his cane; all these are represented before us, and we are sure of the truth of the portrait. We see how the Lord Mayor dines in state; how the prodigal drinks and sports at the bagnio; how the poor girl beats hemp in Bridewell; how the thief divides his booty and drinks his punch at the night cellar, and how he finishes his career at the gibbet. We may depend on the perfect accuracy of these strange and varied portraits of the bygone generation; we see one of Walpole's Members of Parliament chaired after his election, and the lieges celebrating the event and drinking confusion to the Pretender; we see the grenadiers and the trainbands of the City marching out to meet the enemy; and have before us, with sword and firelock, and

white Hanoverian horse embroidered on the cap, the very figures of the men who ran away with Johnny Cope, and who conquered at Culloden. The Yorkshire wagon rolls into the inn yard; the country parson, in his jackboots and his bands and short cassock, comes trotting into town, and we fancy it is Parson Adams with his sermons in his pocket. The Salisbury fly sets forth from the old Angel—you see the passengers entering the great heavy vehicle, up the wooden steps, their hats tied down with handkerchiefs over their faces, and under their arms, sword, hanger, and case-bottle; the landlady—apoplectic with the liquors in her own bar—is tugging at the bell; the hunchbacked postilion—he may have ridden the leaders to Humphrey Clinker—is begging a gratuity; the miser is grumbling at the bill; Jack of the *Centurion* lies on the top of the clumsy vehicle, with a soldier by his side—it may be Smollet's Jack Hatchway—it has a likeness to Lismahago. You see the suburban fair and the strolling company of actors; the pretty milkmaid singing under the window of the enraged French musician: it is such a girl as Steel charmingly described in the *Guardian*, a few years before this date, singing, under Mr. Ironside's window in Shire Lane, her pleasant carol of a May morning. You see noblemen and blacklegs bawling and betting in the Cockpit; you see Garrick as he was arrayed in 'King Richard'; Macheath and Polly in the dresses which they wore when they charmed our ancestors, and when noblemen in blue ribbons sat on the stage and listened to their delightful music. You see the ragged French soldiery, in their white coats and cockades, at Calais Gate: they are of the regiment, very likely, which friend Roderick Random joined before he was rescued by his preserver M. de Strap, with whom he fought on the famous day of Dettingen. You see the judges on the bench; the audience laughing in the pit; the student in the Oxford theater; the citizen on his country walk; you see Broughton the boxer, Sarah Malcolm the murderess, Simon Lovat the traitor, John Wilkes the demagogue, leering at you with that squint which has become historical, and that face which, ugly as it was, he said he could make as captivating to women as the countenance of the handsomest beau in town. All these sights and people are with you. After looking in the 'Rake's Progress' at Hogarth's picture of St. James' Palace Gate, you may people the street, but little altered within these hundred years, with the gilded carriages and thronging chairmen that bore the courtiers your ancestors to Queen Caroline's drawing room more than a hundred years ago.

What manner of man* was he who executed these portraits—so various, so faithful, and so admirable? In the National Collection of Pictures most of us have seen the best and most carefully finished series of his comic paintings and the portrait of his own honest face, of which the bright blue eyes shine

* Hogarth (whose family name was Hogart) was the grandson of a Westmoreland yeoman. His father came to London, and was an author and schoolmaster. William was born in 1698 (according to the most probable conjecture) in the parish of St. Martin, Ludgate. He was early apprenticed to an engraver of arms on plate. The following touches are from his 'Anecdotes of Himself' (Edition of 1833):

'As I had naturally a good eye, and a fondness for drawing, shows of all sorts gave me uncommon pleasure when an infant; and mimicry, common to all children, was remarkable in me. An early access to a neighboring painter drew my attention from play; and I was, at every possible opportunity, employed in making drawings. I picked up an acquaintance of the same turn, and soon learnt to draw the alphabet with great correctness. My exercises, when at school, were more remarkable for the ornaments which adorned them than for the exercise itself. In the former, I soon found that blockheads with better memories could much surpass me; but for the latter I was particularly distinguished. . .

'I thought it still more unlikely that by pursuing the common method, and copying *old* drawings, I could ever attain the power of making *new* designs, which was my first and greatest ambition. I therefore endeavored to habituate myself to the exercise of a sort of technical memory; and by repeating in my own mind the parts of which objects were composed I could by degrees combine and put them down with my pencil. Thus, with all the drawbacks which resulted from the circumstances I have mentioned, I had one material advantage over my competitors, viz.: the early habit I thus acquired of retaining in my mind's eye, without coldly copying it on the spot, whatever I intended to imitate.

'The instant I became master of my own time, I determined to qualify myself for engraving on copper. In this I readily got employment; and frontispieces to books, such as prints to "Hudibras," in twelves, etc., soon brought me into the way. But the tribe of booksellers remained as my father had left them . . . which put me upon publishing on my own account. But here again I had to encounter a monopoly of printsellers, equally mean and destructive to the ingenious; for the first plate I published, called "The Taste of the Town," in which the reigning follies were lashed, had no sooner begun to take a run, than I found copies of it in the print-shops, vending at half-price, while the original prints were returned to me again, and I was thus obliged to sell the plate for whatever these pirates pleased to give me, as there was no place of sale but at their shops. Owing to this and other circumstances, by engraving until I was near thirty, I could do little more than maintain myself; *but even then, I was a punctual paymaster*.

'I then married, and——'

[But William is going too fast here. He made 'a stolen union' on March 23, 1729, with Jane, daughter of Sir James Thornhill, sergeant-painter. For some time Sir James kept his heart and purse-strings close, but 'soon after became both reconciled and generous to the young couple.'—*Hogarth's Works*, by NICHOLS and STEEVENS, vol. i. p. 44.]

'—commenced painter of small Conversation Pieces, from twelve to fifteen inches high. This, being a novelty, succeeded for a few years.'

[About this time Hogarth had summer lodgings at South Lambeth, and did all kinds of work, 'embellishing' the 'Spring Gardens' at 'Vauxhall,' and the like. In 1731 he published a satirical plate against Pope, founded on the well known imputation against him of his having satirized the Duke of Chandos, under the name of *Timon*, in his poem on 'Taste.' The plate represented a view of Burlington House, with Pope whitewashing it, and bespattering the Duke of Chandos' coach. Pope made no retort, and has never mentioned Hogarth.]

'Before I had done anything of much consequence in this walk, I entertained some hopes of succeeding in what the puffers in books call *The Great Style of History Painting*; so that without having had a stroke of this *grand* business before, I quitted small portraits and familiar conversations, and with a smile at my own temerity, commenced history-painter, and on a great staircase at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, painted two Scripture stories, the "Pool of Bethesda" and the "Good Samaritan," with figures seven feet high. . . But as religion, the great promoter of this style in other countries, rejected it in England, I was unwilling to sink into a *portrait manufacturer*; and still ambitious of being singular, dropped all expectations of advantage from that source, and returned to the pursuit of my former dealings with the public at large.

'As to portrait painting, the chief branch of the art by which a painter can procure

out from the canvas and give you an idea of that keen and brave look with which William Hogarth regarded the world. No man was ever less of a hero: you see him before you, and can fancy what he was—a jovial, honest London citizen, stout

himself a tolerable livelihood, and the only one by which a lover of money can get a fortune, a man of very moderate talents may have great success in it, as the artifice and address of a mercer is infinitely more useful than the abilities of a painter. By the manner in which the present race of professors in England conduct it, that also becomes still life.

. . . .

'By this inundation of folly and puff' *(he has been speaking of the success of Vanloo, who came over here in 1737)*, 'I must confess I was much disgusted, and determined to try if by any means I could stem the torrent, and, *by opposing, end it.* I laughed at the pretensions of these quacks in coloring, ridiculed their productions as feeble and contemptible, and asserted that it required neither taste nor talents to excel their most popular performances. This interference excited much enmity, because, as my opponents told me, my studies were in another way. "You talk," added they, "with ineffable contempt of portrait painting; if it is so easy a task, why do not you convince the world, by painting a portrait yourself?" Provoked at this language, I, one day at the Academy in St Martin's Lane, put the following question: "Supposing any man, at this time, were to paint a portrait as well as Vandyke, would it be seen or acknowledged, and could the artist enjoy the benefit or acquire the reputation due to his performance?"

'They asked me in reply, If I could paint one as well? and I frankly answered, I believed I could. . .

'Of the mighty talents said to be requisite for portrait painting, I had not the most exalted opinion."'

Let us now hear him on the question of the Academy:

'To pester the three great estates of the empire, about twenty or thirty students drawing after a man or a horse, appears, as must be acknowledged, foolish enough: but the real motive is, that a few bustling characters, who have access to people of rank, think they can thus get a superiority over their brethren, be appointed to places, and have salaries, as in France, for telling a lad when a leg or an arm is too long or too short. . .

'France, ever aping the magnificence of other nations, has in its turn assumed a foppish kind of splendor sufficient to dazzle the eyes of the neighboring states, and draw vast sums of money from this country. . .

'We return to our Royal Academy: I am told that one of their leading objects will be, sending young men abroad to study the antique statues, for such kind of studies may sometimes improve an exalted genius, but they will not create it; and whatever has been the cause, this same traveling to Italy has, in several instances that I have seen, reduced the student from nature, and led him to paint marble figures, in which he has availed himself of the great works of antiquity, as a coward does when he puts on the armor of an Alexander; for, with similar pretensions and similar vanity, the painter supposes he shall be adored as a second Raphael Urbino.'

We must now hear him on his 'Sigismunda':

'As the most violent and virulent abuse thrown on "Sigismunda" was from a set of miscreants, with whom I am proud of having been ever at war—I mean the expounders of the mysteries of old pictures—I have been sometimes told they were beneath my notice. This is true of them individually; but as they have access to people of rank, who seem as happy in being cheated as these *merchants* are in cheating them, they have a power of doing much mischief to a modern artist. However mean the vendor of poisons, the mineral is destructive—to me its operation was troublesome enough. All nature spreads so fast that now was the time for every little dog in the profession to bark!'

Next comes a characteristic account of his controversy with Wilkes and Churchill.

'The stagnation rendered it necessary that I should do some *timed thing*, to recover my lost time, and stop a gap in my income. This drew forth my print of "The Times," a subject which tended to the restoration of peace and unanimity, and put the opposers of these humane objects in a light which gave great offense to those who were trying to foment disaffection in the minds of the populace. One of the most notorious of them, till now my friend and flatterer, attacked me in the *North Briton*, in so infamous and malign a style, that he himself, when pushed even by his best friends, was driven to so poor an excuse as to say he was drunk when he wrote it. . .

'This renowned patriot's portrait, drawn like as I could as to features, and marked with some indications of his mind, fully answered my purpose. The ridiculous was apparent to every eye! A Brutus! A savior of his country with such an aspect—was

and sturdy; a hearty, plain-spoken man,* loving his laugh, his friend, his glass, his roast beef of Old England, and having a proper *bourgeois* scorn for French frogs, for mounseers, and wooden shoes in general, for foreign fiddlers, foreign singers, and above all, for foreign painters, whom he held in the most amusing contempt.

It must have been great fun to hear him rage against Correggio and the Carracci; to watch him thump the table and snap his fingers, and say, 'Historical painters be hanged! here's a man that will paint against any of them for a hundred pounds. Correggio's "Sigismunda"! Look at Bill Hogarth's "Sigismunda"; look at my altar-piece at St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol; look at my "Paul before Felix," and see whether I'm not as good as the best of them.'†

Prosperity has not quite confirmed honest Hogarth's opinion about his talents for the sublime. Although Swift could not see the difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, pos-

so arrant a farce, that though it gave rise to much laughter in the lookers on, galled both him and his adherents to the bone. . .

'Churchill, Wilkes' toad-echo, put the *North Briton* into verse, in an Epistle to Hogarth: but as the abuse was precisely the same, except a little poetical heightening, which goes for nothing, it made no impression. . However, having an old plate by me, with some parts ready, such as the background and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill in the character of a Bear. The pleasure and pecuniary advantage which I derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as can be expected at my time of life.'

* 'It happened in the early part of Hogarth's life, that a nobleman who was uncommonly ugly and deformed came to sit to him for his picture. It was executed with a skill that did honor to the artist's abilities; but the likeness was rigidly observed, without even the necessary attention to compliment or flattery. The peer, disgusted at this counterpart of himself, never once thought of paying for a reflection that would only disgust him with his deformities. Some time was suffered to elapse before the artist applied for his money; but afterward many applications were made by him (who had then no need of a banker) for payment, without success. The painter, however, at last hit upon an expedient. . . It was couched in the following card:

'"Mr. Hogarth's dutiful respects to Lord ——. Finding that he does not mean to have the picture which was drawn for him, is informed again of Mr. Hogarth's necessity for the money. If, therefore, his Lordship does not send for it, in three days it will be disposed of, with the addition of a tail, and some other little appendages, to Mr. Hare, the famous wild-beast man; Mr. Hogarth having given that gentleman a conditional promise of it, for an exhibition-picture, on his Lordship's refusal."

'This intimation had the desired effect.'—*Works*, by NICHOLS and STEEVENS, vol. i. p. 25.

† 'Garrick himself was not more ductile to flattery. A word in favor of "Sigismunda" might have commanded a proof-print or forced an original print out of our artist's hands. . .

'The following authenticated story of our artist (furnished by the late Mr. Belchior. F. R. S., a surgeon of eminence) will also serve to show how much more easy it is to detect ill-placed or hyperbolical adulation respecting others, than when applied to ourselves. Hogarth, being at dinner with the great Cheselden and some other company, was told that Mr. John Freke, surgeon of St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a few evenings before at Dick's Coffeehouse, had asserted that Greene was as eminent in composition as Handel. "That fellow Freke," replied Hogarth, "is always shooting his bolt absurdly, one way or another. Handel is a giant in music; Greene only a light Florimel kind of a composer." "Ay," says our artist's informant, "but at the same time Mr. Freke declared you were as good a portrait painter as Vandyck."—"*There* he was right," adds Hogarth, "and so, by G——, I am, give me my time and let me choose my subject."'—*Works*, by NICHOLS and STEEVENS, vol. i. pp. 236, 237.

terity has not shared the dean's contempt for Händel; the world has discovered a difference between tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum, and given a heavy applause and admiration to Hogarth, too, but not exactly as a painter of Scriptural subjects, or as a rival of Correggio. It does not take away from one's liking for the man, or from the moral of his story, or the humor of it—from one's admiration for the prodigious merit of his performances, to remember that he persisted to the last in believing that the world was in a conspiracy against him with respect to his talents as an historical painter, and that a set of miscreants, as he called them, were employed to run his genius down. They say it was Liston's firm belief that he was a great and neglected tragic actor; they say that every one of us believes in his heart, or would like to have others believe, that he is something which he is not. One of the most notorious of the 'miscreants,' Hogarth says, was Wilkes, who assailed him in the *North Briton;* the other was Churchill, who put the *North Briton* attack in heroic verse, and published his 'Epistle to Hogarth.' Hogarth replied by that caricature of Wilkes in which the patriot still figures before us, with his Satanic grin and squint, and by a caricature of Churchill, in which he is represented as a bear with a staff, on which, lie the first, lie the second—lie the tenth, are engraved in unmistakable letters. There is very little mistake about honest Hogarth's satire: if he has to paint a man with his throat cut, he draws him with his head almost off: and he tried to do the same for his enemies in this little controversy. 'Having an old plate by me,' says he, 'with some parts ready, such as the background, and a dog, I began to consider how I could turn so much work laid aside to some account, and so patched up a print of Master Churchill, in the character of a bear; the pleasure and pecuniary advantage which I derived from these two engravings, together with occasionally riding on horseback, restored me to as much health as I can expect at my time of life.'

And so he concludes his queer little book of Anecdotes. 'I have gone through the circumstances of a life which till lately passed pretty much to my own satisfaction, and I hope in no respect injurious to any other man. This I may safely assert, that I have done my best to make those about me tolerably happy, and my greatest enemy cannot say I ever did an intentional injury. What may follow, God knows.'

A queer account still exists of a holiday jaunt taken by

Hogarth and four friends of his, who set out, like the redoubted Mr. Pickwick and his companions, but just a hundred years before those heroes; and made an excursion to Gravesend, Rochester, Sheerness; and adjacent places.* One of the gentlemen noted down the proceedings of the journey, for which Hogarth and a brother artist made drawings. The book is chiefly curious at this moment from showing the citizen life of those days, and the rough, jolly style of merriment, not of the five companions merely, but of thousands of jolly fellows of their time. Hogarth and his friends, quitting the Bedford Arms, Covent Garden, with a song, took water to Billingsgate, exchanging compliments with the bargemen as they went down the river. At Billingsgate, Hogarth made 'a caracatura' of a facetious porter called the Duke of Puddledock, who agreeably entertained the party with the humors of the place. Hence they took a Gravesend boat for themselves; had straw to lie upon, and a tilt over their heads, they say, and went down the river at night, sleeping and singing jolly choruses.

They arrived at Gravesend at six, when they washed their faces and hands, and had their wigs powdered. Then they sallied forth for Rochester on foot, and drank by the way three pots of ale. At one o'clock they went to dinner with excellent port, and a quantity more beer, and afterward Hogarth and Scott played at hopscotch in the town hall. It would appear that they slept most of them in one room, and the chronicler of the party describes them all as waking at seven o'clock, and telling each other their dreams. You have rough sketches by Hogarth of the incidents of this holiday excursion. The sturdy little painter is seen sprawling over a plank in a boat at Gravesend; the whole company are represented in one design, in a fisherman's room, where they had all passed the night. One gentleman in a nightcap is shaving himself; another is being shaved by the fisherman; a third, with his handkerchief over his bald pate, is taking his breakfast; and Hogarth is sketching the whole scene.

They describe at night how they returned to their quarters, drank to their friends, as usual, emptied several cans of good flip, all singing merrily.

It is a jolly party of tradesmen engaged at high jinks. These were the manners and pleasures of Hogarth, of his time very likely, of men not very refined, but honest and merry.

* He made this excursion in 1732, his companions being John Thornhill (son of Sir James), Scott the landscape-painter, Tothall and Forrest.

It is a brave London citizen, with John Bull-habits, prejudices, and pleasures.*

Of SMOLLETT's associates and manner of life the author of the admirable 'Humphrey Clinker' has given us an interesting account, in that most amusing of novels.†

I have no doubt that this picture by Smollett is as faithful a one as any from the pencil of his kindred humorist, Hogarth.

* 'Dr. Johnson made four lines once, on the death of poor Hogarth, which were equally true and pleasing; I know not why Garrick's were preferred to them:

'"The hand of him here torpid lies,
That drew th' essential forms of grace;
Here, closed in death, th' attentive eyes,
That saw the manners in the face."

'Mr. Hogarth, among the variety of kindnesses shown to me when I was too young to have a proper sense of them, was used to be very earnest that I should obtain the acquaintance, and if possible the friendship, of Dr. Johnson; whose conversation was, to the talk of other men, like Titian's painting compared to Hudson's, he said: "but don't tell people now that I say so," continued he; "for the connoisseurs and I are at war, you know; and because I hate *them*, they think I hate *Titian*—and let them!" . . . Of Dr. Johnson, when my father and he were talking about him one day, "That man," says Hogarth, "is not contented with believing the Bible; but he fairly resolves, I think, to believe nothing *but* the Bible. Johnson," added he, "though so wise a fellow, is more like King David than King Solomon, for he says in his haste, '*All men are liars.*'"'—MRS. PIOZZI.

Hogarth died on the 26th of October, 1764. The day before his death, he was removed from his villa at Chiswick to Leicester Fields, 'in a very weak condition, yet remarkably cheerful.' He had just received an agreeable letter from Franklin. He lies buried at Chiswick.

† 'TO SIR WATKIN PHILLIPS, BART., OF JESUS COLLEGE, OXON.

'DEAR PHILLIPS: In my last, I mentioned my having spent an evening with a society of authors, who seemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all surprised to hear me say I was disappointed in their conversation. "A man may be very entertaining and instructive upon paper," said he, "and exceedingly dull in common discourse. I have observed that those who shine most in private company are but secondary stars in the constellation of genius. A small stock of ideas is more easily managed, and sooner displayed, than a great quantity crowded together. There is very seldom anything extraordinary in the appearance and address of a good writer; whereas a dull author generally distinguishes himself by some oddity or extravagance. For this reason I fancy that an assembly of grubs must be very diverting."

'My curiosity being excited by this hint, I consulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday last. He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings. He lives in the skirts of the town; and every Sunday his house is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt beer. He has fixed upon the first day of the week for the exercise of his hospitality, because some of his guests could not enjoy it on any other, for reasons that I need not explain. I was civilly received in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened backward into a very pleasant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I saw none of the outward signs of authorship either in the house or the landlord, who is one of those few writers of the age that stand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteristic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of singularity.

'At two in the afternoon, I found myself one of ten messmates seated at table; and I question if the whole kingdom could produce such another assemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities, I do not mention those of dress, which may be purely accidental. What struck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterward confirmed by habit. One of them wore spectacles at dinner, and another his hat flapped; though (as Ivy told me) the first was noted for having a seaman's eye when a bailiff was in the wind; and the other was never known to labor under any weakness or defect of vision, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarreled in his drink. A third wore a laced stocking, and made use of crutches, because, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a stick with more agility,

We have before us, and painted by his own hand, Tobias Smollett, the manly, kindly, honest, and irascible; worn and battered, but still brave and full of heart, after a long struggle against a hard fortune. His brain had been busied with a hundred different schemes; he had been reviewer and historian,

A fourth had contracted such an antipathy to the country, that he insisted upon sitting with his back toward the window that looked into the garden; and when a dish of cauliflower was set upon the table, he snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting; yet this delicate person was the son of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among asses on a common. A fifth affected distraction: when spoke to he always answered from the purpose. Sometimes he suddenly started up, and rapped out a dreadful oath; sometimes he burst out a-laughing; then he folded his arms, and sighed; and then he hissed like fifty serpents.

'At first, I really thought he was mad; and, as he sat near me, began to be under some apprehensions for my own safety; when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, assured me aloud that I had nothing to fear. "The gentleman," said he, 'is trying to act a part for which he is by no means qualified: if he had all the inclination in the world, it is not in his power to be mad; his spirits are too flat to be kindled into phrenzy." "'Tis no bad p-p-puff, how-owever," observed a person in a tarnished laced coat: "aff-ffected m-madness w-ill p-pass for w-wit w-with nine-nineteen out of t-twenty." "And affected stuttering for humor," replied our landlord; "though, God knows! there is no affinity between them." It seems this wag, after having made some abortive attempts in plain speaking, had recourse to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the least expense of genius; and that imperfection, which he had at first counterfeited, was now become so habitual, that he could not lay it aside.

'A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his first introduction, taken such offense at S——, because he looked and talked, and ate and drank, like any other man, that he spoke contemptuously of his understanding ever after, and never would repeat his visit, until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made some unsuccessful advances toward an intimacy with S——, at last gave him to understand, by a third person, that he had written a poem in his praise, and a satire against his person; that if he would admit him to his house, the first should be immediately sent to press; but that if he persisted in declining his friendship, he would publish the satire without delay. S — replied, that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyric, as, in effect, a species of infamy, and would resent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but if he published the satire he might deserve his compassion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil having considered the alternative, resolved to mortify S—— by printing the panegyric, for which he received a sound drubbing. Then he swore the peace against the aggressor, who, in order to avoid a prosecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the singularity in S——'s conduct on this occasion, that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philosopher, who owned he had some genius; and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

'Curious to know upon what subjects the several talents of my fellow-guests were employed, I applied to my communicative friend Dick Ivy, who gave me to understand that most of them were, or had been, understrappers, or journeymen, to more creditable authors, for whom they translated, collated, and compiled, in the business of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, labored in the service of our landlord, though they had now set up for themselves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but also their nations and dialects, were so various, that our conversation resembled the confusion of tongues at Babel. We had the Irish brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the most discordant vociferation; for as they all spoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unless he could bawl louder than his fellows. It must be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their discourse; they carefully avoided all learned disquisitions, and endeavored to be facetious: nor did their endeavors always miscarry; some droll repartee passed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual lost his temper so far as to transgress the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the master of the feast, who exerted a sort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

'The most learned philosopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the university for atheism, has made great progress in a refutation of Lord Bolingbroke's metaphysical works, which is said to be equally ingenious and orthodox: but, in the meantime, he has been presented to the grand jury as a public nuisance for having blasphemed in an alehouse on the Lord's-day. The Scotchman gives lectures on the pronunciation of the English language, which he is now publishing by subscription.

'The Irishman is a political writer, and goes by the name of my Lord Potatoe. He

critic, medical writer, poet, pamphleteer. He had fought endless literary battles; and braved and wielded for years the cudgels of controversy. It was a hard and savage fight in those days, and a niggard pay. He was oppressed by illness, age, narrow fortune; but his spirit was still resolute, and his courage steady; the battle over, he could do justice to the enemy with whom he had been so fiercely engaged, and give a not unfriendly grasp to the hand that had mauled him. He is like one of those Scotch cadets, of whom history gives us so many examples, and whom, with a national fidelity, the great Scotch novelist has painted so charmingly. Of gentle birth * and nar-

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wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a Minister, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with some place or pension; but finding himself neglected in that quarter, he whispered about that the pamphlet was written by the Minister himself, and he published an answer to his own production. In this he addressed the author under the title of "your lordship," with such solemnity, that the public swallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impression. The wise politicians of the metropolis declared they were both masterly performances, and chuckled over the flimsy reveries of an ignorant garretteer as the profound speculations of a veteran statesman, acquainted with all the secrets of the cabinet. The imposture was detected in the sequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his assumed importance but the bare title of "my lord," and the upper part of the table at the potatoe-ordinary in Shoe Lane.

'Opposite to me sat a Piedmontese, who had obliged the public with a humorous satire, entitled "The Balance of the English Poets;" a performance which evinced the great modesty and taste of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegancies of the English language. The sage who labored under the ἀγροφοβία, or, "horror of green fields," had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never seen corn growing in his life, and was so ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of hominy was the best rice pudding he had ever eat.

'The stutterer had almost finished his travels through Europe and part of Asia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term time with a tipstaff for his companion; and as for little Tim Cropdale, the most facetious member of the whole society, he had happily wound up the catastrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promised himself a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made shift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of business is now engrossed by female authors, who publish merely for the propagation of virtue, with so much ease, and spirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the serene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only enchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

'After dinner, we adjourned into the garden, where I observed Mr. S—— give a short separate audience to every individual in a small remote filbert walk, from whence most of them dropped off one after another, without further ceremony.'

Smollett's house was in Lawrence Lane, Chelsea, and is now destroyed. See *Handbook of London*, p. 115.

'The person of Smollett was eminently handsome, his features prepossessing, and, by the joint testimony of all his surviving friends, his conversation, in the highest degree, instructive and amusing. Of his disposition, those who have read his works (and who has not?) may form a very accurate estimate; for in each of them he has presented, and sometimes under various points of view, the leading features of his own character without disguising the most unfavorable of them. . . When unseduced by his satirical propensities, he was kind, generous, and humane to others; bold, upright, and independent in his own character; stooped to no patron, sued for no favor, but honestly and honorably maintained himself on his literary labors. . . He was a doating father, and an affectionate husband; and the warm zeal with which his memory was cherished by his surviving friends showed clearly the reliance which they placed upon his regard.'—Sir WALTER SCOTT.

* Smollett of Bonhill, in Dumbartonshire. *Arms*, azure, a bend, or, between a lion rampant, ppr., holding in his paw a banner, argent, and a bugle-horn, also ppr. *Crest*, an oak-tree, ppr., *Motto*, *Viresco*.

Smollett's father, Archibald, was the fourth son of Sir James Smollett of Bonhill, a Scotch Judge and Member of Parliament, and one of the commissioners for framing the Union with England. Archibald married, without the old gentleman's consent, and

row means, going out from his northern home to win his fortune in the world, and to fight his way, armed with courage, hunger, and keen wits. His crest is a shattered oak tree, with green leaves yet springing from it. On his ancient coat-of-arms there is a lion and a horn ; this shield of his was battered and dinted in a hundred fights and brawls,* through which the

died early, leaving his children dependent on their grandfather. Tobias, the second son, was born in 1721, in the old house of Dalquharn in the valley of Leven ; and all his life loved and admired that valley and Loch Lomond beyond all the valleys and lakes in Europe. He learned the 'rudiments' at Dumbarton Grammar School and studied at Glasgow.

But when he was only ten, his grandfather died, and left him without provision (figuring as the old judge in 'Roderick Random' in consequence, according to Sir Walter). Tobias, armed with the 'Regicide, a Tragedy,'—a provision precisely similar to that with which Dr. Johnson had started, just before—came up to London. The 'Regicide' came to no good, though at first patronized by Lord Lyttelton ('one of those little fellows who are sometimes called great men,' Smollett says) ; and Smollett embarked as 'surgeon's mate' on board a line-of-battle ship, and served in the Carthagena expedition, in 1741. He left the service in the West Indies, and after residing some time in Jamaica, returned to England in 1746.

He was now unsuccessful as a physician, to begin with ; published the satires, 'Advice' and 'Reproof,' without any luck ; and (1747) married the 'beautiful and accomplished Miss Lascelles.'

In 1748 he brought out his 'Roderick Random,' which at once made a 'hit.' The subsequent events of his life may be presented, chronologically, in a bird's-eye view :

1750. Made a tour to Paris, where he chiefly wrote 'Peregrine Pickle.'
1751. Published 'Peregrine Pickle.'
1753. Published 'Adventures of Ferdinand Count Fathom.'
1755. Published version of 'Don Quixote.'
1756. Began the 'Critical Review.'
1758. Published his 'History of England.'
1763–1766 Traveling in France and Italy ; published his 'Travels.'
1769. Published 'Adventures of an Atom.'
1770. Set out for Italy ; died at Leghorn 21st of October, 1771, in the fifty-first year of his age.

* A good specimen of the old 'slashing' style of writing is presented by the paragraph on Admiral Knowles, which subjected Smollett to prosecution and imprisonment. The admiral's defense on the occasion of the failure of the Rochfort expedition came to be examined before the tribunal of the 'Critical Review.'

'He is,' said our author, 'an admiral without conduct, an engineer without knowledge, an officer without resolution, and a man without veracity !'

Three months' imprisonment in the King's Bench avenged this stinging paragraph.

But the 'Critical' was to Smollett a perpetual fountain of 'hot water.' Among less important controversies may be mentioned that with Grainger, the translator of 'Tibullus.' Grainger replied in a pamphlet; and in the next number of the 'Review' we find him threatened with 'castigation,' as an 'owl that has broken from his mew !'

In Dr. Moore's biography of him is a pleasant anecdote. After publishing the 'Don Quixote,' he returned to Scotland to pay a visit to his mother :

'On Smollett's arrival he was introduced to his mother with the connivance of Mrs. Telfer (her daughter), as a gentleman from the West Indies, who was intimately acquainted with her son. The better to support his assumed character, he endeavored to preserve a serious countenance, approaching to a frown ; but while his mother's eyes were riveted on his countenance, he could not refrain from smiling ; she immediately sprung from her chair, and throwing her arms round his neck, exclaimed, "Ah, my son ! my son ! I have found you at last !"

'She afterward told him, that if he had kept his austere looks and continued to *gloom*, he might have escaped detection some time longer, but "your old roguish smile," added she, "betrayed you at once."'

'Shortly after the publication of "The Adventures of an Atom," disease again attacked Smollett with redoubled violence. Attempts being vainly made to obtain for him the office of Consul in some part of the Mediterranean, he was compelled to seek a warmer climate, without better means of provision than his own precarious finances could afford. The kindness of his distinguished friend and countryman, Dr. Armstrong (then abroad), procured for Dr. and Mrs. Smollett a house at Monte Nero, a village situated on the side of a mountain overlooking the sea, in the neighborhood of Leghorn, a romantic and salutary abode, where he prepared for the press, the last, and

stout Scotchman bore it courageously. You see somehow that he is a gentleman, through all his battling and struggling, his poverty, his hard-fought successes, and his defeats. His novels are recollections of his own adventures; his characters drawn, as I should think, from personages with whom he became acquainted in his own career of life. Strange companions he must have had; queer acquaintances he made in the Glasgow College—in the country apothecary's shop; in the gun-room of the man-of-war where he served as surgeon; and in the hard life on shore, where the sturdy adventurer struggled for fortune. He did not invent much, as I fancy, but had the keenest perceptive faculty, and described what he saw with wonderful relish and delightful broad humor. I think Uncle Bowling, in 'Roderick Random,' is as good a character as Squire Western himself: and Mr. Morgan, the Welsh apothecary, is as pleasant as Dr. Caius. What man who has made his inestimable acquaintance—what novel-reader who loves Don Quixote and Major Dalgetty—will refuse his most cordial acknowledgments to the admirable Lieutenant Lismahago. The novel of 'Humphrey Clinker' is, I do think, the most laughable story that has ever been written since the goodly art of novel-writing began. Winifred Jenkins and Tabitha Bramble must keep Englishmen on the grin for ages yet to come; and in their letters and the story of their loves there is a perpetual fount of sparkling laughter, as inexhaustible as Bladud's well.

Fielding, too, has described, though with a greater hand, the characters and scenes which he knew and saw. He had more than ordinary opportunities for becoming acquainted with life. His family and education, first—his fortunes and misfortunes afterward—brought him into the society of every rank and condition of man. He is himself the hero of his books, he is wild Tom Jones, he is wild Captain Booth; less wild, I am glad to think, than his predecessor—at least heartily conscious of demerit, and anxious to amend.

When Fielding first came upon the town in 1727, the recollection of the great wits was still fresh in the coffeehouses and assemblies, and the judges there declared that young Harry Fielding had more spirits and wit than Congreve or any of his brilliant successors. His figure was tall and stalwart; his face handsome, manly, and noble looking; to the very last days of his life he retained a grandeur of air, and although worn down

like music "sweetest in the close," the most pleasing of his compositions, "The Expedition of Humphrey Clinker." This delightful work was published in 1771.'—Sir Walter Scott.

by disease, his aspect and presence imposed respect upon the people round about him.

A dispute took place between Mr. Fielding and the captain * of the ship in which he was making his last voyage, and Fielding relates how the man finally went down on his knees and begged his passenger's pardon. He was living up to the last days of his life, and his spirit never gave in. His vital power must have been immensely strong. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu † prettily characterizes Fielding and this capacity for happiness which he possessed, in a little notice of his death, when she compares him to Steele, who was as improvident and as happy as he was, and says that both should have gone on living forever. One can fancy the eagerness and gusto with which a man of Fielding's frame, with his vast health and robust appetite, his ardent spirits, his joyful humor, and his keen and hearty relish for life, must have seized and drunk that cup of pleasure which the town offered to him. Can any of my hearers remember the youthful feats of a college breakfast—the meats devoured and the cups quaffed in that Homeric feast? I can call to mind some of the heroes of those youthful banquets, and fancy young Fielding from Leyden rushing upon the feast, with his great laugh and immense healthy young appetite, eager and vigorous to enjoy. The young man's wit and manners made him friends everywhere; he lived with the grand man's society of those days; he was courted by peers and men of wealth and fashion. As he had a paternal allowance from his father, General Fielding, which, to use Henry's

* The dispute with the captain arose from the wish of that functionary to intrude on his right to his cabin, for which he had paid thirty pounds. After recounting the circumstances of the apology, he characteristically adds:

'And here, that I may not be thought the sly trumpeter of my own praises, I do utterly disclaim all praise on the occasion. Neither did the greatness of my mind dictate, nor the force of my Christianity exact this forgiveness. To speak truth, I forgave him from a motive which would make men much more forgiving, if they were much wiser than they are, because it was convenient for me so to do.'

† Lady Mary was his second-cousin—their respective grandfathers being sons of George Fielding, Earl of Desmond, son of William, Earl of Denbigh.

In a letter dated just a week before his death, she says:

'H. Fielding has given a true picture of himself and his first wife in the characters of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Booth*, some compliments to his own figure excepted; and I am persuaded, several of the incidents he mentions are real matters of fact. I wonder he does not perceive *Tom Jones* and *Mr. Booth* are sorry scoundrels. . . Fielding has really a fund of true humor, and was to be pitied at his first entrance into the world, having no choice, as he said himself, but to be a hackney writer or a hackney coachman. His genius deserved a better fate; but I cannot help blaming that continued indiscretion, to give it the softest name, that has run through his life, and I am afraid still remains. . . Since I was born no original has appeared excepting Congreve, and Fielding, who would, I believe, have approached nearer to his excellences, if not forced by his necessities to publish without correction, and throw many productions into the world he would have thrown into the fire, if meat could have been got without money, or money without scribbling. . . I am sorry not to see any more of Peregrine Pickle's performances; I wish you would tell me his name.'—*Letters and Works* (Lord WHARNCLIFFE'S Ed.), vol iii. pp. 93, 94.

own phrase, any man might pay who would; as he liked good wine, good clothes, and good company, which are all expensive articles to purchase, Harry Fielding began to run into debt, and borrow money in that easy manner in which Captain Booth borrows money in the novel; was in nowise particular in accepting a few pieces from the purses of his rich friends, and bore down upon more than one of them, as Walpole tells us only too truly, for a dinner or a guinea. To supply himself with the latter he began to write theatrical pieces, having already, no doubt, a considerable acquaintance among the Oldfields and Bracegirdles behind the scenes. He laughed at these pieces and scorned them. When the audience upon one occasion began to hiss a scene which he was too lazy to correct, and regarding which, when Garrick remonstrated with him, he said that the public was too stupid to find out the badness of his work; when the audience began to hiss, Fielding said, with characteristic coolness—'They have found it out, have they?' He did not prepare his novels in this way, and with a very different care and interest laid the foundations and built up the edifices of his future fame.

Time and shower have very little damaged those. The fashion and ornaments are, perhaps, of the architecture of that age; but the buildings remain strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions—masterpieces of genius and monuments of workmanlike skill.

I cannot offer or hope to make a hero of Harry Fielding. Why hide his faults? Why conceal his weaknesses in a cloud of periphrases? Why not show him, like him as he is, not robed in a marble toga, and draped and polished in an heroic attitude, but with inked ruffles, and claret stains on his tarnished laced coat, and on his manly face the marks of good-fellowship, of illness, of kindness, of care, and wine. Stained as you see him, and worn by care and dissipation, that man retains some of the most precious and splendid human qualities and endowments. He has an admirable natural love of truth, the keenest instinctive antipathy to hypocrisy, the happiest satirical gift of laughing it to scorn. His wit is wonderfully wise and detective; it flashes upon a rogue and lightens up a rascal like a policeman's lantern. He is one of the manliest and kindliest of human beings; in the midst of all his imperfections, he respects female innocence and infantine tenderness, as you would suppose such a great-hearted, courageous soul would respect and care for them. He could not be so brave, generous, truth-telling as he is, were he not infinitely

merciful, pitiful, and tender. He will give any man his purse—he can't help kindness and profusion. He may have low tastes, but not a mean mind; he admires with all his heart good and virtuous men, stoops to no flattery, bears no rancor, disdains all disloyal arts, does his public duty uprightly, is fondly loved by his family, and dies at his work.*

If that theory be—and I have no doubt it is—the right and safe one, that human nature is always pleased with the spectacle of innocence rescued by fidelity, purity, and courage; I suppose that of the heroes of Fielding's three novels, we should like honest Joseph Andrews the best, and Captain Booth the second, and Tom Jones the third.†

Joseph Andrews, though he wears Lady Booby's cast-off livery, is, I think, to the full as polite as Tom Jones in his fustian suit, or Captain Booth in regimentals. He has, like those heroes, large calves, broad shoulders, a high courage, and a handsome face. The accounts of Joseph's bravery and good qualities; his voice, too musical to halloo to the dogs; his bravery in riding races for the gentlemen of the county, and his constancy in refusing bribes and temptation, have something affecting in their *naïveté* and freshness, and prepossess one in favor of that handsome young hero. The rustic bloom of Fanny, and the delightful simplicity of Parson Adams, are described with a friendliness which wins the reader of their story; we part from them with more regret than from Booth and Jones.

Fielding, no doubt, began to write this novel in ridicule of 'Pamela,' for which work one can understand the hearty contempt and antipathy which such an athletic and boisterous genius as Fielding's must have entertained. He couldn't do otherwise than laugh at the puny Cockney bookseller, pouring out endless volumes of sentimental twaddle, and hold him up to scorn as a mollycoddle and a milksop. *His* genius had been nursed on sack posset, and not on dishes of tea. *His* Muse had sung the loudest in tavern choruses, had seen the daylight streaming in over thousands of emptied bowls, and reeled home to chambers on the shoulders of the watchman. Richardson's goddess was attended by old maids and dowagers, and fed on

* He sailed for Lisbon from Gravesend, on Sunday morning, June 30, 1754; and began 'The Journal of a Voyage,' during the passage. He died at Lisbon, in the beginning of October of the same year. He lies buried there, in the English Protestant churchyard, near the Estrella Church, with this inscription over him:

'HENRICUS FIELDING.
LUGET BRITANNIA GREMIO NON DATUM
FOVERE NATUM.'

† Fielding himself is said by Dr. Warton to have preferred 'Joseph Andrews' to his other writings.

muffins and bohea. 'Milksop!' roars Harry Fielding, clattering at the timid shop-shutters. 'Wretch! Monster! Mohock!' shrieks the sentimental author of 'Pamela'; * and all the ladies of his court cackle out an affrighted chorus. Fielding proposes to write a book in ridicule of the author, whom he disliked and utterly scorned and laughed at; but he is himself of so generous, jovial, and kindly a turn that he begins to like the characters which he invents, can't help making them manly and pleasant as well as ridiculous, and before he has done with them all, loves them heartily every one.

Richardson's sickening antipathy for Harry Fielding is quite as natural as the other's laughter and contempt at the sentimentalist. I have not learned that these likings and dislikings have ceased in the present day, and every author must lay his account not only to misrepresentation but to honest enmity among critics, and to being hated and abused for good as well as for bad reasons. Richardson disliked Fielding's works quite honestly; Walpole quite honestly spoke of them as vulgar and stupid. Their squeamish stomachs sickened at the rough fare and the rough guests assembled at Fielding's jolly revel. Indeed the cloth might have been cleaner: and the dinner and the company were scarce such as suited a dandy. The kind and wise old Johnson would not sit down with him.† But a greater scholar than Johnson could afford to admire that astonishing genius of Harry Fielding; and we all know the lofty panegyric which Gibbon wrote of him, and which remains a towering monument to the great novelist's memory. 'Our immortal Fielding,' Gibbon writes, 'was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh, who drew their origin from the Counts of Hapsburgh. The successors of Charles V. may disdain their brethren of England; but the romance of "Tom Jones," that exquisite picture of humor and manners, will outlive the palace of the Escurial and the Imperial eagle of Austria.'

There can be no gainsaying the sentence of this great judge. To have your name mentioned by Gibbon is like having it

* 'Richardson,' says worthy Mrs. Barbauld, in her Memoir of him, prefixed to his Correspondence, 'was exceedingly hurt at this ('Joseph Andrews'), the more so as they had been on good terms, and he was very intimate with Fielding's two sisters. He never appears cordially to have forgiven it (perhaps it was not in human nature he should), and he always speaks in his letters with a great deal of asperity of 'Tom Jones,' more indeed than was quite graceful in a rival author. No doubt he himself thought his indignation was sorely excited by the loose morality of the work and of its author, but he could tolerate Cibber.'

† It must always be borne in mind, that besides that the Doctor couldn't be expected to like Fielding's wild life (to say nothing of the fact that they were of opposite sides in politics), Richardson was one of his earliest and kindest friends. Yet Johnson too (as Boswell tells us) read 'Amelia' through without stopping.

written on the dome of St. Peter's. Pilgrims from all the world admire and behold it.

As a picture of manners, the novel of 'Tom Jones' is indeed exquisite; as a work of construction quite a wonder: the by-play of wisdom, the power of observation, the multiplied felicitous turns and thoughts, the varied character of the great Comic Epic, keep the reader in a perpetual admiration and curiosity.* But against Mr. Thomas Jones himself we have a right to put in a protest, and quarrel with the esteem the author evidently has for that character. Charles Lamb says finely of Jones that a single hearty laugh from him 'clears the air'—but then it is in a certain state of the atmosphere. It might clear the air when such personages as Blifil or Lady Bellaston poison it. But I fear very much that (except until the very last scene of the story) when Mr. Jones enters Sophia's drawing room, the pure air there is rather tainted with the young gentleman's tobacco pipe and punch. I can't say that I think Mr. Jones a virtuous character; I can't say but that I think Fielding's evident liking and admiration for Mr. Jones show that the great humorist's moral sense was blunted by his life, and that here, in art and ethics, there is a great error. If it is right to have a hero whom we may admire, let us at least take care that he is admirable; if, as is the plan of some authors (a plan decidedly against their interests, be it said), it is propounded that there exists in life no such being, and therefore that in novels, the picture of life, there should appear no such character; then Mr. Thomas Jones becomes an admissible person, and we examine his defects and good qualities as we do those of Parson Thwackum, or Miss Seagrim. But a hero with a flawed reputation; a hero sponging for a guinea; a hero who can't pay his landlady, and is obliged to let his honor out to hire, is absurd, and his claim to heroic rank untenable. I protest against Mr. Thomas Jones holding such rank at all. I protest even against his being considered a more than ordinary young fellow, ruddy-cheeked, broad-shouldered, and fond of

* 'Manners change from generation to generation, and with manners morals appear to change—actually change with some, but appear to change with all but the abandoned. A young man of the present day who should act as Tom Jones is supposed to act at Upton, with Lady Bellaston, etc., would not be a Tom Jones; and a Tom Jones of the present day, without perhaps being in the ground a better man, would have perished rather than submit to be kept by a harridan of fortune. Therefore, this novel is, and indeed pretends to be, no example of conduct. But, notwithstanding all this, I do loathe the cant which can recommend "Pamela" and "Clarissa Harlowe" as strictly moral, although they poison the imagination of the young with continued doses of *tinct. lyttæ*, while Tom Jones is prohibited as loose. I do not speak of young women; but a young man whose heart or feelings can be injured, or even his passions excited by this novel, is already thoroughly corrupt. There is a cheerful, sunshiny, breezy spirit, that prevails everywhere, strongly contrasted with the close, hot, day-dreamy continuity of Richardson.'—COLERIDGE: *Literary Remains*, vol. ii. p. 374.

wine and pleasure. He would not rob a church, but that is all; and a pretty long argument may be debated, as to which of these old types, the spendthrift, the hypocrite, Jones and Blifil, Charles and Joseph Surface—is the worst member of society and the most deserving of censure. The prodigal Captain Booth is a better man than his predecessor Mr. Jones, in so far as he thinks much more humbly of himself than Jones did; goes down on his knees, and owns his weaknesses, and cries out, 'Not for my sake, but for the sake of my pure and sweet and beautiful wife Amelia, I pray you, oh, critical reader, to forgive me.' That stern moralist regards him from the bench (the judge's practice out of court is not here the question), and says, 'Captain Booth, it is perfectly true that your life has been disreputable, and that on many occasions you have shown yourself to be no better than a scamp—you have been tippling at the tavern, when the kindest and sweetest lady in the world has cooked your little supper of boiled mutton and awaited you all the night; you have spoilt the little dish of boiled mutton thereby, and caused pangs and pains to Amelia's tender heart.* You have got into debt without the means of paying it. You have gambled the money with which you ought to have paid your rent. You have spent in drink or in worse amusements the sums which your poor wife has raised upon her little home treasures, her own ornaments, and the toys of her children. But, you rascal! you own humbly that you are no better than you should be; you never for one moment pretend that you are anything but a miserable weak-minded rogue. You do in your heart adore that angelic woman, your wife, and for her sake, sirrah, you shall have your discharge.

* 'Nor was she (Lady Mary Wortley Montagu) a stranger to that beloved first wife, whose picture he drew in his "Amelia," when, as she said, even the glowing language he knew how to employ, did not do more than justice to the amiable qualities of the original, or to her beauty, although this had suffered a little from the accident related in the novel—a frightful overturn, which destroyed the gristle of her nose. He loved her passionately, and she returned his affection. . .

'His biographers seem to have been shy of disclosing that, after the death of this charming woman, he married her maid. And yet the act was not so discreditable to his character as it may sound. The maid had few personal charms, but was an excellent creature, devotedly attached to her mistress, and almost broken-hearted for her loss. In the first agonies of his own grief, which approached to frenzy, he found no relief but from weeping along with her; nor solace when a degree calmer, but in talking to her of the angel they mutually regretted. This made her his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. At least this was what he told his friends; and it is certain that her conduct as his wife confirmed it, and fully justified his good opinion.'—*Letters and Works of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.* Edited by Lord WHARNECLIFFE. *Introductory Anecdotes,* vol. i. pp. 80, 81.

Fielding's first wife was Miss Craddock, a young lady from Salisbury, with a fortune of 1500*l.*, whom he married in 1736. About the same time he succeeded, himself, to an estate of 200*l.* per annum, and on the joint amount he lived for some time as a splendid country gentleman in Dorsetshire. Three years brought him to the end of his fortune; when he returned to London and became a student of law.

Lucky for you, and for others like you, that in spite of your failings and imperfections, pure hearts pity and love you. For your wife's sake you are permitted to go hence without a reprimand; and I beg you, by the way, to carry to that angelical lady the expression of the cordial respect and admiration of this court.' Amelia pleads for her husband, Will Booth: Amelia pleads for her reckless kindly old father, Harry Fielding. To have invented that character is not only a triumph of art, but it is a good action. They say it was in his own home that Fielding knew her and loved her; and from his own wife that he drew the most charming character in English fiction. Fiction! why fiction? why not history? I know Amelia just as well as Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. I believe in Colonel Bath almost as much as in Colonel Gardiner or the Duke of Cumberland. I admire the author of 'Amelia,' and thank the kind master who introduced me to that sweet and delightful companion and friend. 'Amelia' perhaps is not a better story than 'Tom Jones,' but it has the better ethics; the prodigal repents at least, before forgiveness—whereas that odious broad-backed Mr. Jones carries off his beauty with scarce an interval of remorse for his manifold errors and shortcomings; and is not half punished enough before the great prize of fortune and love falls to his share. I am angry with Jones. Too much of the plum cake and rewards of life fall to that boisterous, swaggering young scapegrace. Sophia actually surrenders without a proper sense of decorum; the fond, foolish, palpitating little creature! 'Indeed, Mr. Jones,' she says, 'it rests with you to appoint the day.' I suppose Sophia is drawn from life as well as Amelia; and many a young fellow, no better than Mr. Thomas Jones, has carried by a *coup de main* the heart of many a kind girl who is a great deal too good for him.

What a wonderful art! What an admirable gift of nature was it by which the author of these tales was endowed, and which enabled him to fix our interest, to waken our sympathy, to seize upon our credulity, so that we believe in his people—speculate gravely upon their faults or their excellences, prefer this one or that, deplore Jones' fondness for drink and play, Booth's fondness for play and drink, and the unfortunate position of the wives of both gentlemen—love and admire those ladies with all our hearts, and talk about them as faithfully as if we had breakfasted with them this morning in their actual drawing rooms or should meet them this afternoon in the Park! What a genius! what a vigor! what a bright-eyed intelligence and observation! what a

wholesome hatred for meanness and knavery! what a vast sympathy! what a cheerfulness! what a manly relish of life! what a love of human kind! what a poet is here!—watching, meditating, brooding, creating! What multitudes of truths has that man left behind him! What generations he has taught to laugh wisely and fairly! What scholars he has formed and accustomed to the exercise of thoughtful humor and the manly play of wit! What a courage he had! What a dauntless and constant cheerfulness of intellect, that burned bright and steady through all the storms of his life, and never deserted its last wreck! It is wonderful to think of the pains and misery which the man suffered; the pressure of want, illness, remorse which he endured; and that the writer was neither malignant nor melancholy, his view of truth never warped, and his generous human kindness never surrendered.*

* In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1786, an anecdote is related of Harry Fielding, 'in whom,' says the correspondent, 'good nature and philanthropy in their extreme degree were known to be the prominent features.' It seems that 'some parochial taxes' for his house in Beaufort Buildings had long been demanded by the collector. 'At last, Harry went off to Johnson, and obtained by a process of literary mortgage the needful sum. He was returning with it, when he met an old college chum whom he had not seen for many years. He asked the chum to dinner with him at a neighboring tavern; and learning that he was in difficulties, emptied the contents of his pocket into his. On returning home he was informed that the collector had been twice for the money. "Friendship has called for the money and had it," said Fielding; "let the collector call again."'

It is elsewhere told of him that being in company with the Earl of Denbigh, his kinsman, and the conversation turning upon their relationship, the earl asked him how it was that he spelled his name 'Fielding,' and not 'Feilding,' like the head of the house? 'I cannot tell, my lord,' said he, 'except it be that my branch of the family were the first that knew how to spell.'

In 1748 he was made Justice of the Peace for Westminster and Middlesex, an office then paid by fees, and very laborious, without being particularly reputable. It may be seen from his own words, in the Introduction to the 'Voyage,' what kind of work devolved upon him, and in what a state he was during these last years; and still more clearly, how he comported himself through all.

'While I was preparing for my journey, and when I was almost fatigued to death, with several long examinations, relating to five different murders, all committed within the space of a week, by different gangs of street-robbers, I received a message from his Grace the Duke of Newcastle, by Mr. Carrington, the King's messenger, to attend his Grace the next morning in Lincoln's Inn Fields, upon some business of importance; but I excused myself from complying with the message, as besides being lame, I was very ill with the great fatigues I had lately undergone, added to my distemper.

'His Grace, however, sent Mr. Carrington the very next morning, with another summons; with which, though in the utmost distress, I immediately complied; but the duke happening, unfortunately for me, to be then particularly engaged, after I had waited some time, sent a gentleman to discourse with me on the best plan which could be invented for these murders and robberies, which were every day committed in the streets; upon which I promised to transmit my opinion in writing to his Grace, who, as the gentleman informed me, intended to lay it before the Privy Council.

'Though this visit cost me a severe cold, I, notwithstanding, set myself down to work, and in about four days sent the duke as regular a plan as I could form, with all the reasons and arguments I could bring to support it, drawn out on several sheets of paper; and soon received a message from the duke, by Mr. Carrington, acquainting me that my plan was highly approved of, and that all the terms of it would be complied with.

'The principal and most material of these terms was the immediately depositing 600*l*. in my hands; at which small charge I undertook to demolish the then reigning gangs, and to put the civil policy into such order, that no such gangs should ever be able for the future to form themselves into bodies, or at least to remain any time formidable to the public.

In the quarrel mentioned before, which happened on Fielding's last voyage to Lisbon, and when the stout captain of the ship fell down on his knees and asked the sick man's pardon—'I did not suffer,' Fielding says, in his hearty, manly way, his eyes lighting up as it were with their old fire—'I did not suffer a brave man and an old man to remain a moment in that posture, but immediately forgave him.' Indeed, I think, with his noble spirit and unconquerable generosity, Fielding reminds one of those brave men of whom one reads in stories of English shipwrecks and disasters—of the officer on the African shore, when disease has destroyed the crew, and he himself is seized by fever, who throws the lead with a death-stricken hand, takes the soundings, carries the ship out of the river or off the dangerous coast, and dies in the manly endeavor—of the wounded captain, when the vessel founders, who never loses his heart, who eyes the danger steadily, and has a cheery word for all, until the inevitable fate overwhelms him, and the gallant ship goes down. Such a brave and gentle heart, such an intrepid and courageous spirit, I love to recognize in the manly, the English Harry Fielding.

STERNE AND GOLDSMITH.

Roger Sterne, Sterne's father, was the second son of a numerous race, descendants of Richard Sterne, Archbishop of York, in the reign of James II.; and children of Simon Sterne and Mary Jaques, his wife, heiress of Elvington, near York.* Roger was a lieutenant in Handyside's regiment, and engaged in Flanders in Queen Anne's wars. He married the daughter of a noted sutler—'N. B., he was in debt to him,' his son writes, pursuing the paternal biography—and marched through the world with this companion; she following the regiment

'I had delayed my Bath journey for some time, contrary to the repeated advice of my physical acquaintances and the ardent desire of my warmest friends, though my distemper was now turned to a deep jaundice; in which case the Bath waters are generally reputed to be almost infallible. But I had the most eager desire to demolish this gang of villains and cut-throats. . .

'After some weeks the money was paid at the Treasury, and within a few days after 200*l*. of it had come into my hands, the whole gang of cut-throats was entirely dispersed. . .'

Further on, he says:

'I will confess that my private affairs at the beginning of the winter had but a gloomy aspect: for I had not plundered the public or the poor of those sums which men, who are always ready to plunder both as much as they can, have been pleased to suspect me of taking; on the contrary, by composing, instead of inflaming, the quarrels of porters and beggars (which I blush when I say hath not been universally practiced), and by refusing to take a shilling from a man who most undoubtedly would not have had another left, I had reduced an income of about 500*l*. a year of the dirtiest money upon earth, to little more than 300*l*., a considerable portion of which remained with my clerk.'

* He came of a Suffolk family—one of whom settled in Nottinghamshire. The famous 'starling' was actually the family crest.

and bringing many children to poor Roger Sterne. The captain was an irascible but kind and simple little man, Sterne says, and informs us that his sire was run through the body at Gibraltar, by a brother officer, in a duel which arose out of a dispute about a goose. Roger never entirely recovered from the effects of this rencounter, but died presently at Jamaica, whither he had followed the drum.

Laurence, his second child, was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, in 1713, and traveled, for the first ten years of his life, on his father's march, from barrack to transport, from Ireland to England.*

One relative of his mother's took her and her family under shelter for ten months at Mullingar; another collateral descendant of the archbishop's housed them for a year at his castle near Carrickfergus. Larry Sterne was put to school at Halifax in England, finally was adopted by his kinsman of Elvington, and parted company with his father, the captain, who marched on his path of life till he met the fatal goose which closed his career. The most picturesque and delightful parts of Laurence Sterne's writings, we owe to his recollections of the military life. Trim's montero cap, and Le Fevre's sword, and dear Uncle Toby's roquelaure, are doubtless reminiscences of the boy, who had lived with the followers of William and Marlborough, and had beat time with his little feet to the fifes of Ramillies in Dublin barrack-yard, or played with the torn flags and halberts of Malplaquet on the parade ground at Clonmel.

Laurence remained at Halifax school till he was eighteen years old. His wit and cleverness appear to have acquired the respect of his master here; for when the usher whipped Laurence for writing his name on the newly whitewashed schoolroom ceiling, the pedagogue in chief rebuked the understrapper, and said that the name should never be effaced, for Sterne was a boy of genius, and would come to preferment.

His cousin, the Squire of Elvington, sent Sterne to Jesus College, Cambridge, where he remained five years, and taking orders, got, through his uncle's interest, the living of Sutton and the prebendary of York. Through his wife's connections he got the living of Stillington. He married her in 1741; having ardently courted the young lady for some years previously. It was not until the young lady fancied herself dying, that she made Sterne acquainted with the extent of her liking

*'It was in this parish (of Animo, in Wicklow), during our stay, that I had that wonderful escape in falling through a mi'l-race, whilst the mill was going, and of being taken up unhurt; the story is incredible, but known for truth in all that part of Ireland, where hundreds of the common people flocked to see me.'—STERNE.

for him. One evening when he was sitting with her, with an almost broken heart to see her so ill (the Rev. Mr. Sterne's heart was a good deal broken in the course of his life), she said—'My dear Laurey, I never can be yours, for I verily believe I have not long to live; but I have left you every shilling of my fortune'—a generosity which overpowered Sterne. She recovered; and so they were married, and grew heartily tired of each other before many years were over. 'Nescio quid est materia cum me,' Sterne writes to one of his friends (in dog-Latin, and very sad dog-Latin too); 'sed sum fatigatus et ægrotus de mea uxore plus quam unquam;' which means, I am sorry to say, 'I don't know what is the matter with me; but I am more tired and sick of my wife than ever.'*

This to be sure was five-and-twenty years after Laurey had been overcome by her generosity and she by Laurey's love. Then he wrote to her of the delights of marriage, saying, 'We will be as merry and as innocent as our first parents in Paradise, before the archfiend entered that indescribable scene. The kindest affections will have room to expand in our retirement: let the human tempest and hurricane rage at a distance, the desolation is beyond the horizon of peace. My L. has seen a polyanthus blow in December? Some friendly wall has sheltered it from the biting wind. No planetary influence shall reach us, but that which presides and cherishes the sweetest flowers. The gloomy family of care and distrust shall be banished from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity. We will sing our choral songs of gratitude and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage. Adieu, my L. Return to one who languishes for thy society! As I take up my pen, my poor pulse quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down on my paper as I trace the word L.'

And it is about this woman, with whom he finds no fault but that she bores him, that our philanthropist writes, 'Sum fatigatus et ægrotus'—*Sum mortaliter in amore* with somebody else! That fine flower of love, that polyanthus over which Sterne sniveled so many tears, could not last for a quarter of a century!

Or rather it could not be expected that a gentleman with such a fountain at command should keep it to *arroser* one homely old lady, when a score of younger and prettier people

* 'My wife returns to Toulouse, and proposes to pass the summer at Bignaères. I, on the contrary, go and visit my wife, the church, in Yorkshire. We all live the longer, at least the happier, for having things our own way; this is my conjugal maxim. I own 'tis not the best of maxims, but I maintain 'tis not the worst.'—STERNE'S *Letters; 20th January*, 1764.

might be refreshed from the same gushing source.* It was in December, 1767, that the Rev. Laurence Sterne, the famous Shandean, the charming Yorick, the delight of the fashionable world, the delicious divine, for whose sermons the whole polite world was subscribing,† the occupier of Rabelais' easy-chair, only fresh stuffed and more elegant than when in possession of the cynical old curate of Meudon ‡—the more than

* In a collection of 'Seven Letters by Sterne and his Friends' (printed for private circulation in 1844), is a letter of M. Tollot, who was in France with Sterne and his family in 1764. Here is a paragraph:

'Nous arrivâmes le lendemain à Montpellier, où nous trouvâmes notre ami Mr. Sterne, sa femme, sa fille, Mr. Huet, et quelques autres Anglaises. J'eus, je vous l'avoue, beaucoup de plaisir en revoyant le bon et agréable Tristram. . . Il avait été assez longtemps à Toulouse, où il se serait amusé sans sa femme, qui le poursuivit partout, et qui voulait être de tout. Ces dispositions dans cette bonne dame lui ont fait passer d'assez mauvais momens; il supporte tous ces désagrémens avec une patience d'ange.'

About four months after this very characteristic letter Sterne wrote to the same gentleman to whom Tollot had written; and from his letter we may extract a companion paragraph:

'. . . All which being premised, I have been for eight weeks smitten with the tenderest passion that ever tender wight underwent. I wish, dear cousin, thou could'st conceive (perhaps thou canst without my wishing it) how deliciously I cantered away with it the first month, two up, two down, always upon my *hanches*, along the streets from my hotel to hers—at first once, then twice, then three times a day, till at length I was within an ace of setting up my hobby-horse in her stable for good and all. I might as well, considering how the enemies of the Lord have blasphemed thereupon. The last three weeks we were every hour upon the doleful ditty of parting; and thou may'st conceive, dear cousin, how it altered my gait and air: for I went and came like any louden'd carl, and did nothing but *jouer des sentimens* with her from sun-rising even to the setting of the same; and now she is gone to the south of France; and to finish the comédie, I fell ill, and broke a vessel in my lungs, and half bled to death. Voilà mon histoire!'

Whether husband or wife had most of the '*patience d'ange*' may be uncertain; but there can be no doubt which needed it most!

† '"Tristram Shandy" is still a greater object of admiration, the man as well as the book: one is invited to dinner, where he dines, a fortnight before. As to the volumes yet published, there is much good fun in them and humor sometimes hit and sometimes missed. Have you read his "Sermons,' with his own comic figure, from a painting by Reynolds, at the head of them? They are in the style I think most proper for the pulpit, and show a strong imagination and a sensible heart; but you see him often tottering on the verge of laughter, and ready to throw his periwig in the face of the audience.'—GRAY's *Letters*: *June* 22, 1790.

'It having been observed that there was little hospitality in London—Johnson: "Nay, sir, any man who has a name, or who has the power of pleasing, will be very generally invited in London. The man, Sterne, I have been told, has had engagements for three months." Goldsmith: "And a very dull fellow." Johnson: "Why no, sir."' BOSWELL's *Life of Johnson*.

'Her [Miss Monckton's] vivacity enchanted the sage, and they used to talk together with all imaginable ease. A singular instance happened one evening, when she insisted that some of Sterne's writings were very pathetic. Johnson bluntly denied it. "I am sure," said she, "they have affected me." "Why," said Johnson, smiling and rolling himself about—"that is, because, dearest, you're a dunce." When she some time afterward mentioned this to him, he said with equal truth and politeness, "Madam, if I had thought so, I certainly should not have said it."'—*Ibid.*

‡ A passage or two from Sterne's 'Sermons' may not be without interest here. Is not the following, leveled against the cruelties of the Church of Rome, stamped with the autograph of the author of the 'Sentimental Journey'?

'To be convinced of this, go with me for a moment into the prisons of the Inquisition—behold *religion* with mercy and justice chained down under her feet—there, sitting ghastly upon a black tribunal, propped up with racks and instruments of torment—Hark!—what a piteous groan!—See the melancholy wretch who uttered it, just brought forth to undergo the anguish of a mock trial, and endure the utmost pain that a studied system of *religious cruelty* has been able to invent. Behold this helpless victim delivered up to his tormentors. *His body so wasted with sorrow and long confinement, you'll see every nerve and muscle as it suffers.*—Observe the last movement of that

rival of the Dean of St. Patrick's wrote the above-quoted respectable letter to his friend in London: and it was in April of the same year that he was pouring out his fond heart to Mrs. Elizabeth Draper, wife of 'Daniel Draper, Esq., Councilor of Bombay, and, in 1775, chief of the factory of Surat—a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe.'

'I got thy letter last night, Eliza,' Sterne writes, 'on my return from Lord Bathurst's, where I dined'—(the letter has this merit in it, that it contains a pleasant reminiscence of better men than Sterne, and introduces us to a portrait of a kind old gentleman)—'I got thy letter last night, Eliza, on my return from Lord Bathurst's; and where I was heard—as I talked of thee an hour without intermission—with so much pleasure and attention that the good old lord toasted your health three different times; and now he is in his 85th year, says he hopes to live long enough to be introduced as a friend to my fair Indian disciple, and to see her eclipse all other Nabobesses as much in wealth as she does already in exterior and, what is far better' (for Sterne is nothing without his morality), 'in interior merit. This nobleman is an old friend of mine. You know he was always the protector of men of wit and genius, and has had those of the last century, Addison, Steele, Pope, Swift, Prior, etc., always at his table. The manner in which his notice began of me was as singular as it was polite. He came up to me one day as I was at the Princess of Wales' court, and said, "I want to know you, Mr. Sterne, but it is fit you also should know who

horrid engine.—What convulsions it has thrown him into! Consider the nature of the posture in which he now lies stretched.—What exquisite torture he endures by it.—'Tis all nature can bear.—Good GOD! see how it keeps his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips, willing to take its leave, but not suffered to depart. Behold the unhappy wretch led back to his cell—dragg'd out of it again to meet the flames—and the insults in his last agonies, which this principle—this principle, that there can be religion without morality—has prepared for him.'—*Sermon 27th.*

The next extract is preached on a text to be found in Judges xix. vv. 1, 2, 3, concerning a 'certain Levite':

'Such a one the Levite wanted to share his solitude and fill up that uncomfortable blank in the heart in such a situation; for, notwithstanding all we meet with in books, in many of which, no doubt, there are a good many handsome things said upon the sweets of retirement, etc. . . yet still 'it *is not good for man to be alone*,' nor can all which the cold-hearted pedant stuns our ears with upon the subject, ever give one answer of satisfaction to the mind; in the midst of the loudest vauntings of philosophy, nature will have her yearnings for society and friendship: a good heart wants some object to be kind to—and the best parts of our blood, and the purest of our spirits, suffer most under the destitution.

'Let the torpid monk seek Heaven comfortless and alone. God speed him! For my own part, I fear I should never so find the way: *let me be wise and religious, but let me be* MAN; wherever thy Providence places me or whatever be the road I take to Thee, give me some companion in my journey, be it only to remark to, "How our shadows lengthen as our sun goes down";—to whom I may say, "How fresh is the face of nature! how sweet the flowers of the field! how delicious are these fruits!"' —*Sermon 18th.*

The first of these passages gives us another drawing of the famous 'Captive.' The second shows that the same reflection was suggested to the Rev. Laurence by a text in Judges as by the *fille-de-chambre.*

Sterne's Sermons were published as those of 'Mr. Yorick.'

it is that wishes this pleasure. You have heard of an old Lord Bathurst, of whom your Popes and Swifts have sung and spoken so much? I have lived my life with geniuses of that cast, but have survived them; and despairing ever to find their equals, it is some years since I have shut up my books and closed my accounts; but you have kindled a desire in me of opening them once more before I die; which I now do; so go home and dine with me." This nobleman, I say, is a prodigy, for he has all the wit and promptness of a man of thirty; a disposition to be pleased, and a power to please others, beyond whatever I knew; added to which a man of learning, courtesy, and feeling.

'He heard me talk of thee, Eliza, with uncommon satisfaction—for there was only a third person, *and of sensibility*, with us; and a most sentimental afternoon till nine o'clock have we passed! * But thou, Eliza, wert the star that conducted and enlivened the discourse! And when I talked not of thee, still didst thou fill my mind, and warm every thought I uttered, for I am not ashamed to acknowledge I greatly miss thee. Best of all good girls!—the sufferings I have sustained all night in consequence of thine, Eliza, are beyond the power of words. . . . And so thou hast fixed thy Bramin's portrait over thy writing desk, and wilt consult it in all doubts and difficulties?—Grateful and good girl! Yorick smiles contentedly over all thou dost: his picture does not do justice to his own complacency. I am glad your shipmates are friendly beings' (Eliza was at Deal, going back to the Councilor at Bombay, and indeed it was high time she should be off). 'You could least dispense with what is contrary to your own nature, which is soft and gentle, Eliza; it would civilize savages—though pity were it thou should'st be tainted with the office. Write to me, my child, thy delicious letters. Let them speak the easy carelessness of a heart that opens itself anyhow, everyhow. Such, Eliza, I write to thee!' (The artless rogue, of course he did!) 'And so I should ever love thee, most artlessly, most affectionately, if Providence permitted thy residence in the

* 'I am glad that you are in love; 'twill cure you at least of the spleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman. I myself must ever have some Dulcinia in my head; it harmonizes the soul; and in these cases I first endeavor to make the lady believe so, or rather, I begin first to make myself believe that I am in love; but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, sentimentally: "*L'amour*," say they, "*n'est rien sans sentiment*." Now, notwithstanding they make such a pother about the *word*, they have no precise idea annexed to it. And so much for that same subject called love.'—STERNE'S *Letters; May* 23, 1765.

'P. S. My "Sentimental Journey" will please Mrs. J—— and my Lydia [his daughter, afterward Mrs. Medalle]—'I can answer' for those two. It is a subject which works well, and suits the frame of mind I have been in for some time past. I told you my design in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow creatures better than we do—so it runs most upon those gentler passions and affections which aid so much to it.'—*Letters* [1767].

same section of the globe: for I am all that honor and affection can make me "THY BRAMIN."'

The Bramin continues addressing Mrs. Draper until the departure of the *Earl of Chatham* Indiaman from Deal, on the 2d of April, 1767. He is amiably anxious about the fresh paint for Eliza's cabin; he is uncommonly solicitous about her companions on board. I fear the best of your shipmates are only genteel by comparison with the contrasted crew with which thou beholdest them. So was—you know who—from the same fallacy which was put upon your judgment when—but I will not mortify you!'

'You know who' was, of course, Daniel Draper, Esq., of Bombay—a gentleman very much respected in that quarter of the globe, and about whose probable health our worthy Bramin writes with delightful candor:

'I honor you, Eliza, for keeping secret some things which, if explained, had been a panegyric on yourself. There is a dignity in venerable affliction which will not allow it to appeal to the world for pity or redress. Well have you supported that character, my amiable, my philosophic friend! And, indeed, I begin to think you have as many virtues as my Uncle Toby's widow. Talking of widows—pray, Eliza, if ever you are such, do not think of giving yourself to some wealthy Nabob, because I design to marry you myself. My wife cannot live long, and I know not the woman I should like so well for her substitute as yourself. 'Tis true I am ninety-five in constitution, and you but twenty-five; but what I want in youth, I will make up in wit and good humor. Not Swift so loved his Stella, Scarron his Maintenon, or Waller his Saccharissa. Tell me, in answer to this, that you approve and honor the proposal.'

Approve and honor the proposal! The coward was writing gay letters to his friends this while, with sneering allusions to this poor foolish *Bramine*. Her ship was not out of the Downs, and the charming Sterne was at the Mount Coffeehouse, with a sheet of gilt-edged paper before him, offering that precious treasure his heart to Lady P——, asking whether it gave her pleasure to see him unhappy? whether it added to her triumph that her eyes and lips had turned a man into a fool?—quoting the Lord's Prayer, with a horrible baseness of blasphemy, as a proof that he had desired not to be led into temptation, and swearing himself the most tender and sincere fool in the world. It was from his home at Coxwould that he wrote the Latin letter, which, I suppose, he was ashamed to put into English. I find, in my copy of the Letters, that there is a note

of I can't call it admiration, at Letter 112, which seems to announce that there was a No. 3 to whom the wretched worn-out old scamp was paying his addresses;* and the year after, having come back to his lodgings in Bond Street, with his 'Sentimental Journey' to launch upon the town, eager as ever for praise and pleasure—as vain, as wicked, as witty, as false as he had ever been—death at length seized the feeble wretch, and, on the 18th of March, 1768, that 'bale of cadaverous goods,' as he calls his body, was consigned to Pluto.† In his last letter there is one sign of grace—the real affection with which he entreats a friend to be a guardian to his daughter Lydia. All his letters to her are artless, kind, affectionate, and *not* sentimental; as a hundred pages in his writings are beautiful, and full, not of surprising humor merely, but of genuine love and kindness. A perilous trade, indeed, is that of a man who has to bring his tears and laughter, his recollections, his personal griefs and joys, his private thoughts and feelings to market, to write them on paper, and sell them for money. Does he exaggerate his grief, so as to get his reader's pity for a false sensibility? feign indignation, so as to establish a charac-

* 'To Mrs. H——.

'Coxwould, November 15, 1767.

'Now be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute those commissions well, and when I see you I will give you a kiss—there's for you! But I have something else for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my "Sentimental Journey," which shall make you cry as much as it has affected me, or I will give up the business of sentimental writing. . . 'I am yours, etc., etc.,

'T. Shandy.'

'To the Earl of ——.

'Coxwould, November 28, 1767.

'My Lord: 'Tis with the greatest pleasure I take my pen to thank your lordship for your letter of inquiry about Yorick; he was worn out, both his spirits and body, with the "Sentimental Journey." 'Tis true, then, an author must feel himself, or his reader will not; but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings; I believe the brain stands as much in need of recruiting as the body. Therefore I shall set out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myself a week at York. I might indeed solace myself with my wife (who is come from France); but, in fact, I have long been a sentimental being, whatever your lordship may think to the contrary.'

† 'In February, 1768, Laurence Sterne, his frame exhausted by long debilitating illness, expired at his lodgings in Bond Street, London. There was something in the manner of his death singularly resembling the particulars detailed by *Mrs. Quickly* as attending that of *Falstaff*, the compeer of *Yorick* for infinite jest, however unlike in other particulars. As he lay on his bed totally exhausted, he complained that his feet were cold, and requested the female attendant to chafe them. She did so, and it seemed to relieve him. He complained that the cold came up higher; and while the assistant was in the act of chafing his ankles and legs, he expired without a groan. It was also remarkable that his death took place much in the manner which he himself had wished; and that the last offices were rendered him, not in his own house, or by the hand of kindred affection, but in an inn, and by strangers.

'We are well acquainted with Sterne's features and personal appearance, to which he himself frequently alludes. He was tall and thin, with a hectic and consumptive appearance.'—Sir Walter Scott.

'It is known that Sterne died in hired lodgings, and I have been told that his attendants robbed him even of his gold sleeve buttons while he was expiring.'—Dr. Ferriar.

'He died at No. 41 (now a cheesemonger's) on the west side of Old Bond Street.' —*Handbook of London.*

ter for virtue? elaborate repartees, so that he may pass for a wit? steal from other authors, and put down the theft to the credit side of his own reputation for ingenuity and learning? feign originality? affect benevolence or misanthropy? appeal to the gallery gods with claptraps and vulgar baits to catch applause?

How much of the paint and emphasis is necessary for the fair business of the stage, and how much of the rant and rouge is put on for the vanity of the actor. His audience trusts him; can he trust himself? How much was deliberate calculation and imposture—how much was false sensibility—and how much true feeling? Where did the lie begin, and did he know where? and where did the truth end in the art and scheme of this man of genius, this actor, this quack? Some time since I was in the company of a French actor, who began after dinner, and at his own request, to sing French songs of the sort called *des chansons grivoises*, and which he performed admirably, and to the dissatisfaction of most persons present. Having finished these, he commenced a sentimental ballad—it was so charmingly sung that it touched all present, and especially the singer himself whose voice trembled, whose eyes filled with emotion, and who was sniveling and weeping quite genuine tears by the time his own ditty was over. I suppose Sterne had this artistical sensibility; he used to blubber perpetually in his study, and finding his tears infectious, and that they brought him a great popularity, he exercised the lucrative gift of weeping; he utilized it, and cried on every occasion. I own that I don't value or respect much the cheap dribble of those fountains. He fatigues me with his perpetual disquiet and his uneasy appeals to my risible or sentimental faculties. He is always looking in my face, watching his effect, uncertain whether I think him an impostor or not; posture-making, coaxing, and imploring me. 'See what sensibility I have—own now that I'm very clever—do cry now, you can't resist this.' The humor of Swift and Rabelais, whom he pretended to succeed, poured from them as naturally as song does from a bird; they lose no manly dignity with it, but laugh their hearty great laugh out of their broad chests as nature bade them. But this man—who can make you laugh, who can make you cry too—never lets his reader alone, or will permit his audience repose; when you are quiet, he fancies he must rouse you, and turns over head and heels, or sidles up and whispers a nasty story. The man is a great jester, not a great humorist. He goes to work systematically and of cold blood; paints his face, puts on

his ruff and motley clothes, and lays down his carpet and tumbles on it.

For instance, take the 'Sentimental Journey,' and see in the writer the deliberate propensity to make points and seek applause. He gets to Dessein's Hotel, he wants a carriage to travel to Paris, he goes to the innyard, and begins what the actors call 'business' at once. There is that little carriage (the *désobligeante*). 'Four months had elapsed since it had finished its career of Europe in the corner of M. Dessein's coachyard, and having sallied out thence but a vamped-up business at first, though it had been twice taken to pieces on Mount Cennis, it had not profited much by its adventures, but by none so little as the standing so many months unpitied in the corner of M. Dessein's coachyard. Much, indeed, was not to be said for it—but something might—and when a few words will rescue misery out of her distress, I hate the man who can be a churl of them.'

Le tour est fait! Paillasse has tumbled! Paillasse has jumped over the *désobligeante*, cleared it, hood and all, and bows to the noble company. Does anybody believe that is a real Sentiment? that this luxury of generosity, this gallant rescue of Misery—out of an old cab, is genuine feeling? It is as genuine as the virtuous oratory of Joseph Surface when he begins, 'The man who,' etc., etc., and wishes to pass off for a saint with his credulous good-humored dupes.

Our friend purchases the carriage; after turning that notorious old monk to good account, and effecting (like a soft and good-natured Paillasse as he was, and very free with his money when he had it) an exchange of snuffboxes with the old Franciscan, jogs out of Calais; sets down in immense figures on the credit side of his account the sous he gives away to the Montreuil beggars; and, at Nampont, gets out of the chaise and whimpers over that famous dead donkey, for which any sentimentalist may cry who will. It is agreeably and skillfully done—that dead jackass. Like M. de Soubise's cook on the campaign, Sterne dresses it, and serves it up quite tender and with a very piquante sauce. But tears, and fine feelings, and a white pocket-handkerchief, and a funeral sermon, and horses and feathers, and a procession of mutes, and a hearse with a dead donkey inside! Pshaw, mountebank! I'll not give thee one penny more for that trick, donkey and all!

This donkey had appeared once before with signal effect. In 1765, three years before the publication of the 'Sentimental Journey,' the seventh and eighth volumes of 'Tristram

Shandy' were given to the world, and the famous Lyons donkey makes his entry in those volumes (pp. 315, 316):

''Twas by a poor ass, with a couple of large panniers at his back, who had just turned in to collect eleemosynary turnip-tops and cabbage-leaves, and stood dubious, with his two fore-feet at the inside of the threshold, and with his two hinder feet toward the street, as not knowing very well whether he was to go in or no.

'Now 'tis an animal (be in what hurry I may) I cannot bear to strike; there is a patient endurance of suffering wrote so unaffectedly in his looks and carriage which pleads so mightily for him, that it always disarms me, and to that degree that I do not like to speak unkindly to him: on the contrary, meet him where I will, whether in town or country, in cart or under panniers, whether in liberty or bondage, I have ever something civil to say to him on my part; and, as one word begets another (if he has as little to do as I), I generally fall into conversation with him; and surely never is my imagination so busy as in framing responses from the etchings of his countenance; and where those carry me not deep enough, in flying from my own heart into his, and seeing what is natural for an ass to think—as well as a man, upon the occasion. In truth, it is the only creature of all the classes of beings below me with whom I can do this. . . With an ass I can commune forever.

'"Come, Honesty," said I, seeing it was impracticable to pass betwixt him and the gate, "art thou for coming in or going out?"

'The ass twisted his head round to look up the street.

'"Well!" replied I, "we'll wait a minute for thy driver."

'He turned his head thoughtfully about, and looked wistfully the opposite way.

'"I understand thee perfectly," answered I; "if thou takest a wrong step in this affair, he will cudgel thee to death. Well! a minute is but a minute; and if it saves a fellow-creature a drubbing, it shall not be set down as ill spent."

'He was eating the stem of an artichoke as this discourse went on, and, in the little peevish contentions between hunger and unsavoriness, had dropped it out of his mouth half a dozen times, and had picked it up again. "God help thee, Jack!" said I, "thou hast a bitter breakfast on't—and many a bitter day's labor, and many a bitter blow, I fear, for its wages! 'Tis all, all bitterness to thee—whatever life is to others! And now thy mouth, if one knew the truth of it, is as bitter, I dare say, as soot" (for he had cast aside the stem), "and thou hast not a friend perhaps in all this world that will

give thee a macaroon." In saying this, I pulled out a paper of 'em, which I had just bought, and gave him one; and at this moment that I am telling it, my heart smites me that there was more of pleasantry in the conceit of seeing *how* an ass would eat a macaroon, than of benevolence in giving him one, which presided in the act.

'When the ass had eaten his macaroon, I pressed him to come in. The poor beast was heavy loaded—his legs seemed to tremble under him—he hung rather backward, and, as I pulled at his halter, it broke in my hand. He looked up pensive in my face: "Don't thrash me with it; but if you will you may." "If I do," said I, "I'll be d——."'

A critic who refuses to see in this charming description wit, humor, pathos, a kind nature speaking, and a real sentiment, must be hard indeed to move and to please. A page or two farther we come to a description not less beautiful—a landscape and figures, deliciously painted by one who had the keenest enjoyment and the most tremulous sensibility:

''Twas in the road between Nismes and Lunel, where is the best Muscatto wine in all France: the sun was set, they had done their work; the nymphs had tied up their hair afresh, and the swains were preparing for a carousel. My mule made a dead point. "'Tis the pipe and tambourine," said I—"I never will argue a point with one of your family as long as I live;" so leaping off his back, and kicking off one boot into this ditch and t'other into that, "I'll take a dance," said I, "so stay you here."

'A sun-burnt daughter of labor rose up from the group to meet me as I advanced toward them; her hair, which was of a dark chestnut approaching to a black, was tied up in a knot, all but a single tress.

'"We want a cavalier," said she, holding out both her hands, as if to offer them. "And a cavalier you shall have," said I, taking hold of both of them. "We could not have done without you," said she, letting go one hand, with self-taught politeness, and leading me up with the other.

'A lame youth, whom Apollo had recompensed with a pipe, and to which he had added a tambourine of his own accord, ran sweetly over the prelude, as he sat upon the bank. "Tie me up this tress instantly," said Nannette, putting a piece of string into my hand. It taught me to forget I was a stranger. The whole knot fell down—we had been seven years acquainted. The youth struck the note upon the tambourine, his pipe followed, and off we bounded.

'The sister of the youth—who had stolen her voice from

heaven—sang alternately with her brother. 'Twas a Gascoigne roundelay—" *Viva la joia, fidon la tristessa.*" The nymphs joined in unison, and their swains an octave below them.

'*Viva la joia* was in Nannette's lips, *viva la joia* in her eyes. A transient spark of amity shot across the space betwixt us. She looked amiable. Why could I not live and end my days thus? "Just Disposer of our joys and sorrows!" cried I, "why could not a man sit down in the lap of content here, and dance, and sing, and say his prayers, and go to heaven with this nut-brown maid?" Capriciously did she bend her head on one side, and dance up insidious. "Then 'tis time to dance off," quoth I.'

And with this pretty dance and chorus, the volume artfully concludes. Even here one can't give the whole description. There is not a page in Sterne's writing but has something that were better away, a latent corruption—a hint, as of an impure presence.*

Some of that dreary *double entendre* may be attributed to freer times and manners than ours, but not all. The foul Satyr's eyes leer out of the leaves constantly; the last words the famous author wrote were bad and wicked—the last lines the poor stricken wretch penned were for pity and pardon. I think of these past writers and of one who lives among us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter and the sweet and unsullied page which the author of 'David Copperfield' gives to my children.

Jeté sur cette boule,
Laid, chétif et souffrant;
Etouffé dans la foule,
Faute d'être assez grand;

Une plainte touchante
De ma bouche sortit.
Le bon Dieu me dit; Chante,
Chante, pauvre petit!

Chanter, ou je m'abuse,
Est ma tâche ici bas.
Tous ceux qu'ainsi j'amuse,
Ne m'aimeront-ils pas?

In those charming lines of Béranger, one may fancy described the career, the sufferings, the genius, the gentle nature

* 'With regard to Sterne, and the charge of licentiousness which presses so seriously upon his character as a writer, I would remark that there is a sort of knowingness, the wit of which depends, 1st, on the modesty it gives pain to; or, 2dly, on the innocence and innocent ignorance over which it triumphs; or, 3dly, on a certain oscillation in the individual's own mind between the remaining good and the encroaching evil of his nature—a sort of dallying with the devil—a fluxionary art of combining courage and cowardice, as when a man snuffs a candle with his fingers for the first time, or better still, perhaps, like that trembling daring with which a child touches a hot tea-urn, because it has been forbidden; so that the mind has its own white and black angel; the same or similar amusement as may be supposed to take place between an old debauchee and a prude—the feeling resentment, on the one hand, from a prudential anxiety to preserve appearances and have a character; and, on the other, an inward sympathy with the enemy. We have only to suppose society innocent, and then nine-tenths of this sort of wit would be like a stone that falls in snow, making no sound, because exciting no resistance; the remainder rests on its being an offense against the good manners of human nature itself.

'This source, unworthy as it is, may doubtless be combined with wit, drollery, fancy, and even humor; and we have only to regret the misalliance; but that the latter are

of GOLDSMITH, and the esteem in which we hold him. Who, of the millions whom he has amused, doesn't love him? To be the most beloved of English writers, what a title that is for a man!* A wild youth, wayward, but full of tenderness and affection, quits the country village where his boyhood has been passed in happy musing, in idle shelter, in fond longing to see the great world out of doors, and achieve name and fortune; and after years of dire struggle and neglect and poverty, his heart turning back as fondly to his native place as it had longed eagerly for a change when sheltered there, he writes a book and a poem, full of the recollections and feelings of home; he paints the friends and scenes of his youth, and peoples Auburn and Wakefield with remembrances of Lissoy. Wander he must, but he carries away a home relic with him, and dies with it on his breast. His nature is truant; in repose it longs for change, as on the journey it looks back for friends and quiet. He passes to-day in building an air castle for to-morrow, or in writing yesterday's elegy; and he would fly away this hour, but that a cage and necessity keep him. What is the charm of his verse, of his style and humor? His sweet regrets, his delicate compassion, his soft smile, his tremulous sympathy, the weakness which he owns? Your love for him is half pity. You come hot and tired from the day's battle, and this sweet minstrel sings to you. Who could harm the kind vagrant harper? Whom did he ever hurt? He carries no weapon, save the harp on which he plays to you; and with which he delights great and humble, young and old, the captains in their tents, or the soldiers round the fire, or the women and children in the villages, at whose porches he stops and sings his simple songs of love and beauty. With that sweet story of the 'Vicar of Wakefield'† he has found entry into

quite distinct from the former, may be made evident by abstracting in our imagination the morality of the characters of Mr. Shandy, my Uncle Toby, and Trim, which are all antagonists to this spurious sort of wit, from the rest of "Tristram Shandy," and by supposing, instead of them, the presence of two or three callous debauchees. The result will be pure disgust. Sterne cannot be too severely censured for thus using the best dispositions of our nature as the panders and condiments for the basest.'—COLERIDGE: *Literary Remains*, vol. i. pp. 141, 142.

* 'He was a friend to virtue, and in his most playful pages never forgets what is due to it. A gentleness, delicacy, and purity of feeling distinguishes whatever he wrote, and bears a correspondence to the generosity of a disposition which knew no bounds but his last guinea. . . .

'The admirable ease and grace of the narrative, as well as the pleasing truth with which the principal characters are designed, make the "Vicar of Wakefield" one of the most delicious morsels of fictitious composition on which the human mind was ever employed.

'. . . We read the "Vicar of Wakefield" in youth and in age—we return to it again and again, and bless the memory of an author who contrives so well to reconcile us to human nature.'—SIR WALTER SCOTT.

† 'Now Herder came,' says Goethe in his Autobiography, relating his first acquaintance with Goldsmith's masterpiece, 'and together with his great knowledge brought

every castle and every hamlet in Europe. Not one of us, however busy and hard, but once or twice in our lives has passed an evening with him, and undergone the charm of his delightful music.

Goldsmith's father was no doubt the good Dr. Primrose,

many other aids, and the later publications besides. Among these he announced to us the "Vicar of Wakefield" as an excellent work, with the German translation of which he would make us acquainted by reading it aloud to us himself. . .

'A Protestant country clergyman is perhaps the most beautiful subject for a modern idyl; he appears like Melchizedeck, as priest and king in one person. To the most innocent situation which can be imagined on earth, to that of a husbandman, he is, for the most part, united by similarity of occupation as well as by equality in family relationships; he is a father, a master of a family, an agriculturist, and thus perfectly a member of the community. On this pure, beautiful earthly foundation rests his higher calling; to him is it given to guide men through life, to take care of their spiritual education, to bless them at all the leading epochs of their existence, to instruct, to strengthen, to console them, and if consolation is not sufficient for the present, to call up and guarantee the hope of a happier future. Imagine such a man with pure human sentiments, strong enough not to deviate from them under any circumstances, and by this already elevated above the multitude of whom one cannot expect purity and firmness; give him the learning necessary for his office, as well as a cheerful, equable activity, which is even passionate, as it neglects no moment to do good—and you will have him well endowed. But at the same time add the necessary limitation, so that he must not only pause in a small circle, but may also, perchance, pass over to a smaller; grant him good nature, placability, resolution, and everything else praiseworthy that springs from a decided character, and over all this a cheerful spirit of compliance, and a smiling toleration of his own failings and those of others—then you will have put together pretty well the image of our excellent Wakefield.

'The delineation of this character on his course of life through joys and sorrows, the ever increasing interest of the story, by the combination of the entirely natural with the strange and the singular, make this novel one of the best which has ever been written; besides this, it has the great advantage that it is quite moral, nay, in a pure sense, Christian—represents the reward of a good will and perseverance in the right, strengthens an unconditional confidence in God, and attests the final triumph of good over evil; and all this without a trace of cant or pedantry. The author was preserved from both of these by an elocution of mind that shows itself throughout in the form of irony, by which this little work must appear to us as wise as it is amiable. The author, Dr. Goldsmith, has, without question, a great insight into the moral world, into its strength and its infirmities; but at the same time he can thankfully acknowledge that he is an Englishman, and reckon highly the advantages which his country and his nation afford him. The family, with the delineation of which he occupies himself, stands upon one of the last steps of citizen comfort, and yet comes in contact with the highest; its narrow circle, which becomes still more contracted, touches upon the great world through the natural and civil course of things; this little skiff floats on the agitated waves of English life, and in weal or woe it has to expect injury or help from the vast fleet which sails around it.

'I may suppose that my readers know this work, and have it in memory; whoever hears it named for the first time here, as well as he who is induced to read it again, will thank me.'—GOETHE: *Truth and Poetry; from my own Life.* (English translation, vol. i. pp. 378, 379.)

'He seems from infancy to have been compounded of two natures, one bright, the other blundering; or to have had fairy gifts laid on his cradle by the "good people" who haunted his birthplace, the old goblin mansion on the banks of the Inny.

'He carries with him the wayward elfin spirit, if we may so term it, throughout his career. His fairy gifts are of no avail at school, academy, or college; they unfit him for close study and practical science, and render him heedless of everything that does not address itself to his poetical imagination and genial and festive feelings; they dispose him to break away from restraint, to stroll about hedges, green lanes, and haunted streams, to revel with jovial companions, or to rove the country like a gypsy in quest of odd adventures. . .

'Though his circumstances often compelled him to associate with the poor, they never could betray him into companionship with the depraved. His relish for humor, and for the study of character, as we have before observed, brought him often into convivial company of a vulgar kind; but he discriminated between their vulgarity and their amusing qualities, or rather wrought from the whole store familiar features of life which form the staple of his most popular writings.'—WASHINGTON IRVING.

whom we all of us know.* Swift was yet alive, when the little Oliver was born at Pallas, or Pallasmore, in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1730, two years after the child's birth, Charles Goldsmith removed his family to Lissoy, in the county of Westmeath, that sweet 'Auburn' which every person who hears me has seen in fancy. Here the kind parson † brought up his eight children; and loving all the world, as his son says, fancied all the world loved him. He had a crowd of poor dependents besides those hungry children. He kept an open table; round which sat flatterers and poor friends, who laughed at the honest rector's many jokes, and ate the produce of his seventy acres of farm. Those who have seen an Irish house in the present day can fancy that one of Lissoy. The old beggar still has his allotted corner by the kitchen turf; the maimed old soldier still gets his potatoes and buttermilk; the poor cottier still asks his honor's charity, and prays God bless his reverence for the sixpence; the ragged pensioner still takes his place by right and sufferance. There's still a crowd in the kitchen, and a crowd around the parlor table, profusion, confusion, kindness, poverty. If an Irishman comes to London to make his fortune, he has a half-dozen of Irish dependents who take a percentage of his earnings. The good Charles Goldsmith ‡ left but little provision

* 'The family of Goldsmith, Goldsmyth, or, as it was occasionally written, Gouldsmith, is of considerable standing in Ireland and seems always to have held a respectable station in society. Its origin is English, supposed to be derived from that which was long settled at Crayford in Kent.'—PRIOR'S *Life of Goldsmith*.

Oliver's father, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather were clergymen; and two of them married clergymen's daughters.

† 'At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal each honest rustic ran;
E'en children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in Heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.'—*The Deserted Village*.

‡ 'In May this year (1768), he lost his brother, the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, for whom he had been unable to obtain preferment in the Church. . .

'. . . To the curacy of Kilkenny West, the moderate stipend of which, forty pounds a year, is sufficiently celebrated by his brother's lines. It has been stated that Mr. Goldsmith added a school, which, after having been held at more than one place in the vicinity, was finally fixed at Lissoy. Here his talents and industry gave it celebrity, and under his care the sons of many of the neighboring gentry received their education. A fever breaking out among the boys about 1765, they dispersed for a time, but reassembling at Athlone, he continued his scholastic labors there until the time of his

for his hungry race when death summoned him; and one of his daughters being engaged to a squire of rather superior dignity, Charles Goldsmith impoverished the rest of his family to provide the girl with a dowry.

The smallpox, which scourged all Europe at that time, and ravaged the roses off the cheeks of half the world, fell foul of poor little Oliver's face, when the child was eight years old, and left him scarred and disfigured for his life. An old woman in his father's village taught him his letters, and pronounced him a dunce: Paddy Byrne, the hedge-schoolmaster, took him in hand; and from Paddy Byrne, he was transmitted to a clergyman at Elphin. When a child was sent to school in those days, the classic phrase was that he was placed under Mr. So-and-so's *ferule*. Poor little ancestors! It is hard to think how ruthlessly you were birched; and how much of needless whipping and tears our small forefathers had to undergo! A relative—kind uncle Contarine, took the main charge of little Noll; who went through his school days righteously doing as little work as he could; robbing orchards, playing at ball, and making his pocket-money fly about whenever fortune sent it to him. Everybody knows the story of that famous 'Mistake of a Night,' when the young schoolboy, provided with a guinea and a nag, rode up to the 'best house' in Ardagh, called for the landlord's company over a bottle of wine at supper, and for a hot cake for breakfast in the morning; and found, when he asked for the bill, that the best house was Squire Featherstone's, and not the inn for which he mistook it. Who does not know every story about Goldsmith? That is a delightful and fantastic picture of the child dancing and capering about in the kitchen at home, when the old fiddler gibed at him for his ugliness, and called him Æsop; and little Noll made his repartee of 'Heralds proclaim aloud this saying—see Æsop dancing and his monkey playing.' One can fancy a queer pitiful look of humor and appeal upon that little scarred face—the funny little dancing figure, the funny little brogue. In his life, and his writings, which are the honest expression of it, he is constantly bewailing that homely face and person; anon, he surveys them in the glass ruefully, and presently assumes the most comical dignity. He likes to deck out his

death, which happened, like that of his brother, about the forty-fifth year of his age. He was a man of an excellent heart and an amiable disposition.'—PRIOR'S *Goldsmith*.

'Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravel'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.'
—*The Traveler.*

little person in splendor and fine colors. He presented himself to be examined for ordination in a pair of scarlet breeches, and said honestly that he did not like to go into the Church, because he was fond of colored clothes. When he tried to practise as a doctor, he got by hook or by crook a black velvet suit, and looked as big and grand as he could, and kept his hat over a patch on the old coat; in better days he bloomed out in plum-color, in blue silk, and in new velvet. For some of those splendors the heirs and assignees of Mr. Filby, the tailor, have never been paid to this day; perhaps the kind tailor and his creditor have met, and settled the little account in Hades.*

They showed until lately a window at Trinity College, Dublin, on which the name of O. Goldsmith was engraved with a diamond. Whose diamond was it? Not the young sizar's, who made but a poor figure in that place of learning. He was idle, penniless, and fond of pleasure: † he learned his way early to the pawnbroker's shop. He wrote ballads, they say, for the street-singers, who paid him a crown for a poem; and his pleasure was to steal out at night and hear his verses sung. He was chastised by his tutor for giving a dance in his room, and took the box on the ear so much to heart that he packed up his all, pawned his books and little property, and disappeared from college and family. He said he intended to go to America, but when his money was spent, the young prodigal came home ruefully, and the good folks there killed their calf—it was but a lean one—and welcomed him back.

After college he hung about his mother's house, and lived for some years the life of a buckeen—passed a month with this relation and that, a year with one patron, a great deal of time at the public house.‡ Tired of this life, it was resolved that he should go to London, and study at the Temple; but he got no farther on the road to London and the woolsack than Dublin, where he gambled away the fifty pounds given to him for his outfit, and whence he returned to the indefatigable forgiveness of home. Then he determined to be a doctor, and uncle Con-

* 'When Goldsmith died, half the unpaid bill he owed to Mr. William Filby (amounting in all to 79*l.*) was for clothes supplied to this nephew Hodson.'—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*, p. 520.

As this nephew Hodson ended his days (see the same page) 'a prosperous Irish gentleman,' it is not unreasonable to wish that he had cleared off Mr. Filby's bill.

† 'Poor fellow! He hardly knew an ass from a mule, nor a turkey from a goose, but when he saw it on the table.'—CUMBERLAND'S *Memoirs*.

‡ 'These youthful follies, like the fermentation of liquors, often disturb the mind only in order to its future refinement; a life spent in phlegmatic apathy resembles those liquors which never ferment, and are consequently always muddy.'—GOLDSMITH: *Memoir of Voltaire*.

'He [Johnson] said "Goldsmith was a plant that flowered late. There appeared nothing remarkable about him when he was young."'—BOSWELL.

tarine helped him to a couple of years at Edinburgh. Then from Edinburgh he felt that he ought to hear the famous professors of Leyden and Paris, and wrote most amusing pompous letters to his uncle about the great Farheim, Du Petit, and Duhamel du Monceau, whose lectures he proposed to follow. If uncle Contarine believed those letters—if Oliver's mother believed that story which the youth related of his going to Cork, with the purpose of embarking for America, of his having paid his passage money, and having sent his kit on board; of the anonymous captain sailing away with Oliver's valuable luggage, in a nameless ship, never to return; if uncle Contarine and the mother at Ballymahon believed his stories, they must have been a very simple pair; as it was a very simple rogue indeed who cheated them. When the lad, after failing in his clerical examination, after failing in his plan for studying the law, took leave of these projects and of his parents, and set out for Edinburgh, he saw mother, and uncle, and lazy Ballymahon, and green native turf, and sparkling river for the last time. He was never to look on old Ireland more, and only in fancy revisit her.

'But me not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent and care,
Impelled, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That like the circle bounding earth and skies
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.'

I spoke in a former lecture of that high courage which enabled Fielding, in spite of disease, remorse, and poverty, always to retain a cheerful spirit, and to keep his manly benevolence and love of truth intact, as if these treasures had been confided to him for the public benefit, and he was accountable to posterity for their honorable employ; and a constancy equally happy and admirable I think was shown by Goldsmith, whose sweet and friendly nature bloomed kindly always in the midst of a life's storm and rain and bitter weather.* The poor fellow was never so friendless but he could befriend some one; never so pinched and wretched but he could give of his crust, and speak his word of compassion. If he had but his flute left, he could give that, and make the children happy in the dreary London court. He could give the

*'An "inspired idiot," Goldsmith, hangs strangely about him [Johnson]. . . Yet, on the whole, there is no evil in the "gooseberry-fool," but rather much good; of a finer, if of a weaker sort than Johnson's; and all the more genuine that he himself could never become *conscious* of it—though, unhappily never cease *attempting* to become so: the author of the genuine "Vicar of Wakefield," nill he will he, must needs fly toward such a mass of genuine manhood.'—CARLYLE'S *Essays* (2d ed.), vol. iv. p. 91.

coals in that queer coal-scuttle we read of to his poor neighbor; he could give away his blankets in college to the poor widow, and warm himself as he best might in the feathers: he could pawn his coat to save his landlord from jail: when he was a school usher he spent his earnings in treats for the boys, and the good-natured schoolmaster's wife said justly that she ought to keep Mr. Goldsmith's money as well as the young gentlemen's. When he met his pupils in later life, nothing would satisfy the doctor but he must treat them still. 'Have you seen the print of me after Sir Joshua Reynolds?' he asked of one of his old pupils. 'Not seen it? not bought it? Sure, Jack, if your picture had been published, I'd not have been without it half an hour.' His purse and his heart were everybody's, and his friends' as much as his own. When he was at the height of his reputation, and the Earl of Northumberland, going as lord lieutenant to Ireland, asked if he could be of any service to Dr. Goldsmith, Goldsmith recommended his brother, and not himself, to the great man. 'My patrons,' he gallantly said, 'are the booksellers, and I want no others.'* Hard patrons they were, and hard work he did; but he did not complain much; if in his early writings some bitter words escaped him, some allusions to neglect and poverty, he withdrew these expressions when his works were republished, and better days seemed to open for him; and he did not care to complain that printer or publisher had overlooked his merit, or left him poor. The court face was turned from honest Oliver, the court patronized Beattie; the fashion did not shine on him—fashion adored Sterne.† Fashion pronounced Kelly to be the great

* 'At present, the few poets of England no longer depend on the great for subsistence; they have now no other patrons but the public, and the public, collectively considered, is a good and a generous master. It is indeed too frequently mistaken as to the merits of every candidate for favor; but to make amends it is never mistaken long. A performance indeed may be forced for a time into reputation, but, destitute of real merit, it soon sinks; time, the touchstone of what is truly valuable, will soon discover the fraud, and an author should never arrogate to himself any share of success till his works have been read at least ten years with satisfaction.

'A man of letters at present, whose works are valuable, is perfectly sensible of their value. Every polite member of the community, by buying what he writes, contributes to reward him. The ridicule, therefore, of living in a garret might have been wit in the last age, but continues such no longer, because no longer true. A writer of real merit now may easily be rich, if his heart be set only on fortune; and for those who have no merit, it is but fit that such should remain in merited obscurity.'—GOLDSMITH: *Citizen of the World*, Let. 84.

† Goldsmith attacked Sterne obviously enough, censuring his indecency, and slighting his wit, and ridiculing his manner, in the 53d letter in the 'Citizen of the World.'

'As in common conversation,' says he, 'the best way to make the audience laugh is by first laughing yourself; so in writing, the properest manner is to show an attempt at humor, which will pass upon most for humor in reality. To effect this, readers must be treated with the most perfect familiarity: in one page the author is to make them a low bow, and in the next to pull them by the nose; he must talk in riddles, and then send them to bed in order to dream for the solution.' etc

Sterne's humorous *mot* on the subject of the gravest part of the charges, then, as

writer of comedy of his day. A little—not ill humor, but plaintiveness—a little betrayal of wounded pride which he showed—render him not less amiable. The author of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' had a right to protest when Newbery kept back the MS. for two years; had a right to be a little peevish with Sterne; a little angry when Colman's actors declined their parts in his delightful comedy, when the manager refused to have a scene painted for it, and pronounced its damnation before hearing. He had not the great public with him; but he had the noble Johnson, and the admirable Reynolds, and the great Gibbon, and the great Burke, and the great Fox—friends and admirers illustrious indeed, as famous as those who, fifty years before, sat round Pope's table.

Nobody knows, and I dare say Goldsmith's buoyant temper kept no account of all the pains which he endured during the early period of his literary career. Should any man of letters in our day have to bear up against such, Heaven grant he may come out of the period of misfortune with such a pure kind heart as that which Goldsmith obstinately bore in his breast. The insults to which he had to submit are shocking to read of—slander, contumely, vulgar satire, brutal malignity perverting his commonest motives and actions; he had his share of these, and one's anger is roused at reading of them, as it is at seeing a woman insulted or a child assaulted, at the notion that a creature so very gentle and weak, and full of love, should have had to suffer so. And he had worse than insult to undergo—to own to fault and deprecate the anger of ruffians. There is a letter of his extant to one Griffiths, a bookseller, in which poor Goldsmith is forced to confess that certain books sent by Griffiths are in the hands of a friend from whom Goldsmith had been forced to borrow money. 'He was wild, sir,' Johnson said, speaking of Goldsmith to Boswell, with his great, wise benevolence and noble mercifulness of heart—'Dr. Goldsmith was wild, sir, but he is so no more.' Ah! if we pity the good and weak man who suffers undeservedly, let us deal very gently with him from whom misery extorts not only tears but shame; let us think humbly and charitably of the human nature that suffers so sadly and falls so low. Whose turn may it be to-morrow? What weak heart, confident before

now, made against him, may perhaps be quoted here, from the excellent, the respectable Sir Walter Scott:

'Soon after "Tristram" had appeared, Sterne asked a Yorkshire lady of fortune and condition whether she had read his book. "I have not, Mr. Sterne," was the answer; "and to be plain with you, I am informed it is not proper for female perusal." "My dear good lady," replied the author, "do not be gulled by such stories: the book is like your young heir there" (pointing to a child of three years old, who was rolling on the carpet in his white tunic): "he shows at times a good deal that is usually con-

trial, may not succumb under temptation invincible? Cover the good man who has been vanquished—cover his face and pass on.

For the last half-dozen years of his life, Goldsmith was far removed from the pressure of any ignoble necessity, and in the receipt, indeed, of a pretty large income from the booksellers his patrons. Had he lived but a few years more, his public fame would have been as great as his private reputation, and he might have enjoyed alive a part of that esteem which his country has ever since paid to the vivid and versatile genius who has touched on almost every subject of literature, and touched nothing that he did not adorn. Except in rare instances, a man is known in our profession, and esteemed as a skillful workman, years before the lucky hit which trebles his usual gains, and stamps him a popular author. In the strength of his age, and the dawn of his reputation, having for backers and friends the most illustrious literary men of his time,* fame and prosperity might have been in store for Goldsmith, had fate so willed it; and at forty-six, had not sudden disease carried him off. I say prosperity rather than competence, for it is probable that no sum could have put order into his affairs or sufficed for his irreclaimable habits of dissipation. It must be remembered that he owed two thousand pounds when he died. 'Was ever poet,' Johnson asked, 'so trusted before?' As has been the case with many another good fellow of his nation, his life was tracked and his substance wasted by crowds of hungry beggars and lazy dependents. If they came at a lucky time (and be sure they knew his affairs better than he did himself, and watched his pay day), he gave them of his money; if they begged on empty-purse days he gave them his promissory bills, or he treated them at a tavern where he had credit; or he obliged them with an order upon honest Mr. Filby for coats, for which he paid as long as he could earn, and until the shears of Filby were to cut for him no more. Staggering under a load of debt and labor, tracked by bailiffs and reproachful creditors, running from a hundred poor dependents, whose appealing looks were perhaps the hardest of all pains for him to bear, devising fevered plans for the morrow, new

* 'Goldsmith told us that he was now busy in writing a Natural History; and that he might have full leisure for it, he had taken lodgings at a farmer's house, near to the six-mile stone in the Edgware Road, and had carried down his books in two returned post chaises. He said he believed the farmer's family thought him an odd character, similar to that in which the *Spectator* appeared to his landlady and her children; he was *The Gentleman*. Mr. Mickle, the translator of the "Lusiad," and I went to visit him at this place a few days afterward. He was not at home, but having a curiosity to see his apartment, we went in, and found curious scraps of descriptions of animals scrawled upon the wall with a blacklead pencil.'—Boswell.

histories, new comedies, all sorts of new literary schemes, flying from all these into seclusion, and out of seclusion into pleasure—at last, at five-and-forty, death seized him and closed his career.* I have been many a time in the chambers in the Temple which were his, and passed up the staircase, which Johnson and Burke and Reynolds trod to see their friend, their poet, their kind Goldsmith—the stair on which the poor women sat weeping bitterly when they heard that the greatest and most generous of all men was dead within the black oak door.† Ah, it was a different lot from that for which the poor fellow sighed, when he wrote, with heart yearning for home, those most charming of all fond verses, in which he fancies he revisits Auburn:

Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has given my share—
I still had hopes my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose;
I still had hopes—for pride attends us still—
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I saw;
And, as a hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew—
I still had hopes—my long vexations past,
Here to return, and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline!
Retreats from care that never must be mine—
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labor with an age of ease;
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches born to work and weep
Explore the mine or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state
To spurn imploring famine from the gate:
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceived decay,
Whilst resignation gently slopes the way;
And all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past.

In these verses, I need not say with what melody, with what touching truth, with what exquisite beauty of comparison—as indeed in hundreds more pages of the writings of this honest

* 'When Goldsmith was dying, Dr. Turton said to him, "Your pulse is in greater disorder than it should be from the degree of fever which you have; is your mind at ease?" Goldsmith answered it was not.'—DR. JOHNSON (*in Boswell*).

'Chambers, you find, has gone far, and poor Goldsmith has gone much further. He died of a fever, exasperated, as I believe, by the fear of distress. He had raised money and squandered it, by every artifice of acquisition and folly of expense. But let not his failings be remembered; he was a very great man.'—DR. JOHNSON to *Boswell, July 5*, 1774.

† 'When Burke was told [of Goldsmith's death] he burst into tears. Reynolds was

soul—the whole character of the man is told—his humble confession of faults and weakness; his pleasant little vanity, and desire that his village should admire him; his simple scheme of good in which everybody was to be happy—no beggar was to be refused his dinner—nobody in fact was to work much, and he to be the harmless chief of the Utopia, and the monarch of the Irish Yvetot. He would have told again, and without fear of their failing, those famous jokes* which had hung fire in London; he would have talked of his great friends of the Club—of my Lord Clare and my Lord Bishop, my Lord Nugent—sure he knew them intimately, and was hand and glove with some of the best men in town—and he would have

in his painting room when the messenger went to him; but at once he laid his pencil aside, which in times of great family distress he had not been known to do, left his painting room, and did not re-enter it that day.

'The staircase of Brick Court is said to have been filled with mourners, the reverse of domestic; women without a home, without domesticity of any kind, with no friend but him they had come to weep for; outcasts of that great, solitary, wicked city, to whom he had never forgotten to be kind and charitable. And he had domestic mourners, too. His coffin was re-opened at the request of Miss Horneck and her sister (such was the regard he was known to have for them!) that a lock might be cut from his hair. It was in Mrs. Gwyn's possession when she died, after nearly seventy years.'—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*.

* 'Goldsmith's incessant desire of being conspicuous in company was the occasion of his sometimes appearing to such disadvantage as one should hardly have supposed possible in a man of his genius. When his literary reputation had risen deservedly high, and his society was much courted, he became very jealous of the extraordinary attention which was everywhere paid to Johnson. One evening, in a circle of wits, he found fault with me for talking of Johnson as entitled to the honor of unquestionable superiority. "Sir," said he, "you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic."

'He was still more mortified, when, talking in a company with fluent vivacity, and, as he flattered himself, to the admiration of all present, a German who sat next him, and perceived Johnson rolling himself as if about to speak, suddenly stopped him, saying, "Stay, stay—Toctor Shonson is going to zay zomething." This was no doubt very provoking, especially to one so irritable as Goldsmith, who frequently mentioned it with strong expressions of indignation.

'It may also be observed that Goldsmith was sometimes content to be treated with an easy familiarity, but upon occasions would be consequential and important. An instance of this occurred in a small particular. Johnson had a way of contracting the names of his friends, as Beauclerk, Beau; Boswell, Bozzy. . . I remember one day, when Tom Davies was telling that Dr. Johnson said—"We are all in labor for a name to *Goldy's* play," Goldsmith seemed displeased that such a liberty should be taken with his name, and said, "I have often desired him not to call me *Goldy*."'

This is one of several of Boswell's depreciatory mentions of Goldsmith—which may well irritate biographers and admirers—and also those who take that more kindly and more profound view of Boswell's own character, which was opened up by Mr. Carlyle's famous article on his book. No wonder that Mr. Irving calls Boswell an 'incarnation of toadyism.' And the worst of it is that Johnson himself has suffered from this habit of the Laird of Auchinleck's. People are apt to forget under what Boswellian stimulus the great doctor uttered many hasty things—things no more indicative of the nature of the depths of his character than the phosphoric gleaming of the sea, when struck at night, is indicative of radical corruption of nature! In truth, it is clear enough on the whole that both Johnson and Goldsmith *appreciated* each other, and that they mutually knew it. They were, as it were, tripped up and flung against each other, occasionally, by the blundering and silly gamboling of people in company.

Something must be allowed for Boswell's 'rivalry for Johnson's good graces' with Oliver (as Sir Walter Scott has remarked), for Oliver was intimate with the doctor before his biographer was,—and, as we all remember, marched off with him to 'take tea with Mrs. Williams' before Boswell had advanced to that honorable degree of intimacy. But, in truth, Boswell—though he perhaps showed more talent in his delineation of the doctor than is generally ascribed to him—had not faculty to take a fair view of *two* great men at a time. Besides, as Mr. Forster justly remarks, 'he was impatient of Goldsmith from the first hour of their acquaintance.'—*Life and Adventures*, p. 292.

spoken of Johnson and of Burke, and of Sir Joshua who had painted him—and he would have told wonderful sly stories of Ranelagh and the Pantheon, and the masquerades at Madame Cornelis'; and he would have toasted, with a sigh, the Jessamy Bride—the lovely Mary Horneck.

The figure of that charming young lady forms one of the prettiest recollections of Goldsmith's life. She and her beautiful sister, who married Bunbury, the graceful and humorous amateur artist of those days, when Gilray had but just begun to try his powers, were among the kindest and dearest of Goldsmith's many friends, cheered and pitied him, traveled abroad with him, made him welcome at their home, and gave him many a pleasant holiday. He bought his finest clothes to figure at their country house at Barton—he wrote them droll verses. They loved him, laughed at him, played him tricks, and made him happy. He asked for a loan from Garrick, and Garrick kindly supplied him, to enable him to go to Barton; but there were to be no more holidays, and only one brief struggle more for poor Goldsmith. A lock of his hair was taken from the coffin and given to the Jessamy Bride. She lived quite into our time. Hazlitt saw her an old lady, but beautiful still, in Northcote's painting room, who told the eager critic how proud she always was that Goldsmith had admired her. The younger Colman has left a touching reminiscence of him (vol. i. 63, 64).

'I was only five years old,' he says, 'when Goldsmith took me on his knee one evening while he was drinking coffee with my father, and began to play with me, which amiable act I returned, with the ingratitude of a peevish brat, by giving him a very smart slap on the face; it must have been a tingler, for it left the marks of my spiteful paw on his cheek. This infantile outrage was followed by summary justice, and I was locked up by my indignant father in an adjoining room to undergo solitary imprisonment in the dark. Here I began to howl and scream most abominably, which was no bad step toward my liberation, since those who were not inclined to pity me might be likely to set me free for the purpose of abating a nuisance.

'At length a generous friend appeared to extricate me from jeopardy, and that generous friend was no other than the man I had so wantonly molested by assault and battery—it was the tender-hearted doctor himself, with a lighted candle in his hand, and a smile upon his countenance, which was still partially red from the effects of my petulance. I sulked and sobbed as he fondled and soothed, till I began to brighten. Goldsmith seized the propitious moment of returning good

humor, when he put down the candle and began to conjure. He placed three hats, which happened to be in the room, and a shilling under each. The shillings he told me were England, France, and Spain. "Hey presto, cockalorum!" cried the doctor, and lo, on uncovering the shillings, which had been dispersed each beneath a separate hat, they were all found congregated under one. I was no politician at five years old, and therefore might not have wondered at the sudden revolution which brought England, France, and Spain all under one crown; but, as also I was no conjuror, it amazed me beyond measure. . . From that time, whenever the doctor came to visit my father, "I plucked his gown to share the good man's smile"; a game at romps constantly ensued, and we were always cordial friends and merry playfellows. Our unequal companionship varied somewhat as to sports as I grew older; but it did not last long; my senior playmate died in his forty-fifth year, when I had attained my eleventh. . . In all the numerous accounts of his virtues and foibles, his genius and absurdities, his knowledge of nature and ignorance of the world, his "compassion for another's woe" was always predominant; and my trivial story of his humoring a froward child weighs but as a feather in the recorded scale of his benevolence.'

Think of him reckless, thriftless, vain if you like—but merciful, gentle, generous, full of love and pity. He passes out of our life, and goes to render his account beyond it. Think of the poor pensioners weeping at his grave; think of the noble spirits that admired and deplored him; think of the righteous pen that wrote his epitaph—and of the wonderful and unanimous response of affection with which the world has paid back the love he gave it. His humor delighting us still; his song fresh and beautiful as when first he charmed with it; his words in all our mouths, his very weaknesses beloved and familiar—his benevolent spirit seems still to smile upon us; to do gentle kindnesses; to succor with sweet charity; to soothe, caress, and forgive; to plead with the fortunate for the unhappy and the poor.

His name is the last in the list of those men of humor who have formed the themes of the discourses which you have heard so kindly.

Long before I had ever hoped for such an audience, or dreamed of the possibility of the good fortune which has brought me so many friends, I was at issue with some of my literary brethren upon a point—which they held from tradition, I think, rather than experience—that our profession was neglected in this country; and that men of letters were ill received and

held in slight esteem. It would hardly be grateful of me now to alter my old opinion that we do meet with good will and kindness, with generous helping hands in the time of our necessity, with cordial and friendly recognition. What claim had any one of these of whom I have been speaking, but genius? What return of gratitude, fame, affection, did it not bring to all?

What punishment befell those who were unfortunate among them, but that which follows reckless habits and careless lives? For these faults a wit must suffer like the dullest prodigal that ever ran in debt. He must pay the tailor if he wears the coat; his children must go in rags if he spends his money at the tavern; he can't come to London and be made Lord Chancellor if he stops on the road and gambles away his last shilling at Dublin. And he must pay the social penalty of these follies too, and expect that the world will shun the man of bad habits, that women will avoid the man of loose life, that prudent folks will close their doors as a precaution, and before a demand should be made on their pockets by the needy prodigal. With what difficulty had any one of these men to contend, save that eternal and mechanical one of want of means and lack of capital, and of which thousands of young lawyers, young doctors, young soldiers and sailors, of inventors, manufacturers, shopkeepers, have to complain? Hearts as brave and resolute as ever beat in the breast of any wit or poet, sicken and break daily in the vain endeavor and unavailing struggle against life's difficulty. Don't we see daily ruined inventors, gray-haired midshipmen, balked heroes, blighted curates, barristers pining a hungry life out in chambers, the attorneys never mounting to their garrets while scores of them are rapping at the door of the successful quack below? If these suffer, who is the author, that he should be exempt? Let us bear our ills with the same constancy with which others endure them, accept our manly part in life, hold our own, and ask no more. I can conceive of no kings or laws causing or curing Goldsmith's improvidence, or Fielding's fatal love of pleasure, or Dick Steele's mania for running races with the constable. You never can outrun that sure-footed officer—not by any swiftness or by dodges devised by any genius, however great; and he carries off the Tatler to the sponging house, or taps the Citizen of the World on the shoulder, as he would any other mortal.

Does society look down on a man because he is an author? I suppose if people want a buffoon they tolerate him only in so far as he is amusing; it can hardly be expected that they should respect him as an equal. Is there to be a guard of honor provided for the author of the last new novel or poem? how long is

he to reign, and keep other potentates out of possession? He retires, grumbles, and prints a lamentation that literature is despised. If Captain A. is left out of Lady B.'s parties he does not state that the army is despised: if Lord C. no longer asks Counselor D. to dinner, Counselor D. does not announce that the bar is insulted. He is not fair to society if he enters it with this suspicion hankering about him; if he is doubtful about his reception, how hold up his head honestly, and look frankly in the face that world about which he is full of suspicion? Is he place-hunting, and thinking in his mind that he ought to be made an ambassador, like Prior, or a Secretary of State, like Addison? his pretense of equality falls to the ground at once: he is scheming for a patron, not shaking the hand of a friend, when he meets the world. Treat such a man as he deserves; laugh at his buffoonery, and give him a dinner and a *bonjour;* laugh at his self-sufficiency and absurd assumptions of superiority, and his equally ludicrous airs of martyrdom: laugh at his flattery and his scheming, and buy it, if it's worth the having. Let the wag have his dinner and the hireling his pay, if you want him, and make a profound bow to the *grand homme incompris*, and the boisterous martyr, and show him the door. The great world, the great aggregate experience, has its good sense, as it has its good humor. It detects a pretender, as it trusts a loyal heart. It is kind in the main: how should it be otherwise than kind, when it is so wise and clear-headed? To any literary man who says, 'It despises my profession,' I say, with all my might—No, no, no. It may pass over your individual case—how many a brave fellow has failed in the race and perished unknown in the struggle!—but it treats you as you merit in the main. If you serve it, it is not unthankful; if you please, it is pleased; if you cringe to it, it detects you, and scorns you if you are mean: it returns your cheerfulness with its good humor; it deals not ungenerously with your weakness; it recognizes most kindly your merits; it gives you a fair place and fair play. To any one of those men of whom we have spoken was it in the main ungrateful? A king might refuse Goldsmith a pension, as a publisher might keep his masterpiece and the delight of all the world in his desk for two years; but it was a mistake, and not ill will. Noble and illustrious names of Swift and Pope and Addison! dear and honored memory of Goldsmith and Fielding! kind friends, teachers, benefactors! who shall say that our country, which continues to bring such an unceasing tribute of applause, admiration, love, sympathy, does not do honor to the literary calling in the honor which it bestows upon *you!*

THE SECOND FUNERAL OF NAPOLEON.

BY MICHAEL ANGELO TITMARSH.

I.—On the Disinterment of Napoleon at St. Helena.

My Dear —— : It is no easy task in this world to distinguish between what is great in it and what is mean; and many and many is the puzzle that I have had in reading history (or the works of fiction which go by that name), to know whether I should laud up to the skies, and endeavor, to the best of my small capabilities, to imitate the remarkable character about whom I was reading, or whether I should fling aside the book and the hero of it, as things altogether base, unworthy, laughable, and get a novel, or a game of billiards, or a pipe of tobacco, or the report of the last debate in the House, or any other employment which would leave the mind in a state of easy vacuity, rather than pester it with a vain set of dates relating to actions which are in themselves not worth a fig, or with a parcel of names of people whom it can do one no earthly good to remember.

It is more than probable, my love, that you are acquainted with what is called Grecian and Roman history, chiefly from perusing, in very early youth, the little sheepskin-bound volumes of the ingenious Dr. Goldsmith, and have been indebted for your knowledge of our English annals to a subsequent study of the more voluminous works of Hume and Smollett. The first and the last named authors, dear Miss Smith, have written each an admirable history—that of the Rev. Dr. Primrose, Vicar of Wakefield, and that of Mr. Robert Bramble of Bramble Hall—in both of which works you will find true and instructive pictures of human life, and which you may always think over with advantage. But let me caution you against putting any considerable trust in the other works of these authors, which were placed in your hands at school and afterward, and in which you were taught to believe. Modern historians, for the most part, know very little, and, secondly, only tell a little of what they know.

As for those Greeks and Romans whom you have read of in 'sheepskin,' were you to know really what those monsters

were you would blush all over as red as a hollyhock, and put down the history book in a fury. Many of our English worthies are no better. You are not in a situation to know the real characters of any one of them. They appear before you in their public capacities, but the individuals you know not. Suppose, for instance, your mamma had purchased her tea in the Borough from a grocer living there by the name of Greenacre; suppose you had been asked out to dinner, and the gentleman of the house had said: 'Ho, François! a glass of champagne for Miss Smith'—Courvoisier would have served you just as any other footman would: you would never have known that there was anything extraordinary in these individuals, but would have thought of them only in their respective public characters of grocer and footman. This, madam, is history, in which a man always appears dealing with the world in his apron, or his laced livery, but which has not the power or the leisure, or, perhaps, is too high and mighty, to condescend to follow and study him in his privacy. Ah, my dear, when big and little men come to be measured rightly, and great and small actions to be weighed properly, and people to be stripped of their royal robes, beggars' rags, generals' uniforms, seedy out-at-elbowed coats, and the like—or the contrary say, when souls come to be stripped of their wicked deceiving bodies, and turned out stark naked as they were before they were born—what a strange startling sight shall we see, and what a pretty figure shall some of us cut! Fancy how we shall see Pride, with his Stultz clothes and padding pulled off, and dwindled down to a forked radish! Fancy some Angelic Virtue, whose white raiment is suddenly whisked over his head, showing us cloven feet and a tail! Fancy Humility, eased of its sad load of cares and want and scorn, walking up to the very highest place of all, and blushing as he takes it! Fancy,—but we must not fancy such a scene at all, which would be an outrage on public decency. Should we be any better than our neighbors? No, certainly. And as we can't be virtuous let us be decent. Fig leaves are a very decent, becoming wear, and have been now in fashion for four thousand years. And so, my dear, history is written on fig leaves. Would you have anything further? Oh, fie!

Yes, four thousand years ago that famous tree was planted. At their very first lie our first parents made for it, and there it is still the great Humbug Plant, stretching its wide arms, and sheltering beneath its leaves, as broad and green as ever, all the generations of men. Thus, my dear, coquettes of your fascinat-

ing sex cover their persons with figgery, fantastically arranged, and call their masquerading, modesty. Cowards fig themselves out fiercely as 'salvage men,' and make us believe that they are warriors. Fools look very solemnly out from the dusk of the leaves, and we fancy in the gloom that they are sages. And many a man sets a great wreath about his pate and struts abroad a hero, whose claims we would all of us laugh at could we but remove the ornament and see his numskull bare.

And such (excuse my sermonizing)—such is the constitution of mankind, that men have, as it were, entered into a compact among themselves to pursue the fig-leaf system *à l'outrance*, and to cry down all who oppose it. Humbug they will have. Humbugs themselves, they will respect humbugs. Their daily victuals of life must be seasoned with humbug. Certain things are there in the world that they will not allow to be called by their right names, and will insist upon our admiring, whether we will or no. Woe be to the man who would enter too far into the recesses of that magnificent temple where our goddess is enshrined, peep through the vast embroidered curtains indiscreetly, penetrate the secret of secrets, and expose the Gammon of Gammons! And as you must not peer too curiously within, so neither must you remain scornfully without. Humbug worshipers, let us come into our great temple regularly and decently; take our seats, and settle our clothes decently; open our books, and go through the service with decent gravity; listen, and be decently affected by the expositions of the decent priest of the place; and if by chance some straggling vagabond, loitering in the sunshine out of doors, dares to laugh or to sing, and disturb the sanctified dullness of the faithful—quick! a couple of big beadles rush out and belabor the wretch, and his yells make our devotions more comfortable.

Some magnificent religious ceremonies of this nature are at present taking place in France; and thinking that you might perhaps while away some long winter evening with an account of them, I have compiled the following pages for your use. Newspapers have been filled, for some days past, with details regarding the St. Helena expedition, many pamphlets have been published, men go about crying little books and broadsheets filled with real or sham particulars; and from these scarce and valuable documents the following pages are chiefly compiled.

We must begin at the beginning; premising, in the first place, that M. Guizot, when French Ambassador at London, waited upon Lord Palmerston with a request that the body of the Emperor Napoleon should be given up to the French nation,

in order that it might find a final resting place in French earth. To this demand the English Government gave a ready assent; nor was there any particular explosion of sentiment upon either side, only some pretty cordial expressions of mutual good will. Orders were sent out to St. Helena that the corpse should be disinterred in due time, when the French expedition had arrived in search of it, and that every respect and attention should be paid to those who came to carry back to their country the body of the famous dead warrior and sovereign.

This matter being arranged in very few words (as in England, upon most points, is the laudable fashion), the French Chambers began to debate about the place in which they should bury the body when they got it; and numberless pamphlets and newspapers out of doors joined in the talk. Some people there were who had fought and conquered and been beaten with the great Napoleon, and loved him and his memory. Many more were there who, because of his great genius and valor, felt excessively proud in their own particular persons, and clamored for the return of their hero. And if there were some few individuals in this great hot-headed, gallant, boasting, sublime, absurd French nation who had taken a cool view of the dead Emperor's character; if, perhaps, such men as Louis Philippe, and M. A. Thiers, Minister and Deputy, and M. François Guizot, Deputy and Excellency, had, from interest or conviction, opinions at all different from those of the majority—why, they knew what was what, and kept their opinions to themselves, coming with a tolerably good grace and flinging a few handfuls of incense upon the altar of the popular idol.

In the succeeding debates, then, various opinions were given with regard to the place to be selected for the Emperor's sepulture. 'Some demanded,' says an eloquent anonymous captain in the navy who has written an 'Itinerary from Toulon to St. Helena,' 'that the coffin should be deposited under the bronze taken from the enemy by the French army—under the Column of the Place Vendôme. The idea was a fine one. This is the most glorious monument that was ever raised in a conqueror's honor. This column has been melted out of foreign cannon. These same cannons have furrowed the bosoms of our braves with noble cicatrices; and this metal—conquered by the soldier first, by the artist afterward—has allowed to be imprinted on its front its own defeat and our glory. Napoleon might sleep in peace under this audacious trophy. But would his ashes find a shelter sufficiently vast beneath this pedestal? And his puissant statue dominating Paris, beams with sufficient

grandeur on this place; whereas the wheels of carriages and the feet of passengers would profane the funereal sanctity of the spot in trampling on the soil so near his head.'

You must not take this description, dearest Amelia, 'at the foot of the letter,' as the French phrase it, but you will here have a masterly exposition of the arguments for and against the burial of the Emperor under the Column of the Place Vendôme. The idea was a fine one, granted; but, like all other ideas, it was open to objections. You must not fancy that the cannon, or rather the cannon-balls, were in the habit of furrowing the bosoms of French braves, or any other braves, with cicatrices: on the contrary, it is a known fact that cannon-balls make wounds, and not cicatrices (which, my dear, are wounds partially healed); nay, that a man generally dies after receiving one such projectile on his chest, much more after having his bosom furrowed by a score of them. No, my love; no bosom, however heroic, can stand such applications, and the author only means that the French soldiers faced the cannon and took them. Nor, my love, must you suppose that the column was melted; it was the cannon was melted, not the column; but such phrases are often used by orators when they wish to give a particular force and emphasis to their opinions.

Well, again, although Napoleon might have slept in peace under 'this audacious trophy,' how could he do so and carriages go rattling by all night, and people with great iron heels to their boots pass clattering over the stones? Nor indeed could it be expected that a man whose reputation stretches from the Pyramids to the Kremlin, should find a column of which the base is only five-and twenty feet square, a shelter vast enough for his bones. In a word, then, although the proposal to bury Napoleon under the column was ingenious, it was found not to suit; whereupon somebody else proposed the Madeleine.

'It was proposed,' says the before-quoted author with his usual felicity, 'to consecrate the Madeleine to his exiled manes,' —that is, to his bones when they were not in exile any longer. 'He ought to have, it was said, a temple entire. His glory fills the world. His bones could not contain themselves in the coffin of a man—in the tomb of a king!' In this case what was Mary Magdalen to do? 'This proposition, I am happy to say, was rejected, and a new one—that of the President of the Council—adopted. Napoleon and his braves ought not to quit each other. Under the immense gilded dome of the Invalides he would find a sanctuary worthy of himself. A dome imitates the vault of heaven, and that vault alone' (meaning of course

the other vault) 'should dominate above his head. His old mutilated Guard shall watch around him; the last veteran, as he has shed his blood in his combats, shall breathe his last sigh near his tomb, and all these tombs shall sleep under the tattered standards that have been won from all the nations of Europe.'

The original words are 'sous les lambeaux criblés des drapeaux cueillis chez toutes les nations;' in English, 'under the riddled rags of the flags that have been culled or plucked' (like roses or buttercups) 'in all the nations.' Sweet, innocent flowers of victory! there they are, my dear, sure enough, and a pretty considerable *hortus siccus* may any man examine who chooses to walk to the Invalides. The burial-place being thus agreed on, the expedition was prepared, and on the 7th July the *Belle Poule* frigate, in company with *La Favorite* corvette, quitted Toulon harbor. A couple of steamers, the *Trident* and the *Ocean*, escorted the ships as far as Gibraltar, and there left them to pursue their voyage.

The two ships quitted the harbor in the sight of a vast concourse of people, and in the midst of a great roaring of cannons. Previous to the departure of the *Belle Poule*, the Bishop of Fréjus went on board, and gave to the cenotaph, in which the Emperor's remains were to be deposited, his episcopal benediction. Napoleon's old friends and followers, the two Bertrands, Gourgaud, Emanuel Las Cases, 'companions in exile, or sons of the companions in exile of the prisoner of the *infame* Hudson,' says a French writer, were passengers on board the frigate. Marchand, Denis, Pierret, Novaret, his old and faithful servants, were likewise in the vessel. It was commanded by his Royal Highness Francis Ferdinand Philip Louis Marie d'Orleans, Prince de Joinville, a young prince two-and-twenty years of age, who was already distinguished in the service of his country and king.

On the 8th of October, after a voyage of six-and-sixty days, the *Belle Poule* arrived in James Town harbor; and on its arrival, as on its departure from France, a great firing of guns took place. First, the *Oreste* French brig-of-war began roaring out a salutation to the frigate; then the *Dolphin* English schooner gave her one-and-twenty guns; then the frigate returned the compliment of the *Dolphin* schooner; then she blazed out one-and-twenty guns more, as a mark of particular politeness to the shore—which kindness the forts acknowledged by similar detonations.

These little compliments concluded on both sides, Lieutenant Middlemore, son and aid-de-camp of the Governor of St.

Helena, came on board the French frigate, and brought his father's best respects to his Royal Highness. The Governor was at home ill, and forced to keep his room ; but he had made his house at James Town ready for Captain Joinville and his suite, and begged that they would make use of it during their stay.

On the 9th, H. R. H. the Prince de Joinville put on his full uniform and landed, in company with Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron Las Cases, M. Marchand, M. Coquereau, the chaplain of the expedition, and M. de Rohan Chabot, who acted as chief mourner. All the garrison were under arms to receive the illustrious prince and the other members of the expedition—who forthwith repaired to Plantation House, and had a conference with the Governor regarding their mission.

On the 10th, 11th, 12th, these conferences continued : the crews of the French ships were permitted to come on shore and see the tomb of Napoleon. Bertrand, Gourgaud, Las Cases wandered about the island and revisited the spots to which they had been partial in the lifetime of the Emperor.

The 15th October was fixed on for the day of the exhumation : that day five-and-twenty years, the Emperor Napoleon first set his foot upon the island.

On the day previous all things had been made ready ; the grand coffins and ornaments brought from France, and the articles necessary for the operation, were carried to the valley of the tomb.

The operations commenced at midnight. The well-known friends of Napoleon before named and some other attendants of his, the chaplain and his acolytes, the doctor of the *Belle Poule*, the captains of the French ships, and Captain Alexander of the Engineers, the English Commissioner, attended the disinterment. His Royal Highness Prince de Joinville could not be present because the workmen were under English command.

The men worked for nine hours incessantly, when at length the earth was entirely removed from the vault, all the horizontal strata of masonry demolished, and the large slab which covered the place where the stone sarcophagus lay, removed by a crane. This outer coffin of stone was perfect, and could scarcely be said to be damp.

'As soon as the Abbé Coquereau had recited the prayers, the coffin was removed with the greatest care, and carried by the engineer-soldiers, bareheaded, into a tent that had been prepared for the purpose.' After the religious ceremonies, the inner coffins were opened. The outermost coffin was slightly injured ; then came one of lead, which was in good condition,

and enclosed two others—one of tin and one of wood. The last coffin was lined with white satin, which, having become detached by the effect of time, had fallen upon the body and enveloped it like a winding-sheet, and had become slightly attached to it.

'It is difficult to describe with what anxiety and emotion those who were present waited for the moment which was to expose to them all that death had left of Napoleon. Notwithstanding the singular state of preservation of the tomb and coffins, we could scarcely hope to find anything but some misshapen remains of the least perishable part of the costume to evidence the identity of the body. But when Dr. Guillard raised the sheet of satin, an indescribable feeling of surprise and affection was expressed by the spectators, many of whom burst into tears. The Emperor was himself before their eyes! The features of the face, though changed, were perfectly recognized; the hands extremely beautiful; his well-known costume had suffered but little, and the colors were easily distinguished. The attitude itself was full of ease, and but for the fragments of the satin lining which covered, as with a fine gauze, several parts of the uniform, we might have believed we still saw Napoleon before us lying on his bed of state. General Bertrand and M. Marchand, who were both present at the interment, quickly pointed out the different articles which each had deposited in the coffin, and remained in the precise position in which they had previously described them to be.

'The two inner coffins were carefully closed again; the old leaden coffin was strongly blocked up with wedges of wood, and both were once more soldered up with the most minute precautions, under the direction of Dr. Guillard. These different operations being terminated, the ebony sarcophagus was closed as well as its oak case. On delivering the key of the ebony sarcophagus to Count de Chabot, the King's Commissioner, Captain Alexander declared to him, in the name of the Governor, that this coffin, containing the mortal remains of the Emperor Napoleon, was considered as at the disposal of the French Government from that day, and from the moment at which it should arrive at the place of embarkation, toward which it was about to be sent under the orders of General Middlemore. The King's Commissioner replied that he was charged by his government, and in its name, to accept the coffin from the hands of the British authorities, and that he and the other persons composing the French mission were ready to follow it to James Town, where the Prince de Joinville, superior commandant of the expedition, would be ready to receive it and conduct

it on board his frigate. A car drawn by four horses, decked with funeral emblems, had been prepared before the arrival of the expedition, to receive the coffin, as well as a pall, and all the other suitable trappings of mourning. When the sarcophagus was placed on the car, the whole was covered with a magnificent imperial mantle brought from Paris, the four corners of which were borne by Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron Las Cases and M. Marchand. At half-past three o'clock the funeral car began to move, preceded by a chorister bearing the cross, and by the Abbé Coquereau. M. de Chabot acted as chief mourner. All the authorities of the island, all the principal inhabitants, and the whole of the garrison, followed in procession from the tomb to the quay. But with the exception of the artillerymen necessary to lead the horses, and occasionally support the car when descending some steep parts of the way, the places nearest the coffin were reserved for the French mission. General Middlemore, although in a weak state of health, persisted in following the whole way on foot, together with General Churchill, chief of the staff in India, who had arrived only two days before from Bombay. The immense weight of the coffins, and the unevenness of the road, rendered the utmost carefulness necessary throughout the whole distance. Colonel Trelawney commanded in person the small detachment of artillerymen who conducted the car; and, thanks to his great care, not the slightest accident took place. From the moment of the departure to the arrival at the quay, the cannons of the forts and the *Belle Poule* fired minute-guns. After an hour's march the rain ceased for the first time since the commencement of the operations, and on arriving in sight of the town we found a brilliant sky and beautiful weather. From the morning the three French vessels of war had assumed the usual signs of deep mourning; their yards crossed and their flags lowered. Two French merchantmen, *Bonne Amie* and *Indien*, which had been in the roads for two days, had put themselves under the prince's orders, and followed during the ceremony all the maneuvers of the *Belle Poule*. The forts of the town, and the houses of the consuls, had also their flags half-mast high.

'On arriving at the entrance of the town, the troops of the garrison and the militia formed in two lines as far as the extremity of the quay. According to the order for mourning prescribed for the English army, the men had their arms reversed and the officers had crape on their arms, with their swords reversed. All the inhabitants had been kept away from the line of

march, but they lined the terraces commanding the town, and the streets were occupied only by the troops, the 91st Regiment being on the right and the militia on the left. The cortége advanced slowly between two ranks of soldiers to the sound of a funeral march, while the cannons of the forts were fired, as well as those of the *Belle Poule* and the *Dolphin;* the echoes being repeated a thousand times by the rocks above Jamestown. After two hours' march the cortége stopped at the end of the quay, where the Prince de Joinville had stationed himself at the head of the officers of the three French ships of war. The greatest official honors had been rendered by the English authorities to the memory of the Emperor—the most striking testimonials of respect had marked the adieu given by St. Helena to his coffin ; and from that moment the mortal remains of the Emperor were about to belong to France. When the funeral-car stopped, the Prince de Joinville advanced alone, and in presence of all around, who stood with their heads uncovered, received, in a solemn manner, the imperial coffin from the hands of General Middlemore. His Royal Highness then thanked the Governor, in the name of France, for all the testimonials of sympathy and respect with which the authorities and inhabitants of St. Helena had surrounded the memorable ceremonial. A cutter had been expressly prepared to receive the coffin. During the embarkation, which the prince directed himself, the bands played funeral airs, and all the boats were stationed round with their oars shipped. The moment the sarcophagus touched the cutter, a magnificent royal flag, which the ladies of James Town had embroidered for the occasion, was unfurled, and the *Belle Poule* immediately squared her masts and unfurled her colors. All the maneuvers of the frigate were immediately followed by the other vessels. Our mourning had ceased with the exile of Napoleon, and the French naval division dressed itself out in all its festal ornaments to receive the imperial coffin under the French flag. The sarcophagus was covered in the cutter with the imperial mantle. The Prince de Joinville placed himself at the rudder, Commandant Guyet at the head of the boat ; Generals Bertrand and Gourgaud, Baron Las Cases, M. Marchand, and the Abbé Coquereau occupied the same places as during the march. Count Chabot and Commandant Hernoux were astern, a little in advance of the prince. As soon as the cutter had pushed off from the quay, the batteries ashore fired a salute of twenty-one guns, and our ships returned the salute with all their artillery. Two other salutes were fired during

the passage from the quay to the frigate; the cutter advancing very slowly, and surrounded by the other boats. At half-past six o'clock it reached the *Belle Poule*, all the men being on the yards with their hats in their hands. The prince had had arranged on the deck a chapel, decked with flags and trophies of arms, the altar being placed at the foot of the mizzenmast. The coffin, carried by our sailors, passed between two ranks of officers with drawn swords, and was placed on the quarter-deck. The absolution was pronounced by Abbé Coquereau the same evening. Next day, at ten o'clock, a solemn mass was celebrated on the deck, in presence of the officers and part of the crews of the ships. His Royal Highness stood at the foot of the coffin. The cannon of the *Favorite* and *Oreste* fired minute-guns during this ceremony, which terminated by a solemn absolution; and the Prince de Joinville, the gentlemen of the mission, the officers, and the *premiers maîtres* of the ship, sprinkled holy water on the coffin. At eleven, all the ceremonies of the church were accomplished, all the honors done to a sovereign had been paid to the mortal remains of Napoleon. The coffin was carefully lowered between decks, and placed in the *chapelle ardente* which had been prepared at Toulon for its reception. At this moment, the vessels fired a last salute with all their artillery, and the frigate took in her flags, keeping up only her flag at the stern and the royal standard at the main topgallant mast. On Sunday, the 18th, at eight in the morning, the *Belle Poule* quitted St. Helena with her precious deposit on board.

'During the whole time that the mission remained at James Town, the best understanding never ceased to exist between the population of the island and the French. The Prince de Joinville and his companions met in all quarters and at all times with the greatest good will and the warmest testimonials of sympathy. The authorities and the inhabitants must have felt, no doubt, great regret at seeing taken away from their island the coffin that had rendered it so celebrated; but they repressed their feelings with a courtesy that does honor to the frankness of their character.'

II.—On the Voyage from St. Helena to Paris.

On the 18th of October the French frigate quitted the island with its precious burden on board.

His Royal Highness the captain acknowledged cordially the kindness and attention which he and his crew had received from the English authorities and the inhabitants of the island of St.

Helena; nay, promised a pension to an old soldier who had been for many years the guardian of the imperial tomb, and went so far as to take into consideration the petition of a certain lodging-house keeper, who prayed for a compensation for the loss which the removal of the Emperor's body would occasion to her. And although it was not to be expected that the great French nation should forego its natural desire of recovering the remains of a hero so dear to it for the sake of the individual interest of the landlady in question, it must have been satisfactory to her to find that the peculiarity of her position was so delicately appreciated by the august prince who commanded the expedition, and carried away with him *animæ dimidium suæ*—the half of the genteel independence which she derived from the situation of her hotel. In a word, politeness and friendship could not be carried farther. The prince's realm and the landlady's were bound together by the closest ties of amity. M. Thiers was Minister of France, the great patron of the English alliance. At London M. Guizot was the worthy representative of the French good will toward the British people: and the remark frequently made by our orators at public dinners, that 'France and England, while united, might defy the world,' was considered as likely to hold good for many years to come,—the union that is. As for defying the world, that was neither here nor there; nor did English politicians ever dream of doing any such thing except perhaps at the tenth glass of port at Freemason's Tavern.

Little, however, did Mrs. Corbett, the St. Helena landlady, little did his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Philip Marie de Joinville know what was going on in Europe all this time (when I say in Europe, I mean in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt); how clouds, in fact, were gathering upon what you call the political horizon; and how tempests were rising that were to blow to pieces our Anglo-Gallic temple of friendship. Oh, but it is sad to think that a single wicked old Turk should be the means of setting our two Christian nations by the ears!

Yes, my love, this disreputable old man has been for some time past the object of the disinterested attention of the great sovereigns of Europe. The Emperor Nicholas (a moral character, though following the Greek superstition, and adored for his mildness and benevolence of disposition), the Emperor Ferdinand, the King of Prussia, and our own gracious Queen, had taken such just offense at his conduct and disobedience toward a young and interesting sovereign, whose authority he had disregarded, whose fleet he had kidnapped, whose fair provinces

he had pounced upon, that they determined to come to the aid of Abdul Medjid the First, Emperor of the Turks, and bring his rebellious vassal to reason. In this project the French nation was invited to join; but they refused the invitation, saying, that it was necessary for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe that his Highness Mehemet Ali should keep possession of what by hook or by crook he had gotten, and that they would have no hand in injuring him. But why continue this argument, which you have read in the newspapers for many months past? You, my dear, must know as well as I, that the balance of power in Europe could not possibly be maintained in any such way; and though, to be sure, for the last fifteen years, the progress of the old robber has not made much difference to us in the neighborhood of Russell Square, and the battle of Nezib did not in the least affect our taxes, our homes, our institutions, or the price of butcher's meat, yet there is no knowing what *might* have happened had Mehemet Ali been allowed to remain quietly as he was; and the balance of power in Europe might have been—the deuce knows where.

Here, then, in a nutshell, you have the whole matter in dispute. While Mrs. Corbett and the Prince de Joinville were innocently interchanging compliments at St. Helena—bang! bang! Commodore Napier was pouring broadsides into Tyre and Sidon; our gallant navy was storming breaches and routing armies; Colonel Hodges had seized upon the green standard of Ibrahim Pacha; and the powder-magazine of St. John of Acre was blown up sky-high, with eighteen hundred Egyptian soldiers in company with it. The French said that *l'or Anglais* had achieved all these successes, and no doubt believed that the poor fellows at Acre were bribed to a man.

It must have been particularly unpleasant to a high-minded nation like the French—at the very moment when the Egyptian affair and the balance of Europe had been settled in this abrupt way—to find out all of a sudden that the Pasha of Egypt was their dearest friend and ally. They had suffered in the person of their friend; and though, seeing that the dispute was ended, and the territory out of his hand, they could not hope to get it back for him, or to aid him in any substantial way, yet M. Thiers determined, just as a mark of politeness to the pasha, to fight all Europe for maltreating him—all Europe, England included. He was bent on war, and an immense majority of the nation went with him. He called for a million of soldiers, and would have had them too, had not the king been against the project and delayed the completion of it, at least for a time.

Of these great European disputes Captain Joinville received a notification while he was at sea on board his frigate; as we find by the official account which has been published of his mission.

'Some days after quitting St. Helena,' says that document, 'the expedition fell in with a ship coming from Europe, and was thus made acquainted with the warlike rumors then afloat, by which a collision with the English marine was rendered possible. The Prince de Joinville immediately assembled the officers of the *Belle Poule*, to deliberate on an event so unexpected and important.

'The council of war having expressed its opinion that it was necessary at all events to prepare for an energetic defense, preparations were made to place in battery all the guns that the frigate could bring to bear against the enemy. The provisional cabins that had been fitted up in the battery were demolished, the partitions removed, and, with all the elegant furniture of the cabins, flung into the sea. The Prince de Joinville was the first "to execute himself," and the frigate soon found itself armed with six or eight more guns.

'That part of the ship where these cabins had previously been, went by the name of Lacedæmon; everything luxurious being banished to make way for what was useful.

'Indeed, all persons who were on board agree in saying that Monseigneur the Prince de Joinville most worthily acquitted himself of the great and honorable mission which had been confided to him. All affirm not only that the commandant of the expedition did everything at St. Helena which as a Frenchman he was bound to do in order that the remains of the Emperor should receive all the honors due to them, but moreover that he accomplished his mission with all the measured solemnity, all the pious and severe dignity, that the son of the Emperor himself would have shown upon a like occasion. The commandant had also comprehended that the remains of the Emperor must never fall into the hands of the stranger, and being himself decided rather to sink his ship than to give up his precious deposit, he had inspired every one about him with the same energetic resolution that he had himself taken "*against an extreme eventuality*."'

Monseigneur, my dear, is really one of the finest young fellows it is possible to see. A tall, broad-chested, slim-waisted, brown-faced, dark-eyed young prince, with a great beard (and other martial qualities no doubt) beyond his years. As he strode into the Chapel of the Invalides on Tuesday at the head of his men, he made no small impression, I can tell you, upon the

ladies assembled to witness the ceremony. Nor are the crew of the *Belle Poule* less agreeable to look at than their commander. A more clean, smart, active, well-limbed set of lads never 'did dance' upon the deck of the famed *Belle Poule* in the days of her memorable combat with the 'Saucy *Arethusa*.' 'These five hundred sailors,' says a French newspaper, speaking of them in the proper French way, 'sword in hand, in the severe costume of board-ship (*la sevère tenue du bord*), seemed proud of the mission that they had just accomplished. Their blue jackets, their red cravats, the turned-down collars of blue shirts edged with white, *above all* their resolute appearance and martial air, gave a favorable specimen of the present state of our marine—a marine of which so much might be expected and from which so little has been required.'—*Le Commerce:* 16th of December.

There they were, sure enough; a cutlass upon one hip, a pistol on the other—a gallant set of young men indeed. I doubt, to be sure, whether the *sevère tenue du bord* requires that the seaman should be always furnished with these ferocious weapons, which in sundry maritime maneuvers, such as going to sleep in your hammock, for instance, or twinkling a binnacle, or luffing a marlinspike, or keelhauling a maintop-gallant (all naval operations, my dear, which any seafaring novelist will explain to you)—I doubt, I say, whether these weapons are *always* worn by sailors, and have heard that they are commonly, and very sensibly too, locked up until they are wanted. Take another example: suppose artillerymen were incessantly compelled to walk about with a pyramid of twenty-four-pound shot in one pocket, a lighted fuse and a few barrels of gunpowder in the other—these objects would, as you may imagine, greatly inconvenience the artilleryman in his peaceful state.

The newspaper writer is therefore most likely mistaken in saying that the seamen were in the *sevère tenue du bord*, or by '*bord*' meaning '*abordage*'—which operation they were not, in a harmless church, hung round with velvet and wax-candles, and filled with ladies, surely called upon to perform. Nor indeed can it be reasonably supposed that the picked men of the crack frigate of the French navy are a 'good specimen' of the rest of the French marine, any more than a cuirassed colossus at the gate of the Horse Guards can be considered a fair sample of the British soldier of the line. The sword and pistol, however, had no doubt their effect—the former was in its sheath, the latter not loaded, and I hear that the French

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ladies are quite in raptures with these charming *loups-de-mer*. Let the warlike accouterments then pass. It was necessary, perhaps, to strike the Parisians with awe, and therefore the crew was armed in this fierce fashion; but why should the captain begin to swagger as well as his men? and why did the Prince de Joinville lug out sword and pistol so early? or why, if he thought fit to make preparations, should the official journals brag of them afterward as proofs of his extraordinary courage?

Here is the case. The English Government makes him a present of the bones of Napoleon; English workmen work for nine hours without ceasing, and dig the coffin out of the ground; the English Commissioner hands over the key of the box to the French representative, M. Chabot; English horses carry the funeral-car down to the sea-shore, accompanied by the English Governor, who has actually left his bed to walk in the procession and to do the French nation honor.

After receiving and acknowledging these politenesses, the French captain takes his charge on board, and the first thing we afterward hear of him is the determination '*qu'il a su faire passer*' into all his crew, to sink rather than yield up the body of the Emperor *aux mains de l'étranger*—into the hands of the foreigner. My dear Monseigneur, is not this *par trop fort?* Suppose 'the foreigner' had wanted the coffin, could he not have kept it? Why show this uncalled-for valor, this extraordinary alacrity at sinking? Sink or blow yourself up as much as you please, but your Royal Highness must see that the genteel thing would have been to wait until you were asked to do so, before you offended good-natured, honest people, who—Heaven help them!—have never shown themselves at all murderously inclined toward you. A man knocks up his cabins forsooth, throws his tables and chairs overboard, runs guns into the portholes, and calls *le quartier du bord où existaient ces chambres Lacedæmon.* Lacedæmon! There is a province, O Prince, in your royal father's dominions, a fruitful parent of heroes in its time, which would have given a much better nickname to your *quartier du bord:* you should have called it Gascony.

Sooner than strike we'll all ex-pi-er.
On board of the Bell-e Pou-le.

Such fanfaronading is very well on the part of Tom Dibden, but a person of your Royal Highness' 'pious and severe dignity' should have been above it. If you entertained an idea that war was imminent, would it not have been far better to have made your preparations in quiet, and when you found the war-rumor blown over, to have said nothing about what you intended to do? Fie upon such cheap Lacedæmonianism!

There is no poltroon in the world but can brag about what he *would* have done; however, to do your Royal Highness' nation justice, they brag and fight too.

This narrative, my dear Miss Smith, as you will have remarked, is not a simple tale merely, but is accompanied by many moral and pithy remarks which form its chief value, in the writer's eyes at least, and the above account of the sham Lacedæmon on board the *Belle Poule* has a double barreled morality, as I conceive. Besides justly reprehending the French propensity towards braggadocio, it proves very strongly a point on which I am the only statesman in Europe who has strongly insisted. In the 'Paris Sketch Book' it was stated that *the French hate us.* They hate us, my dear, profoundly and desperately, and there never was such a hollow humbug in the world as the French alliance. Men get a character for patriotism in France merely by hating England. Directly they go into strong opposition (where, you know, people are always more patriotic than on the ministerial side), they appeal to the people, and have their hold on the people by hating England in common with them. Why? It is a long story, and the hatred may be accounted for by many reasons, both political and social. Any time these eight hundred years this ill will has been going on, and has been transmitted on the French side from father to son. On the French side, not on ours; we have had no, or few, defeats to complain of, no invasions to make us angry; but you see that to discuss such a period of time would demand a considerable number of pages, and for the present we will avoid the examination of the question.

But they hate us, that is the long and short of it; and you see how this hatred has exploded just now, not upon a serious cause of difference, but upon an argument; for what is the Pasha of Egypt to us or them but a mere abstract opinion? For the same reason the Little-endians in Lilliput abhorred the Big-endians; and I beg you to remark how his Royal Highness Prince Ferdinand Marie, upon hearing that this argument was in the course of debate between us, straightway flung his furniture overboard and expressed a preference for sinking his ship rather than yielding it to the *étranger*. Nothing came of this wish of his, to be sure; but the intention is everything. Unlucky circumstances denied him the power, but he had the will.

Well, beyond this disappointment, the Prince de Joinville had nothing to complain of during the voyage, which terminated happily by the arrival of the *Belle Poule* at Cherbourg, on the 30th of November, at five o'clock in the morning.

A telegraph made the glad news known at Paris, where the Minister of the Interior, Tannеguy-Duchâtel (you will read the name, Madam, in the old Anglo-French wars), had already made 'immense preparations' for receiving the body of Napoleon.

The entry was fixed for the 15th of December.

On the 8th of December at Cherbourg the body was transferred from the *Belle Poule* frigate to the *Normandie* steamer. On which occasion the mayor of Cherbourg deposited, in the name of his town, a gold laurel branch upon the coffin—which was saluted by the forts and dikes of the place with *one thousand guns!* There was a treat for the inhabitants.

There was on board the steamer a splendid receptacle for the coffin: 'a temple with twelve pillars and a dome to cover it from the wet and moisture, surrounded with velvet hangings and silver fringes. At the head was a gold cross, at the foot a gold lamp; other lamps were kept constantly burning within, and vases of burning incense were hung around. An altar, hung with velvet and silver, was at the mizzenmast of the vessel, *and four silver eagles at each corner of the altar.*' It was a compliment at once to Napoleon and—excuse me for saying so, but so the facts are—to Napoleon and to God Almighty.

Three steamers, the *Normandie*, the *Véloce*, and the *Courrier*, formed the expedition from Cherbourg to Havre, at which place they arrived on the evening of the 9th of December, and where the *Véloce* was replaced by the Seine steamer, having in tow one of the state-coasters, which was to fire the salute at the moment when the body was transferred into one of the vessels belonging to the Seine.

The expedition passed Havre the same night, and came to anchor at Val de la Haye on the Seine, three leagues below Rouen.

Here the next morning (10th), it was met by the flotilla of steamboats of the Upper Seine, consisting of the three *Dorades*, the three *Etoiles*, the *Elbeuvien*, the *Parisien*, the *Parisienne*, and the *Zampa*. The Prince de Joinville, and the persons of the expedition, embarked immediately in the flotilla, which arrived the same day at Rouen.

At Rouen salutes were fired, the National Guard on both sides of the river paid military honors to the body; and over the middle of the suspension bridge a magnificent cenotaph was erected, decorated with flags, fasces, violet hangings, and the imperial arms. Before the cenotaph the expedition stopped, and the absolution was given by the archbishop and the clergy. After a couple of hours' stay, the expedition

proceeded to Pont de l'Arche. On the 11th it reached Vernon, on the 12th Mantes, on the 13th Maisons-sur-Seine.

'Everywhere,' says the official account from which the above particulars are borrowed, 'the authorities, the National Guard, and the people flocked to the passage of the flotilla, desirous to render the honors due to his glory, which is the glory of France. In seeing its hero return, the nation seemed to have found its Palladium again,—the sainted relics of victory.'

At length, on the 14th, the coffin was transferred from the *Dorade* steamer on board the imperial vessel arrived from Paris. In the evening, the imperial steamer arrived at Courbevoie, which was the last stage of the journey.

Here it was that M. Guizot went to examine the vessel, and was very nearly flung into the Seine, as report goes, by the patriots assembled there. It is now lying on the river, near the Invalides, amidst the drifting ice, whither the people of Paris are flocking out to see it.

The vessel is of a very elegant antique form, and I can give you on the Thames no better idea of it than by requesting you to fancy an immense wherry, of which the stern has been cut straight off, and on which a temple on steps has been elevated. At the figurehead is an immense gold eagle, and at the stern is a little terrace, filled with evergreens and a profusion of banners. Upon pedestals along the sides of the vessel are tripods in which incense was burned, and underneath them are garlands of flowers called here 'immortals.' Four eagles surround the temple, and a great scroll or garland held in their beaks, surrounds it. It is hung with velvet and gold; four gold caryatides support the entry of it; and in the midst, upon a large platform hung with velvet, and bearing the imperial arms, stood the coffin. A steamboat, carrying two hundred musicians playing funeral marches and military symphonies, preceded this magnificent vessel to Courbevoie, where a funeral temple was erected, and 'a statue of Notre Dame de Grâce, before which the seamen of the *Belle Poule* inclined themselves, in order to thank her for having granted them a noble and glorious voyage.'

Early on the morning of the 15th of December, amid clouds of incense, and thunder of cannon, and innumerable shouts of people, the coffin was transferred from the barge, and carried by the seamen of the *Belle Poule* to the Imperial Car.

And now having conducted our hero almost to the gates of Paris, I must tell you what preparations were made in the capital to receive him.

Ten days before the arrival of the body, as you walked across the Deputies' Bridge, or over the Esplanade of the Invalides, you saw on the bridge eight, on the esplanade thirty-two, mysterious boxes erected, wherein a couple of score of sculptors were at work night and day.

In the middle of the Invalid Avenue, there used to stand, on a kind of shabby fountain or pump, a bust of Lafayette, crowned with some dirty wreaths of 'immortals,' and looking down at the little streamlet which occasionally dribbled below him. The spot of ground was now clear, and Lafayette and the pump had been consigned to some cellar, to make way for the mighty procession that was to pass over the place of their habitation.

Strange coincidence! If I had been M. Victor Hugo, my dear, or a poet of any note, I would, in a few hours, have made an impromptu concerning that Lafayette-crowned pump, and compared its lot now to the fortune of its patron some fifty years back. From him then issued, as from his fountain now, a feeble dribble of pure words; then, as now, some faint circle of disciples were willing to admire him. Certainly in the midst of the war and storm without, this pure fount of eloquence went dribbling, dribbling on, till of a sudden the revolutionary workmen knocked down statue and fountain, and the gorgeous imperial cavalcade trampled over the spot where they stood.

As for the Champs Elysées, there was no end to the preparations: the first day you saw a couple of hundred scaffoldings erected at intervals between the handsome gilded gas lamps that at present ornament that avenue; next day, all these scaffoldings were filled with brick and mortar. Presently, over the bricks and mortar rose pediments of statues, legs of urns, legs of goddesses, legs and bodies of goddesses, legs, bodies, and busts of goddesses. Finally, on the 13th of December, goddesses complete. On the 14th, they were painted marble-color: and the basements of wood and canvas on which they stood were made to resemble the same costly material. The funeral urns were ready to receive the frankincense and precious odors which were to burn in them. A vast number of white columns stretched down the avenue, each bearing a bronze buckler on which was written, in gold letters, one of the victories of the Emperor, and each decorated with enormous imperial flags. On these columns golden eagles were placed; and the newspapers did not fail to remark the ingenious position in which the royal birds had been set: for while those on the right hand side of the way had their heads turned *toward* the procession, as if to watch its coming, those on the

left were looking exactly the other way, as if to regard its progress. Do not fancy I am joking; this point was gravely and emphatically urged in many newspapers; and I do believe no mortal Frenchmen ever thought it anything but sublime.

Do not interrupt me, sweet Miss Smith. I feel that you are angry. I can see from here the pouting of your lips, and know what you are going to say. You are going to say, 'I will read no more of this Mr. Titmarsh; there is no subject, however solemn, but he treats it with flippant irreverence, and no character, however great, at whom he does not sneer.'

Ah, my dear! you are young now and enthusiastic; and your Titmarsh is old, very old, sad, and gray-headed. I have seen a poor mother buy a halfpenny wreath at the gate of Montmartre burying-ground, and go with it to her little child's grave, and hang it there over the little humble stone; and if ever you saw me scorn the mean offering of the poor shabby creature, I will give you leave to be angry as you will. They say that on the passage of Napoleon's coffin down the Seine, old soldiers and country people walked miles from their villages just to catch a sight of the boat which carried his body, and to kneel down on the shore and pray for him. God forbid that we should quarrel with such prayers and sorrow, or question their sincerity. Something great and good must have been in this man, something loving and kindly, that has kept his name so cherished in the popular memory, and gained him such lasting reverence and affection.

But, madam, one may respect the dead without feeling awe-stricken at the plumes of the hearse; and I see no reason why one should sympathize with the train of mutes and undertakers, however deep may be their mourning. Look, I pray you, at the manner in which the French nation has performed Napoleon's funeral. Time out of mind, nations have raised, in memory of their heroes, august mausoleums, grand pyramids, splendid statues of gold or marble, sacrificing whatever they had that was most costly and rare, or that was most beautiful in art, as tokens of their respect and love for the dead person. What a fine example of this sort of sacrifice is that (recorded in a book of which Simplicity is the greatest characteristic) of the poor woman who brought her pot of precious ointment—her all, and laid it at the feet of the Object which, upon earth, she most loved and respected.—'Economists and calculators' there were even in those days who quarreled with the manner in which the poor woman lavished so much 'capital'; but you will remember how nobly and generously

the sacrifice was appreciated, and how the economists were put to shame.

With regard to the funeral ceremony that has just been performed here, it is said that a famous public personage and statesman, M. Thiers indeed, spoke with the bitterest indignation of the general style of the preparations, and of their mean and tawdry character. He would have had a pomp as magnificent, he said, as that of Rome at the triumph of Aurelian: he would have decorated the bridges and avenues through which the procession was to pass with the costliest marbles and the finest works of art, and have had them to remain there forever as monuments of the great funeral.

The economists and calculators might here interpose with a great deal of reason; for, indeed, there was no reason why a nation should impoverish itself to do honor to the memory of an individual for whom, after all, it can feel but a qualified enthusiasm: but it surely might have employed the large sum voted for the purpose more wisely and generously, and recorded its respect for Napoleon by some worthy and lasting memorial, rather than have erected yonder thousand vain heaps of tinsel, paint, and plaster, that are already cracking and crumbling in the frost, at three days old.

Scarcely one of the statues, indeed, deserves to last a month: some are odious distortions and caricatures, which never should have been allowed to stand for a moment. On the very day of the fête, the wind was shaking the canvas pedestals, and the flimsy wood-work had begun to gape and give way. At a little distance, to be sure, you could not see the cracks; and pedestals and statues *looked* like marble. At some distance you could not tell but that the wreaths and eagles were gold embroidery, and not gilt paper—the great tricolor flags damask, and not striped calico. One would think that these sham splendors betokened sham respect, if one had not known that the name of Napoleon is held in real reverence, and observed somewhat of the character of the nation. Real feelings they have, but they distort them by exaggeration; real courage, which they render ludicrous by intolerable braggadocio; and I think the above official account of the Prince de Joinville's proceedings, of the manner in which the Emperor's remains have been treated in the voyage to their capital, and of the preparations made to receive him in it, will give my dear Miss Smith some means of understanding the social and moral condition of this worthy people of France.

III.—On the Funeral Ceremony.

Shall I tell you, my dear, that when François woke me at a very early hour on this eventful morning, while the keen stars were still glittering overhead, a half-moon, as sharp as a razor, beaming in the frosty sky, and a wicked north wind blowing, that blew the blood out of one's fingers and froze your leg as you put it out of bed;—shall I tell you, my dear, that when François called me, and said, 'V'là vot' café, M. Titemasse, buvez-le, tiens, il est tout chaud,' I felt myself, after imbibing the hot breakfast, so comfortable under three blankets and a mackintosh, that for at least a quarter of an hour no man in Europe could say whether Titmarsh would or would not be present at the burial of the Emperor Napoleon.

Besides, my dear, the cold, there was another reason for doubting. Did the French nation, or did they not, intend to offer up some of us English over the imperial grave? And were the games to be concluded by a massacre? It was said in the newspapers that Lord Granville had dispatched circulars to all the English resident in Paris, begging them to keep their homes. The French journals announced this news, and warned us charitably of the fate intended for us. Had Lord Granville written? Certainly not to me. Or had he written to all *except me?* And was I *the victim*—the doomed one?—to be seized directly I showed my face in the Champs Elysées, and torn in pieces by French patriotism to the frantic chorus of the 'Marseillaise'? Depend on it, madam, that high and low in this city on Tuesday were not altogether at their ease, and that the bravest felt no small tremor! And be sure of this, that as his Majesty Louis Philippe took his nightcap off his royal head that morning, he prayed heartily that he might, at night, put it on in safety.

Well, as my companion and I came out of doors, being bound for the Church of the Invalides, for which a deputy had kindly furnished us with tickets, we saw the very prettiest sight of the whole day, and I can't refrain from mentioning it to my dear, tender-hearted Miss Smith.

In the same house where I live (but about five stories nearer the ground), lodges an English family, consisting of—1. A great-grandmother, a hale, a handsome old lady of seventy, the very best-dressed and neatest old lady in Paris. 2. A grandfather and grandmother, tolerably young to bear that title. 3. A daughter. And 4. Two little great-grand, or grand-children, that may be of the age of three and one, and belong to a son

and daughter who are in India. The grandfather, who is as proud of his wife as he was thirty years ago when he married, and pays her compliments still twice or thrice in a day, and when he leads her into a room looks round at the persons assembled, and says in his heart, 'Here, gentlemen, here is my wife—show me such another woman in England,'—this gentleman had hired a room on the Champs Elysées, for he would not have his wife catch cold by exposing her to the balconies in the open air.

When I came to the street, I found the family assembled in the following order of march :

No. 1, the great-grandmother walking daintily along, supported by No. 3, her granddaughter.
A nurse carrying No. 4 junior, who was sound asleep, and a huge basket containing saucepans, bottles of milk, parcels of infants' food, certain dimity napkins, a child's coral, and a little horse belonging to No. 4 senior.
A servant bearing a basket of condiments.
No. 2, grandfather, spick and span, clean shaved, hat brushed, white buckskin gloves, bamboo cane, brown great-coat, walking as upright and solemn as may be, having his lady on his arm.
No. 4 senior, with mottled legs and a tartan costume, who was frisking about between his grandpapa's legs, who heartily wished him at home.

'My dear,' his face seemed to say to his lady, 'I think you might have left the little things in the nursery, for we shall have to squeeze through a terrible crowd in the Champs Elysées.'

The lady was going out for a day's pleasure, and her face was full of care: she had to look first after her old mother who was walking ahead, then after No. 4 junior with the nurse—he might fall into all sorts of danger, wake up, cry, catch cold; nurse might slip down, or Heaven knows what. Then she had to look her husband in the face, who had gone to such expense and been so kind for her sake, and make that gentleman believe she was thoroughly happy; and, finally, had to keep an eye upon No. 4 senior, who, as she was perfectly certain, was about in two minutes to be lost forever, or trampled to pieces in the crowd.

These events took place in a quiet little street leading into the Champs Elysées, the entry of which we had almost reached by this time. The four detachments above described, which had been straggling a little in their passage down the street, closed up at the end of it, and stood for a moment huddled together. No. 3, Miss X—, began speaking to her companion the great-grandmother.

'Hush, my dear,' said that old lady, looking round alarmed at her daughter. '*Speak French.*' And she straightway began nervously to make a speech which she supposed to be in that language, but which was as much like French as Iroquois.

The whole secret was out: you could read it in the grandmother's face, who was doing all she could to keep from crying, and looked as frightened as she dared to look. The two elder ladies had settled between them that there was going to be a general English slaughter that day, and had brought the children with them, so that they might all be murdered in company.

God bless you, oh, women, moist-eyed and tender-hearted! In those gentle silly tears of yours there is something touches one, be they never so foolish. I don't think there were many such natural drops shed that day as those which just made their appearance in the grandmother's eyes, and then went back again as if they had been ashamed of themselves, while the good lady and her little troop walked across the road. Think how happy she will be when night comes, and there has been no murder of English, and the brood is all nestled under her wings sound asleep, and she is lying awake thanking God that the day and its pleasures and pains are over. While we were considering these things, the grandfather had suddenly elevated No. 4 senior upon his left shoulder, and I saw the tartan hat of that young gentleman, and the bamboo-cane which had been transferred to him, high over the heads of the crowd on the opposite side through which the party moved.

After this little procession had passed away—you may laugh at it, but upon my word and conscience, Miss Smith, I saw nothing in the course of the day which affected me more—after this little procession had passed away the other came, accompanied by gun-banging, flag-waving, incense-burning, trumpets pealing, drums rolling, and at the close, received by the voice of six hundred choristers, sweetly modulated to the tones of fifteen score of fiddlers. Then you saw horse and foot, jackboots and bearskin, cuirass and bayonet, national guard and line, marshals and generals all over gold, smart aids-de-camp galloping about like mad, and high in the midst of all, riding on his golden buckler, Solomon in all his glory, forsooth—Imperial Cæsar, with his crown over his head, laurels and standards waving about his gorgeous chariot, and a million of people looking on in wonder and awe.

His Majesty the Emperor and King reclined on his shield, with his head a little elevated. His Majesty's skull is voluminous, his forehead broad and large. We remarked that his Imperial Majesty's brow was of yellowish color, which appearance was also visible about the orbits of the eyes. He kept his eyelids constantly closed, by which we had the opportunity of observing that the upper lids were garnished with eyelashes.

Years and climate have effected upon the face of this great monarch only a trifling alteration; we may say, indeed, that time has touched his Imperial and Royal Majesty with the lightest feather in his wing. In the nose of the conqueror of Austerlitz we remarked very little alteration: it is of the beautiful shape which we remember it possessed five-and-twenty years since, ere unfortunate circumstances induced him to leave us for a while. The nostril and tube of the nose appear to have undergone some slight alteration, but in examining a beloved object the eye of affection is perhaps too critical. *Vive l'Empereur!* The soldier of Marengo is among us again. His lip are thinner, perhaps, than they were before! how white his teeth are! you can just see three of them pressing his under lip; and pray remark the fullness of his cheeks and the round contour of his chin. Oh, those beautiful white hands; many a time they have patted the cheek of poor Josephine, and played with the black ringlets of her hair. She is dead now, and cold, poor creature; and so are Hortense and bold Eugene, 'than whom the world never saw a curtier knight,' as was said of King Arthur's Sir Lancelot. What a day it would have been for those three could they but have lived until now, and seen their hero returning! Where's Ney? His wife sits looking out from M. Flahaut's window yonder, but the bravest of the brave is not with her. Murat too is absent: honest Joachim loves the Emperor at heart, and repents that he was not at Waterloo: who knows but that at the sight of the handsome swordsman those stubborn English 'canaille' would have given way? A king, Sire, is, you know, the greatest of slaves—state affairs of consequence—his Majesty the King of Naples is detained, no doubt. When we last saw the king, however, and his Highness the Prince of Elchingen, they looked to have as good health as ever they had in their lives, and we heard each of them calmly calling out '*Fire!*' as they had done in numberless battles before.

Is it possible? Can the Emperor forget? We don't like to break it to him, but has he forgotten all about the farm at Pizzo, and the garden of the Observatory? Yes, truly: there he lies on his golden shield, never stirring, never so much as lifting his eyelids, or opening his lips any wider.

O vanitas vanitatum! Here is our sovereign in all his glory, and they fired a thousand guns at Cherbourg and never woke him!

However, we are advancing matters by several hours, and you must give just as much credence as you please to the sub-

joined remarks concerning the procession, seeing that your humble servant could not possibly be present at it, being bound for the church elsewhere.

Programmes, however, have been published of the affair, and your vivid fancy will not fail to give life to them, and the whole magnificent train will pass before you.

Fancy, then, that the guns are fired at Neuilly: the body landed at daybreak from the funereal barge, and transferred to the car; and fancy the car, a huge Juggernaut of a machine, rolling on four wheels of an antique shape, which supported a basement adorned with golden eagles, banners, laurels, and velvet hangings. Above the hangings stand twelve golden statues with raised arms supporting a huge shield, on which the coffin lay. On the coffin was the imperial crown, covered with violet velvet crape, and the whole vast machine was drawn by horses in superb housings, led by valets in the imperial livery. Fancy at the head of the procession first of all:

The Gendarmerie of the Seine, with their trumpets and Colonel.
The Municipal Guard (horse), with their trumpets, standard, and Colonel.
Two squadrons of the 7th Lancers, with Colonel, standard, and music.
The Commandant of Paris and his Staff.
A battalion of Infantry of the Line, with their flag, sappers, drums, music, and Colonel.
The Municipal Guard (foot), with flag, drums, and Colonel.
The Sapper-pumpers, with ditto.
Then picture to yourself more squadrons of Lancers and Cuirassiers. The General of the Division and his Staff; all officers of all arms employed at Paris, and unattached; the Military School of Saint Cyr, the Polytechnic School, the School of the État-Major; and the Professors and Staff of each. Go on imagining more battalions of Infantry, of Artillery, companies of Engineers, squadrons of Cuirassiers, ditto of the Cavalry, of the National Guard, and the first and second legions of ditto.
Fancy a carriage, containing the Chaplain of the St. Helena expedition, the only clerical gentleman that formed a part of the procession.
Fancy you hear the funereal music, and then figure in your mind's eye:
The Emperor's Charger, that is, Napoleon's own saddle and bridle (when First Consul) upon a white horse. The saddle (which has been kept ever since in the Garde Meuble of the Crown) is of amaranth velvet, embroidered in gold; the holsters and housings are of the same rich material. On them you remark the attributes of War, Commerce, Science, and Art. The bits and stirrups are silver-gilt chased. Over the stirrups two eagles were placed at the time of the Empire. The horse was covered with a violet crape embroidered with golden bees.
After this came more Soldiers, General Officers, Sub-Officers, Marshals, and what was said to be the prettiest sight almost of the whole, the banners of the eighty-six Departments of France. These are due to the invention of M. Thiers, and were to have been accompanied by federates from each Department. But the government very wisely mistrusted this and some other projects of M. Thiers; and as for a federation, my dear, *it has been tried*. Next comes:
His Royal Highness the Prince de Joinville.
The 500 sailors of the *Belle Poule* marching in double file on each side of

THE CAR.

[Hush! the enormous crowd thrills as it passes, and only some few voices cry *Vive l'Empereur!* Shining golden in the frosty sun, with hundreds of thousands of eyes upon it, from houses and housetops, from balconies, black, purple, and tricolor, from tops of leafless trees, from behind long lines of glittering bayonets under shakos and bearskin caps, from behind the Line and the National Guard again, pushing, struggling, heaving, panting, eager, the heads of an enormous multitude stretching out to meet and follow it, amid long avenues of columns, and statues gleaming white, of standards rainbow colored, of golden eagles, of pale funereal urns, of discharging odors amid huge volumes of pitch-black-smoke,

THE GREAT IMPERIAL CHARIOT

ROLLS MAJESTICALLY ON.

The cords of the pall are held by two Marshals, an Admiral, and General Bertrand; who are followed by:
The Prefects of the Seine and Police, etc.
The Mayors of Paris, etc.
The Members of the Old Guard, etc.
A squadron of Light Dragoons, etc.
Lieutenant-General Schneider, etc.
More cavalry, more infantry, more artillery, more everybody; and as the procession passes, the Line and the National Guard forming line on each side of the road fall in and follow it, until it arrives at the Church of the Invalides, where the last honors are to be paid to it.]

Among the company assembled under the dome of that edifice, the casual observer would not perhaps have remarked a gentleman of the name of Michael Angelo Titmarsh, who nevertheless was there. But as, my dear Miss Smith, the descriptions in this letter, from the words in page 189, line 22 —*the party moved*—up to the words *paid to it*, on this page, have purely emanated from your obedient servant's fancy, and not from his personal observation (for no being on earth, except a newspaper reporter, can be in two places at once), permit me now to communicate to you what little circumstances fell under my own particular view on the day of the 15th of December.

As we came out, the air and the buildings round about were tinged with purple, and the clear sharp half-moon before-mentioned was still in the sky, where it seemed to be lingering as if it would catch a peep of the commencement of the famous procession. The Arc de Triomphe was shining in a keen frosty sunshine, and looking as clean and rosy as if it had just made its toilet. The canvas or pasteboard image of Napoleon, of which only the gilded legs had been erected the night previous, was now visible, body, head, crown, scepter and all, and made an imposing show. Long gilt banners were flaunting about, the imperial cipher and eagle, and the names of the battles and victories glittering in gold. The long avenues of the Champs Elysées had been covered with sand for the convenience of the great procession that was to tramp across it that day. Hundreds of people were marching to and fro, laughing, chattering, singing, gesticulating as happy Frenchmen do. There is no pleasanter sight that a French crowd on the alert for a festival, and nothing more catching than their good humor. As for the notion which has been put forward by some of the opposition newspapers that the populace were on this occasion unusually solemn or sentimental, it would be paying a bad compliment to the natural gayety of the nation, to say that it was, on the morning at least of the 15th of December, affected in any such absurd way. Itinerant merchants were shouting out lustily their commodities of cigars and brandy, and the weather was so bitter cold, that they could not fail to find plenty of customers.

Carpenters and workmen were still making a huge banging and clattering among the sheds which were built for the accommodation of the visitors. Some of these sheds were hung with black, such as one sees before churches in funerals; some were robed in violet, in compliment to the Emperor whose mourning they put on. Most of them had fine tricolor hangings with appropriate inscriptions to the glory of the French arms.

All along the Champs Elysées were urns of plaster-of-Paris destined to contain funeral incense and flames; columns decorated with huge flags of blue, red, and white, embroidered with shining crowns, eagles, and N's in gilt paper, and statues of plaster representing Nymphs, Triumphs, Victories, or other female personages, painted in oil so as to represent marble. Real marble could have had no better effect, and the appearance of the whole was lively and picturesque in the extreme. On each pillar was a buckler of the color of bronze, bearing the name and date of a battle in gilt letters: you had to walk through a mile-long avenue of these glorious reminiscences, telling of spots where, in the great imperial days, throats had been victoriously cut.

As we passed down the avenue, several troops of soldiers met us: the *garde-municipale à cheval*, in brass helmets and shining jack-boots, noble-looking men, large, on large horses, the pick of the old army, as I have heard, and armed for the special occupation of peace-keeping: not the most glorious, but the best part of the soldier's duty, as I fancy. Then came a regiment of Carabineers, one of Infantry—little, alert, brown-faced, good-humored men, their band at their head playing sounding marches. These were followed by a regiment or detachment of the Municipals on foot—two or three inches taller than the men of the Line, and conspicuous for their neatness and discipline. By and by came a squadron or so of dragoons of the National Guard: they are covered with straps, buckles, aiguillettes, and cartouche-boxes, and made under their tricolor cock's-plumes a show sufficiently warlike. The point which chiefly struck me on beholding these military men of the National Guard and the Line, was the admirable manner in which they bore a cold that seemed to me as sharp as the weather in the Russian retreat, through which cold the troops were trotting without trembling and in the utmost cheerfulness and good humor. An aid-de-camp galloped past in white pantaloons. By Heavens! it made me shudder to look at him.

With this profound reflection, we turned away to the right toward the hanging-bridge (where we met a detachment of

young men of the École de l'État Major, fine-looking lads, but sadly disfigured by the wearing of stays or belts, that make the waists of the French dandies of a most absurd tenuity), and speedily passed into the avenue of statues leading up to the Invalides. All these were statues of warriors from Ney to Charlemagne, modeled in clay for the nonce, and placed here to meet the corpse of the greatest warrior of all. Passing these, we had to walk to a little door at the back of the Invalides, where was a crowd of persons plunged in the deepest mourning, and pushing for places in the chapel within.

The chapel is spacious and of no great architectural pretensions, but was on this occasion gorgeously decorated in honor of the great person to whose body it was about to give shelter.

We had arrived at nine: the ceremony was not to begin, they said, till two: we had five hours before us to see all that from our places could be seen.

We saw that the roof, up to the first lines of architecture, was hung with violet; beyond this with black. We saw N's, eagles, bees, laurel wreaths, and other such imperial emblems, adorning every nook and corner of the edifice. Between the arches, on each side of the aisle, were painted trophies, on which were written the names of some of Napoleon's generals and of their principal deeds of arms—and not their deeds of arms alone, *pardi*, but their coats of arms too. Oh, stars and garters! but this is too much. What was Ney's paternal coat, prithee, or honest Junot's quarterings, or the venerable escutcheon of King Joachim's father, the innkeeper?

You and I, dear Miss Smith, know the exact value of heraldic bearings. We know that though the greatest pleasure of all is to *act* like a gentleman, it is a pleasure, nay a merit, to *be* one—to come of an old stock, to have an honorable pedigree, to be able to say that centuries back our fathers had gentle blood, and to us transmitted the same. There is a good in gentility: the man who questions it is envious, or a coarse dullard not able to perceive the difference between high breeding and low. One has in the same way heard a man brag that he did not know the difference between wines, not he—give him a good glass of port and he would pitch all your claret to the deuce. My love, men often brag about their own dullness in this way.

In the matter of gentlemen, democrats cry, 'Pshaw! Give us one of Nature's gentlemen, and hang your aristocrats.' And so indeed Nature does make *some* gentlemen—a few here and there. But Art makes most. Good birth, that is, good handsome well-formed fathers and mothers, nice cleanly nursery-

maids, good meals, good physicians, good education, few cares, pleasant easy habits of life, and luxuries not too great or enervating, but only refining—a course of these going on for a few generations are the best gentleman-makers in the world, and beat Nature hollow.

If, respected madam, you say that there is something *better* than gentility in this wicked world, and that honesty and personal worth are more valuable than all the politeness and high-breeding that ever wore red-heeled pumps, knights' spurs, or Hoby's boots, Titmarsh for one is never going to say you nay. If you even go so far as to say that the very existence of this super-genteel society among us, from the slavish respect that we pay to it, from the dastardly manner in which we attempt to imitate its airs and ape its vices, goes far to destroy honesty of intercourse, to make us meanly ashamed of our natural affections and honest, harmless usages, and so does a great deal more harm than it is possible it can do good by its example—perhaps, madam, you speak with some sort of reason. Potato myself, I can't help seeing that the tulip yonder has the best place in the garden, and the most sunshine, and the most water, and the best tending—and not liking him over well. But I can't help acknowledging that Nature has given him a much finer dress than ever I can hope to have, and of this, at least, must give him the benefit.

Or say, we are so many cocks and hens, my dear (*sans arrière-pensée*), with our crops pretty full, our plumes pretty sleek, decent picking here and there in the straw-yard, and tolerably snug roosting in the barn : yonder on the terrace, in the sun, walks Peacock, stretching his proud neck, squealing every now and then in the most pert fashionable voice and flaunting his great supercilious dandified tail. Don't let us be too angry, my dear, with the useless, haughty, insolent creature, because he depises us. *Something* is there about Peacock that we don't possess. Strain your neck ever so, you can't make it as long or as blue as his—cock your tail as much as you please, and it will never be half so fine to look at. But the most absurd, disgusting, contemptible sight in the world would you and I be, leaving the barn-door for my lady's flower-garden, forsaking our natural sturdy walk for the peacock's genteel rickety stride, and adopting the squeak of his voice in the place of our gallant lusty cock-a-doodle-dooing.

Do you take the allegory? I love to speak in such, and the above types have been presented to my mind while sitting opposite a gimcrack coat-of-arms and coronet that are painted in the Invalides Church, and assigned to one of the Emperor's generals.

Ventrebleu! madam, what need have *they* of coats-of-arms and coronets, and wretched imitations of old exploded aristocratic gewgaws that they had flung out of the country—with the heads of the owners in them sometimes, for indeed they were not particular—a score of years before? What business, forsooth, had they to be meddling with gentility and aping its ways, who had courage, merit, daring, genius sometimes, and a pride of their own to support, if proud they were inclined to be? A clever young man (who was not of high family himself, but had been bred up genteelly at Eton and the university)—young Mr. George Canning, at the commencement of the French Revolution, sneered at 'Roland the Just, with ribbons in his shoes,' and the dandies, who then wore buckles, voted the sarcasm monstrous killing. It was a joke, my dear, worthy of a lackey, or of a silly smart parvenu, not knowing the society into which his luck had cast him (God help him! in later years, they taught him what they were!), and fancying in his silly intoxication that simplicity was ludicrous and fashion respectable. See, now, fifty years are gone, and where are shoebuckles? Extinct, defunct, kicked into the irrevocable past off the toes of all Europe!

How fatal to the parvenu, throughout history, has been this respect for shoebuckles. Where, for instance, would the Empire of Napoleon have been, if Ney and Lannes had never sported such a thing as a coat-of-arms, and had only written their simple names on their shields, after the fashion of Desaix's scutcheon yonder?—the bold Republican who led the crowning charge at Marengo, and sent the best blood of the Holy Roman Empire to the right-about, before the wretched misbegotten imperial heraldry was born, that was to prove so disastrous to the father of it. It has always been so. They won't amalgamate. A country must be governed by the one principle or the other. But give, in a republic, an aristocracy ever so little chance, and it works and plots and sneaks and bullies and sneers itself into place, and you find democracy out of doors. Is it good that the aristocracy should so triumph?—that is a question that you may settle according to your own notions and taste; and permit me to say, I do not care twopence how you settle it. Large books have been written upon the subject in a variety of languages, and coming to a variety of conclusions. Great statesmen are there in our country, from Lord Londonderry down to Mr. Vincent, each in his degree maintaining his different opinion. But here, in the matter of Napoleon, is a simple fact: he founded a great, glorious, strong, potent republic, able to cope with the best

aristocracies in the world, and perhaps to beat them all: he converts his republic into a monarchy, and surrounds his monarchy with what he calls aristocratic institutions; and you know what becomes of him. The people estranged, the aristocracy faithless (when did they ever pardon one who was not of themselves?)—the imperial fabric tumbles to the ground. If it teaches nothing else, my dear, it teaches one a great point of policy—namely, to stick by one's party.

While these thoughts (and sundry others relative to the horrible cold of the place, the intense dullness of delay, the stupidity of leaving a warm bed and a breakfast in order to witness a procession that is much better performed at the theater)—while these thoughts were passing in the mind, the church began to fill apace, and you saw that the hour of the ceremony was drawing near.

Imprimis, came men with lighted staves, and set fire to at least ten thousand wax-candles that were hanging in brilliant chandeliers in various parts of the chapel. Curtains were dropped over the upper windows as these illumination were effected, and the church was left only to the funereal light of the spermaceti. To the right was the dome, round the cavity of which sparkling lamps were set, that designed the shape of it brilliantly against the darkness. In the midst, and where the altar used to stand, rose the catafalque. And why not? Who is God here but Napoleon? and in him the skeptics have already ceased to believe; but the people does still somewhat. He and Louis XIV. divide the worship of the place between them.

As for the catafalque, the best that I can say for it is that it is really a noble and imposing-looking edifice, with tall pillars supporting a grand dome, with innumerable escutcheons, standards, and allusions military and funereal. A great eagle of course tops the whole: tripods burning spirits of wine stand round this kind of dead man's throne, and as we saw it (by peering over the heads of our neighbors in the front rank), it looked, in the midst of the black concave, and under the effect of half-a-thousand flashing cross-lights, properly grand and tall. The effect of the whole chapel, however (to speak the jargon of the painting-room), was spoiled by being *cut up*: there were too many objects for the eye to rest upon: the ten thousand wax candles, for instance, in their numberless twinkling chandeliers, the raw *tranchant* colors of the new banners, wreaths, bees, N's, and other emblems dotting the place all over, and incessantly puzzling, or rather *bothering* the beholder.

High overhead, in a sort of mist, with the glare of their origi-

nal colors worn down by dust and time, hung long rows of dim ghostly-looking standards, captured in old days from the enemy. They were, I thought, the best and most solemn part of the show.

To suppose that the people were bound to be solemn during the ceremony is to exact from them something quite needless and unnatural. The very fact of a squeeze dissipates all solemnity. One great crowd is always, as I imagine, pretty much like another. In the course of the last few years I have seen three; that attending the coronation of our present sovereign, that which went to see Courvoisier hanged, and this which witnessed the Napoleon ceremony. The people so assembled for hours together are jocular rather than solemn, seeking to pass away the weary time with the best amusements that will offer. There was, to be sure, in all the scenes above alluded to, just one moment—one particular moment—when the universal people feels a shock and is for that second serious.

But except for that second of time, I declare I saw no seriousness here beyond that of ennui. The church began to fill with personages of all ranks and conditions. First opposite our seats came a company of fat grenadiers of the National Guard, who presently, at the word of command, put their muskets down against benches and wainscots, until the arrival of the procession. For seven hours, these men formed the object of the most anxious solicitude of all the ladies and gentlemen seated on our benches; they began to stamp their feet, for the cold was atrocious, and we were frozen where we sat. Some of them fell to blowing their fingers; one executed a kind of dance, such as one sees often here in cold weather—the individual jumps repeatedly upon one leg, and kicks out the other violently, meanwhile his hands are flapping across his chest. Some fellows opened their cartouche-boxes, and from them drew eatables of various kinds. You can't think how anxious we were to know the qualities of the same. 'Tiens, ce gros qui mange une cuisse de volaille!'—'Il a du jambon, celui-là.' 'I should like some, too,' growls an Englishman, 'for I hadn't a morsel of breakfast,' and so on. This is the way, my dear, that we see Napoleon buried.

Did you ever see a chicken escape from clown in a pantomime, and hop over into the pit, or among the fiddlers? and have you not seen the shrieks of enthusiastic laughter that the wondrous incident occasions? We had our chicken, of course; there never was a public crowd without one. A poor unhappy woman in a greasy plaid cloak, with a battered rose-colored plush bonnet, was seen taking her place among the stalls allotted

to the grandees. 'Voyez donc l'Anglaise,' said everybody, and it was too true. You could swear that the wretch was an Englishwoman: a bonnet was never made or worn so in any other country. Half an hour's delightful amusement did this lady give us all. She was whisked from seat to seat by the *huissiers*, and at every change of place woke a peal of laughter. I was glad, however, at the end of the day to see the old pink bonnet over a very comfortable seat, which somebody had not claimed and she had kept.

Are not these remarkable incidents? The next wonder we saw was the arrival of a set of tottering old Invalids, who took their places under us with drawn sabers. Then came a superb drum-major, a handsome smiling good-humored giant of a man, his breeches astonishingly embroidered with silver lace. Him a dozen little drummer-boys followed—'the little darlings!' all the ladies cried out in a breath: they were indeed pretty little fellows, and came and stood close under us; the huge drum-major smiled over his little red-capped flock, and for many hours in the most perfect contentment twiddled his mustaches and played with the tassels of his cane.

Now the company began to arrive thicker and thicker. A whole covey of *Conseillers d'État* came in, in blue coats, embroidered with blue silk, then came a crowd of lawyers in toques and caps, among whom were sundry venerable judges in scarlet, purple velvet, and ermine—a kind of bajazet costume. Look there! there is the Turkish Ambassador in his red cap, turning his solemn brown face about and looking preternaturally wise. The deputies walk in in a body. Guizot is not there: he passed by just now in full ministerial costume. Presently little Thiers saunters back; what a clear, broad, sharp-eyed face the fellow has, with his gray hair cut down so demure! A servant passes, pushing through the crowd a shabby wheel-chair. It has just brought old Moncey, the Governor of the Invalids, the honest old man who defended Paris so stoutly in 1814. He has been very ill, and is worn down almost by infirmities; but in his illness he was perpetually asking, 'Doctor, shall I live till the 15th? Give me till then, and I die contented.' One can't help believing that the old man's wish is honest, however one may doubt the piety of another illustrious marshal, who once carried a candle before Charles X. in a procession, and has been this morning to Neuilly to kneel and pray at the foot of Napoleon's coffin. He might have said his prayers at home, to be sure; but don't let us ask too much; that kind of reserve is not a Frenchman's characteristic.

Bang—bang! At about half-past two a dull sound of cannonading was heard without the church, and signals took place between the Commandant of the Invalids, of the National Guards, and the big drum-major. Looking to these troops (the fat Nationals were shuffling into line again) the two Commandants uttered, as nearly as I could catch them, the following words—

'HARRUM HUMP!'

At once all the National bayonets were on the present, and the sabers of the old Invalids up. The big drum-major looked round at the children, who began very slowly and solemnly on their drums, Rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub—(count two between each)—rub-dub-dub, and a great procession of priests came down from the altar.

First, there was a tall handsome cross-bearer, bearing a long gold cross, of which the front was turned toward his grace the archbishop. Then came a double row of about sixteen incense-boys, dressed in white surplices: the first boy, about six years old, the last with whiskers and of the height of a man. Then followed a regiment of priests in black tippets and white gowns: they had black hoods, like the moon when she is at her third quarter, wherewith those who were bald (many were, and fat too) covered themselves. All the reverend men held their heads meekly down, and affected to be reading in their breviaries.

After the priests came some bishops of the neighboring districts, in purple, with crosses sparkling on their episcopal bosoms.

Then came, after more priests, a set of men whom I have never seen before—a kind of ghostly heralds, young and handsome men, some of them in stiff tabards of black and silver, their eyes to the ground, their hands placed at right angles with their chests.

Then came two gentlemen bearing remarkable tall candlesticks, with candles of corresponding size. One was burning brightly, but the wind (that chartered libertine) had blown out the other, which nevertheless kept its place in the procession—I wondered to myself whether the reverend gentleman who carried the extinguished candle felt disgusted, humiliated, mortified—perfectly conscious that the eyes of many thousands of people were bent upon that bit of refractory wax. We all of us looked at it with intense interest.

Another cross-bearer, behind whom came a gentleman carrying an instrument like a bedroom candlestick.

His Grandeur Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris: he was in black and white, his eyes were cast to the earth, his hands were together at right angles from his chest: on his

hands were black gloves, and on the black gloves sparkled the sacred episcopal—what do I say?—archiepiscopal ring. On his head was the miter. It is unlike the godly coronet that figures upon the coachpanels of our own Right Reverend Bench. The Archbishop's miter may be about a yard high: formed within probably of consecrated pasteboard, it is without covered by a sort of watered silk of white and silver. On the two peaks at the top of the miter are two very little spangled tassels, that frisk and twinkle about in a very agreeable manner.

Monseigneur stood opposite to us for some time, when I had the opportunity to note the above remarkable phenomena. He stood opposite me for some time, keeping his eyes steadily on the ground, his hands before him, a small clerical train following after. Why didn't they move? There was the National Guard keeping on presenting arms, the little drummers going on rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub—in the same steady, slow way, and the procession never moved an inch. There was evidently, to use an elegant phrase, a hitch somewhere.

[*Enter a fat priest, who bustles up to the drum-major.*]

Fat priest—'Taisez-vous.'

Little drummers—Rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub—rub-dub-dub, etc.

Drum-major—'Qu'est-ce donc?'

Fat priest—'Taisez-vous, vous dis-je; ce n'est pas le corps. Il n'arrivera pas—pour une heure.'

The little drums were instantly hushed, the procession turned to the right about, and walked back to the altar again, the blown-out candle that had been on the near side of us before was now on the off side, the National Guards set down their muskets and began at their sandwiches again. We had to wait an hour and a half at least before the great procession arrived. The guns without went on booming all the while at intervals, and as we heard each, the audience gave a kind of '*ahahah!*' such as you hear when the rockets go up to Vauxhall.

At last the real Procession came.

Then the drums began to beat as formerly, the Nationals to get under arms, the clergymen were sent for and went, and presently—yes, there was the tall cross-bearer at the head of the procession, and they came *back!*

They chanted something in a weak, snuffling, lugubrious manner, to the melancholy bray of a serpent.

Crash! however, Mr. Habeneck and the fiddlers in the organ-loft pealed out a wild shrill march, which stopped the reverend gentlemen, and in the midst of this music—

And of a great trampling of feet and clattering,
And of a great crowd of generals and officers in fine clothes,
With the Prince de Joinville marching quickly at the head of the procession,
And while everybody's heart was thumping as hard as possible,
NAPOLEON'S COFFIN PASSED.

It was done in an instant. A box covered with a great red cross—a dingy-looking crown lying on the top of it—Seamen on one side and Invalids on the other—they had passed in an instant and were up the aisle.

A faint snuffling sound, as before, was heard from the officiating priests, but we knew of nothing more. It is said that old Louis Philippe was standing at the catafalque, whither the Prince de Joinville advanced and said, 'Sire, I bring you the body of the Emperor Napoleon.'

Louis Philippe answered, 'I receive it in the name of France.' Bertrand put on the body the most glorious victorious sword that ever has been forged since the apt descendants of the first murderer learned how to hammer steel; and the coffin was placed in the temple prepared for it.

The six hundred singers and the fiddlers now commenced the playing and singing of a piece of music; and a part of the crew of the *Belle Poule* skipped into the places that had been kept for them under us, and listened to the music, chewing tobacco. While the actors and fiddlers were going on, most of the spirits-of-wine lamps on altars went out.

When we arrived in the open air we passed through the court of the Invalides, where thousands of people had been assembled, but where the benches were now quite bare. Then we came on to the terrace before the place; the old soldiers were firing off the great guns, which made a dreadful stunning noise, and frightened some of us, who did not care to pass before the cannon and be knocked down even by the wadding. The guns were fired in honor of the king, who was going home by a back door. All the forty thousand people who covered the great stands before the Hôtel had gone away too. The Imperial Barge had been dragged up the river, and was lying lonely along the quay, examined by some few shivering people on the shore.

It was five o'clock when we reached home: the stars were shining keenly out of the frosty sky, and François told me that dinner was just ready.

In this manner, my dear Miss Smith, the great Napoleon was buried.

Farewell.

CRITICAL REVIEWS.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.*

ACCUSATIONS of ingratitude, and just accusations no doubt, are made against every inhabitant of this wicked world, and the fact is, that a man who is ceaselessly engaged in its trouble and turmoil, borne hither and thither upon the fierce waves of the crowd, bustling, shifting, struggling to keep himself somewhat above water—fighting for reputation, or more likely for bread, and ceaselessly occupied to-day with plans for appeasing the eternal appetite of inevitable hunger to-morrow—a man in such straits has hardly time to think of anything but himself, and, as in a sinking ship, must make his own rush for the boats, and fight, struggle, and trample for safety. In the midst of such a combat as this, the 'ingenious arts, which prevent the ferocity of the manners, and act upon them as an emollient' (as the philosophic bard remarks in the Latin Grammar) are likely to be jostled to death, and then forgotten! The world will allow no such compromises between it and that which does not belong to it—no two gods must we serve; but (as one has seen in some old portraits) the horrible glazed eyes of Necessity are always fixed upon you; fly away as you will, black Care sits behind you, and with his ceaseless gloomy croaking drowns the voice of all more cheerful companions. Happy he whose fortune has placed him where there is calm and plenty, and who has the wisdom not to give up his quiet in quest of visionary gain.

Here is, no doubt, the reason why a man, after the period of his boyhood, or first youth, makes so few friends. Want and ambition (new acquaintances which are introduced to him along with his beard) thrust away all other society from him. Some old friends remain, it is true, but these are become as a habit—a part of your selfishness; and, for new ones, they are selfish as you are. Neither member of the new partnership has the capital of affection and kindly feeling, or can even afford the time that is requisite for the establishment of the new firm. Damp and chill the shades of the prison-house begin to close round us, and that 'vision splendid' which has accompanied

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our steps in our journey daily farther from the east, fades away and dies into the light of common day.

And what a common day! what a foggy, dull, shivering apology for light is this kind of muddy twilight through which we are about to tramp and flounder for the rest of our existence, wandering farther and farther from the beauty and freshness and from the kindly gushing springs of clear gladness that made all round us green in our youth! One wanders and gropes in a slough of stock-jobbing, one sinks or rises in a storm of politics, and in either case it is as good to fall as to rise—to mount a bubble on the crest of the wave, as to sink a stone to the bottom.

The reader who has seen the name affixed to the head of this article scarcely expected to be entertained with a declamation upon ingratitude, youth, and the vanity of human pursuits, which may seem at first sight to have little to do with the subject in hand. But (although we reserve the privilege of discoursing upon whatever subject shall suit us, and by no means admit the public has any right to ask in our sentences for any meaning, or any connection whatever) it happens that, in this particular instance, there is an undoubted connection. In Susan's case, as recorded by Wordsworth, what connection had the corner of Wood Street with a mountain ascending, a vision of trees, and a nest by the Dove? Why should the song of a thrush cause bright volumes of vapor to glide through Lothbury, and a river to flow on through the vale of Cheapside? As she stood at the corner of Wood Street, a mop and a pail in her hand most likely, she heard the bird singing, and straightway began pining and yearning for the days of her youth, forgetting the proper business of the pail and mop. Even so we are moved by the sight of some of Mr. Cruikshank's works—the 'Busen fühlt sich jugendlich erschüttert,' the 'schwankende Gestalten' of youth flit before one again,—Cruikshank's thrush begins to pipe and carol, as in the days of boyhood; hence misty moralities, reflections, and sad and pleasant remembrances arise. He is the friend of the young especially. Have we not read all the story-books that his wonderful pencil has illustrated? Did we not forego tarts, in order to buy his 'Breaking-up,' or his 'Fashionable Monstrosities' of the year eighteen hundred and something? Have we not before us, at this very moment, a print—one of the admirable 'Illustrations of Phrenology'—which entire work was purchased by a joint-stock company of boys, each drawing lots afterward for the separate prints, and taking his choice

in rotation? The writer of this, too, had the honor of drawing the first lot, and seized immediately upon 'Philoprogenitiveness'—a marvellous print (our copy is not at all improved by being colored, which operation we performed on it ourselves)—a marvellous print, indeed—full of ingenuity and fine jovial humor. A father, possessor of an enormous nose and family, is surrounded by the latter, who are, some of them, embracing the former. The composition writhes and twists about like the Kermes of Rubens. No less than seven little men and women in nightcaps, in frocks, in bibs, in breeches, are clambering about the head, knees, and arms of the man with the nose; their noses, too, are preternaturally developed —the twins in the cradle have noses of the most considerable kind. The second daughter, who is watching them; the youngest but two, who sits squalling in a certain wicker chair; the eldest son, who is yawning; the eldest daughter, who is preparing with the gravy of two mutton chops a savory dish of Yorkshire pudding for eighteen persons; the youths who are examining her operations (one a literary gentleman, in a remarkably neat nightcap and pinafore, who has just had his finger in the pudding); the genius who is at work on the slate, and the two honest lads who are hugging the good-humored washerwoman, their mother—all, all, save this worthy woman, have noses of the largest size. Not handsome certainly are they, and yet everybody must be charmed with the picture. It is full of grotesque beauty. The artist has at the back of his own skull, we are certain, a huge bump of philoprogenitiveness. He loves children in his heart; every one of those he has drawn is perfectly happy, and jovial, and affectionate, and innocent as possible. He makes them with large noses, but he loves them, and you always find something kind in the midst of his humor, and the ugliness redeemed by a sly touch of beauty. The smiling mother reconciles one with all the hideous family: they have all something of the mother in them—something kind, and generous, and tender.

Knight's, in Sweeting's Alley; Fairburn's, in a court off Ludgate Hill; Hone's, in Fleet Street—bright, enchanted palaces, which George Cruikshank used to people with grinning, fantastical imps, and merry, harmless sprites,—where are they? Fairburn's shop knows him no more; not only has Knight disappeared from Sweeting's Alley, but, as we are given to understand, Sweeting's Alley has disappeared from the face of the globe. Slop, the atrocious Castlereagh, the sainted Caroline (in a tight pelisse, with feathers in her head), the 'Dandy

of sixty,' who used to glance at us from Hone's friendly windows—where are they? Mr. Cruikshank may have drawn a thousand better things since the days when these were; but they are to us a thousand times more pleasing than anything else he has done. How we used to believe in them! to stray miles out of the way on holidays, in order to ponder for an hour before that delightful window in Sweeting's Alley! in walks through Fleet Street, to vanish abruptly down Fairburn's passage, and there make one at his 'charming gratis' exhibition. There used to be a crowd round the window in those days, of grinning, good-natured mechanics, who spelt the songs, and spoke them out for the benefit of the company, and who received the points of humor with a general sympathizing roar. Where are these people now? You never hear any laughing at HB.; his pictures are a great deal too genteel for that—polite points of wit, which strike one as exceedingly clever and pretty, and cause one to smile in a quiet, gentlemanlike kind of way,

There must be no smiling with Cruikshank. A man who does not laugh outright is a dullard, and has no heart; even the old dandy of sixty must have laughed at his own wondrous grotesque image, as they say Louis Philippe did, who saw all the caricatures that were made of himself. And there are some of Cruikshank's designs which have the blessed faculty of creating laughter as often as you see them. As Diggory says in the play, who is bidden by his master not to laugh while waiting at table—'Don't tell the story of Grouse in the Gun-room, master, or I can't help laughing.' Repeat that history ever so often, and, at the proper moment, honest Diggory is sure to explode. Every man, no doubt, who loves Cruikshank has his 'Grouse in the Gun-room.' There is a fellow in the 'Points of Humor' who is offering to eat up a certain little general, that has made us happy any time these sixteen years; his huge mouth is a perpetual well of laughter—buckets full of fun can be drawn from it. We have formed no such friendships as that boyish one of the man with the mouth. But though, in our eyes, Mr. Cruikshank reached his apogee some eighteen years since, it must not be imagined that such is really the case. Eighteen sets of children have since then learned to love and admire him, and may many more of their successors be brought up in the same delightful faith. It is not the artist who fails, but the men who grow cold—the men, from whom the illusions (why illusions? realities) of youth disappear one by one; who have no leisure to be happy, no blessed holidays, but only fresh cares at midsummer and Christmas, being the

inevitable seasons which bring us bills instead of pleasures. Tom, who comes bounding home from school, has the doctor's account in his trunk, and his father goes to sleep at the pantomime to which he takes him. '*Pater infelix*, you too have laughed at clown, and the magic wand of spangled harlequin; what delightful enchantment did it weave around you, in the golden days 'when George the Third was king!' But our clown lies in his grave; and our harlequin, Ellar, prince of how many enchanted islands, was he not at Bow Street the other day,* in his dirty, tattered, faded motley—seized as a law-breaker, for acting at a penny theater, after having well-nigh starved in the streets, where nobody would listen to his old guitar? No one gave a shilling to bless him: not one of us who owe him so much.

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank will be very well pleased at finding his name in such company as that of Clown and Harlequin; but he, like them, is certainly the children's friend. His drawings abound in feeling for these little ones, and hideous as in the course of his duty he is from time to time compelled to design them, he never sketches one without a certain pity for it, and imparting to the figure a certain grotesque grace. In happy schoolboys he revels; plum pudding and holidays his needle has engraved over and over again; there is a design in one of the comic almanacs of some young gentlemen who are employed in administering to a schoolfellow the correction of the pump, which is as graceful and elegant as a drawing of Stothard. Dull books about children George Cruikshank makes bright with illustrations—there is one published by the ingenious and opulent Mr. Tegg. It is entitled 'Mirth and Morality,' the mirth being, for the most part, on the side of the designer—the morality, unexceptionable certainly, the author's capital. Here are then, to these moralities, a smiling train of mirths supplied by George Cruikshank. See yonder little fellows butterfly-hunting across a common! Such a light, brisk, airy, gentlemanlike drawing was never made upon such a theme. Who, cries the author—

> Who has not chased the butterfly,
> And crushed its slender legs and wings,
> And heaved a moralizing sigh;
> Alas! how frail are human things!

A very unexceptionable morality truly; but it would have puzzled another than George Cruikshank to make mirth out of it as he has done. Away, surely not on the wings of these verses, Cruikshank's imagination begins to soar; and he

* This was written in 1840.

makes us three darling little men on a green common, backed by old farm houses, somewhere about May. A great mixture of blue and clouds in the air, a strong fresh breeze stirring, Tom's jacket flapping in the same, in order to bring down the insect queen or king of spring that is fluttering above him,—he renders all this with a few strokes on a little block of wood not two inches square, upon which one may gaze for hours, so merry and life-like a scene does it present. What a charming creative power is this, what a privilege—to be a god, and create little worlds upon paper, and whole generations of smiling, jovial men, women, and children, half inch high, whose portraits are carried abroad, and have the faculty of making us monsters of six feet curious and happy in our turn. Now, who would imagine that an artist could make anything of such a subject as this? The writer begins by stating,—

I love to go back to the days of my youth,
And to reckon my joys to the letter.
And to count o'er the friends that I have in the world,
Ay, and those who are gone to a better.

This brings him to the consideration of his uncle. 'Of all the men I have ever known,' says he, 'my uncle united the greatest degree of cheerfulness with the sobriety of manhood. Though a man when I was a boy, he was yet one of the most agreeable companions I ever possessed. . . . He embarked for America, and nearly twenty years passed by before he came back again ; . . . but oh, how altered !—he was in every sense of the word an old man, his body and mind were enfeebled, and second childishness had come upon him. How often have I bent over him, vainly endeavoring to recall to his memory the scenes we had shared together ; and how frequently, with an aching heart, have I gazed on his vacant and lusterless eye, while he has amused himself in clapping his hands and singing with a quavering voice a verse of a psalm.' Alas ! such are the consequences of long residences in America, and of old age even in uncles ! Well, the point of this morality is, that the uncle one day in the morning of life vowed that he would catch his two nephews and tie them together, aye, and actually did so, for all the efforts the rogues made to run away from him ; but he was so fatigued that he declared he never would make the attempt again, whereupon the nephew remarks,—'Often since then, when engaged in enterprises beyond my strength, have I called to mind the determination of my uncle.'

Does it not seem impossible to make a picture out of this? And yet George Cruikshank has produced a charming design,

in which the uncles and nephews are so prettily portrayed that one is reconciled to their existence, with all their moralities. Many more of the mirths in this little book are excellent, especially a great figure of a parson entering church on horse-back,—an enormous parson truly, calm, unconscious, unwieldy. As Zeuxis had a bevy of virgins in order to make his famous picture—his express virgin—a clerical host must have passed under Cruikshank's eyes before he sketched this little enormous parson of parsons.

Being on the subject of children's books, how shall we enough praise the delightful German nursery-tales, and Cruikshank's illustrations of them? We coupled his name with pantomine awhile since, and sure never pantomines were more charming than these. Of all the artists that ever drew, from Michael Angelo upward and downward, Cruikshank was the man to illustrate these tales, and give them just the proper admixture of the grotesque, the wonderful, and the graceful. May all Mother Bunch's collection be similarly indebted to him; may 'Jack the Giant Killer,' may 'Tom Thumb,' may 'Puss in Boots,' be one day revivified by his pencil. Is not Whittington sitting yet on Highgate Hill, and poor Cinderella (in the sweetest of all fairy stories) still pining in her lonely chimney nook? A man who has a true affection for these delightful companions of his youth is bound to be grateful to them if he can, and we pray Mr. Cruikshank to remember them.

It is folly to say that this or that kind of humor is too good for the public, that only a chosen few can relish it. The best humor that we know of has been as eagerly received by the public as by the most delicate connoisseur. There is hardly a man in England who can read but will laugh at Falstaff and the humor of Joseph Andrews; and honest Mr. Pickwick's story can be felt and loved by any person above the age of six. Some may have a keener enjoyment of it than others, but all the world can be merry over it, and is always ready to welcome it. The best criterion of good humor is success, and what a share of this has Mr. Cruikshank had! how many millions of mortals has he made happy! We have heard very profound persons talk philosophically of the marvelous and mysterious manner in which he has suited himself to the time—*fait vibrer la fibre populaire* (as Napoleon boasted of himself), supplied a peculiar want felt at a peculiar period, the simple secret of which is, as we take it, that he, living among the public, has with them a general wide-hearted sympathy, that he laughs at what they laugh at, that he has a kindly spirit of enjoyment,

with not a morsel of mysticism in his composition; that he pities and loves the poor, and jokes at the follies of the great, and that he addresses all in a perfectly sincere and manly way. To be greatly successful as a professional humorist, as in any other calling, a man must be quite honest, and show that his heart is in his work. A bad preacher will get admiration and a hearing with this point in his favor, where a man of three times his acquirements will only find indifference and coldness. Is any man more remarkable than our artist for telling the truth after his own manner? Hogarth's honesty of purpose was as conspicuous in an earlier time, and we fancy that Gilray would have been far more successful and more powerful but for that unhappy bribe, which turned the whole course of his humor into an unnatural channel. Cruikshank would not for any bribe say what he did not think, or lend his aid to sneer down anything meritorious, or to praise any thing or person that deserved censure. When he leveled his wit against the Regent, and did his very prettiest for the Princess, he most certainly believed, along with the great body of the people whom he represents, that the Princess was the most spotless, pure-mannered darling of a Princess that ever married a heartless debauchee of a Prince Royal. Did not millions believe with him, and noble and learned lords take their oaths to her Royal Highness' innocence? Cruikshank would not stand by and see a woman ill-used, and so struck in for her rescue, he and the people belaboring with all their might the party who were making the attack, and determining, from pure sympathy and indignation, that the woman must be innocent because her husband treated her so foully.

To be sure we have never heard so much from Mr. Cruikshank's own lips, but any man who will examine these old drawings, which first made him famous, will see what an honest, hearty hatred the champion of woman has for all who abuse her, and will admire the energy with which he flings his wood-blocks at all who side against her. Canning, Castlereagh, Bexley, Sidmouth, he is at them, one and all; and as for the Prince, up to what a whipping-post of ridicule did he tie that unfortunate old man! And do not let squeamish Tories cry out about disloyalty; if the crown does wrong, the crown must be corrected by the nation, out of respect, of course, for the crown. In those days, and by those people who so bitterly attacked the son, no word was ever breathed against the father, simply because he was a good husband, and a sober, thrifty, pious, orderly man.

This attack upon the Prince Regent we believe to have been Mr. Cruikshank's only effort as a party politician. Some early manifestoes against Napoleon we find, it is true, done in the regular John Bull style, with the Gilray model for the little upstart Corsican: but as soon as the Emperor had yielded to stern fortune our artist's heart relented (as Béranger's did on the other side of the water), and many of our readers will doubtless recollect a fine drawing of 'Louis XVIII. trying on Napoleon's boots,' which certainly did not fit the gouty son of St Louis. Such satirical hits as these, however, must not be considered as political, or as anything more than the expression of the artist's national British idea of Frenchmen.

It must be confessed that for that great nation Mr. Cruikshank entertains a considerable contempt. Let the reader examine the 'Life in Paris,' or the five-hundred designs in which Frenchmen are introduced, and he will find them almost invariably thin, with ludicrous spindle-shanks, pigtails, outstretched hands, shrugging shoulders, and queer hair and mustachios. He has the British idea of a Frenchman; and if he does not believe that the inhabitants of France are for the most part dancing-masters and barbers, yet takes care not to depict such in preference, and would not speak too well of them. It is curious how these traditions endure. In France, at the present moment, the Englishmen on the stage is the caricatured Englishman at the time of the war, with a shock red head, a long white coat, and invariable gaiters. Those who wish to study this subject should peruse M. Paul de Kock's histories of 'Lord Boulingrog' and 'Lady Crockmilove.' On the other hand, the old *émigré* has taken his station among us, and we doubt if a good British gallery would understand that such and such a character *was* a Frenchman unless he appeared in the ancient traditional costume.

A curious book, called 'Life in Paris,' published in 1822, contains a number of the artist's plates in the aquatint style; and though we believe he has never been in that capital, the designs have a great deal of life in them, and pass muster very well. A villainous race of shoulder-shrugging mortals are his Frenchmen indeed. And the heroes of the tale, a certain Mr. Dick Wildfire, Squire Jenkins, and Captain O'Shuffleton are made to show the true British superiority, on every occasion when Britons and French are brought together. This book was one among the many that the designer's genius has caused to be popular; the plates are not carefully executed, but, being colored, have a pleasant, lively look. The same style was

adopted in the once famous book called 'Tom and Jerry, or Life in London,' which must have a word of notice here, for, although by no means Mr. Cruikshank's best work, his reputation was extraordinarily raised by it. Tom and Jerry were as popular twenty years since as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are; and often have we wished, while reading the biographies of the latter celebrated personages, that they had been described as well by Mr. Cruikshank's pencil as by Mr. Dickens' pen.

As for Tom and Jerry, to show the mutability of human affairs and the evanescent nature of reputation, we have been to the British Museum and no less than five circulating libraries in quest of the book, and 'Life in London,' alas, is not to be found at any one of them. We can only, therefore, speak of the work from recollection, but have still a very clear remembrance of the leather-gaiters of Jerry Hawthorn, the green spectacles of Logic, and the hooked nose of Corinthian Tom. They were the schoolboy's delight; and in the days when the work appeared we firmly believed the three heroes above named to be types of the most elegant, fashionable young fellows the town afforded, and thought their occupations and amusements were those of all highbred English gentlemen. Tom knocking down the watchman at Temple Bar; Tom and Jerry dancing at Almack's, or flirting in the saloon at the theater; at the night-houses, after the play; at Tom Cribb's, examining the silver cup then in the possession of that champion; at the chambers of Bob Logic, who, seated at a cabinet piano, plays a waltz to which Corinthian Tom and Kate are dancing; ambling gallantly in Rotten Row, or examining the poor fellow at Newgate who was having his chains knocked off before hanging: all these scenes remain indelibly engraved upon the mind, and so far we are independent of all the circulating libraries in London.

As to the literary contents of the book, they have passed sheer away. It was, most likely, not particularly refined; nay, the chances are that it was absolutely vulgar. But it must have had some merit of its own, that is clear; it must have given striking descriptions of life in some part or other of London, for all London read it, and went to see it in its dramatic shape. The artist, it is said, wished to close the career of the three heroes by bringing them all to ruin, but the writer, or publishers, would not allow any such melancholy subjects to dash the merriment of the public, and we believe Tom, Jerry, and Logic were married off at the end of the tale, as if they had been the most moral personages in the world. There is

some goodness in this pity, which authors and the public are disposed to show toward certain agreeable, disreputable characters of romance. Who would mar the prospects of honest Roderick Random, or Charles Surface, or Tom Jones? Only a very stern moralist indeed. And in regard of Jerry Hawthorn and that hero without a surname Corinthian Tom, Mr. Cruikshank, we make little doubt, was glad in his heart that he was not allowed to have his own way.

Soon after the 'Tom and Jerry' and the 'Life in Paris,' Mr. Cruikshank produced a much more elaborate set of prints, in a work which was called 'Points of Humor.' These 'Points' were selected from various comic works, and did not, we believe, extend beyond a couple of numbers, containing about a score of copperplates. The collector of humorous designs cannot fail to have them in his portfolio, for they contain some of the very best efforts of Mr. Cruikshank's genius, and though not quite so highly labored as some of his later productions, are none the worse, in our opinion, for their comparative want of finish. All the effects are perfectly given, and the expression is as good as it could be in the most delicate engraving upon steel. The artist's style, too, was then completely formed; and, for our part, we should say that we preferred his manner of 1825 to any other which he has adopted since. The first picture, which is called 'The Point of Honor,' illustrates the old story of the officer who, on being accused of cowardice for refusing to fight a duel, came among his brother officers and flung a lighted grenade down upon the floor, before which his comrades fled ignominiously. This design is capital, and the outward rush of heroes, walking, trampling, twisting, scuffling at the door, is in the best style of the grotesque. You see but the back of most of these gentlemen; into which, nevertheless, the artist has managed to throw an expression of ludicrous agony that one could scarcely have expected to find in such a part of the human figure. The next plate is not less good. It represents a couple who, having been found one night tipsy, and lying in the same gutter, were, by a charitable though misguided gentleman, supposed to be man and wife, and put comfortably to bed together. The morning came: fancy the surprise of this interesting pair when they awoke and discovered their situation. Fancy the manner, too, in which Cruikshank has depicted them, to which words cannot do justice. It is needless to state that this fortuitous and temporary union was followed by one more lasting and sentimental, and that these two worthy persons were married, and lived happily ever after.

We should like to go through every one of these prints. There is the jolly miller, who, returning home at night, calls upon his wife to get him a supper, and falls to upon rashers of bacon and ale. How he gormandizes, that jolly miller? Rasher after rasher, how they pass away frizzling and smoking from the gridiron down that immense grinning gulf of a mouth. Poor wife! how she pines and frets, at that untimely hour of midnight to be obliged to fry, fry, fry perpetually, and minister to the monster's appetite. And yonder in the clock: what agonized face is that we see? By Heavens, it is the squire of the parish. What business has he there? Let us not ask. Suffice it to say that he has, in the hurry of the moment, left upstairs his br——; his—psha! a part of his dress, in short, with a number of banknotes in the pockets. Look in the next page, and you will see the ferocious, bacon-devouring ruffian of a miller is actually causing this garment to be carried through the village and cried by the town crier. And we blush to be obliged to say that the demoralized miller never offered to return the banknotes, although he was so mighty scrupulous in endeavoring to find an owner for the corduroy portfolio in which he had found them.

Passing from this painful subject, we come, we regret to state, to a series of prints representing personages not a whit more moral. Burns' famous 'Jolly Beggars' have all had their portraits drawn by Cruikshank. There is the lovely 'hempen widow,' quite as interesting and romantic as the famous Mrs. Sheppard, who has at the lamented demise of her husband adopted the very same consolation.

My curse upon them every one,
They've hanged my braw John Highlandman;
. . . . .

And now a widow I must mourn
Departed joys that ne'er return;
No comfort but a hearty can
When I think on John Highlandman.

Sweet 'rauclecarlin,' she has none of the sentimentality of the English highwayman's lady; but being wooed by a tinker and

A pigmy scraper wi' his fiddle
Wha us'd to trystes and fairs to driddle,

prefers the practical to the merely musical man. The tinker sings with a noble candor, worthy of a fellow of his strength of body and station in life:

My bonny lass, I work in brass,
A tinker is my station;
I've travel'd round all Christian ground
In this my occupation.

I've ta'en the gold, I've been enroll'd
In many a noble squadron;
But vain they search'd when off I march'd
To go an' clout the caudron.

It was his ruling passion. What was military glory to him, forsooth? He had the greatest contempt for it, and loved

freedom and his copper kettle a thousand times better—a kind of hardware Diogenes. Of fiddling he has no better opinion. The picture represents the 'sturdy caird' taking 'poor gut-scraper' by the beard—drawing his 'roosty rapier,' and swearing to 'speet him like a pliver' unless he would relinquish the bonny lassie forever:

Wi' ghastly ee, poor tweedle-dee
  Upon his hunkers bended,
An' pray'd for grace wi' ruefu' face,
  An' so the quarrel ended.

Hark how the tinker apostrophizes the violinist, stating to the widow at the same time the advantages which she might expect from an alliance with himself:

Despise that shrimp, that withered imp,
  Wi' a' his noise and caperin'
And take a share with those that bear
  The budget and the apron!
And by that stowp, my faith an' houpe,
  An' by that dear Kilbaigie!
If e'er ye want, or meet wi' scant,
  May I ne'er weet my craigie.

Cruikshank's caird is a noble creature; his face and figure show him to be fully capable of doing and saying all that is above written of him.

In the second part the old tale of 'The Three Hunchbacked Fiddlers' is illustrated with equal felicity. The famous classical dinners and duel in 'Peregrine Pickle' are also excellent in their way; and the connoisseur of prints and etchings may see in the latter plate, and in another in this volume, how great the artist's mechanical skill is as an etcher. The distant view of the city in the duel, and of a market place in 'The Quack Doctor,' are delightful specimens of the artist's skill in depicting buildings and backgrounds. They are touched with a grace, truth, and dexterity of workmanship that leave nothing to desire. We have before mentioned the man with the mouth, which appears in this number emblematical of gout and indigestion, in which the artist has shown all the fancy of Callot. Little demons, with long saws for noses, and making dreadful incisions into the toes of the unhappy sufferer; some are bringing pans of hot coals to keep the wounded member warm; a huge, solemn nightmare sits on the invalid's chest, staring solemnly into his eyes; a monster, with a pair of drumsticks, is banging a devil's tattoo on his forehead; and a pair of imps are nailing great tenpenny nails into his hands to make his happiness complete.

The late Mr. Clark's excellent work, 'Three Courses and a Dessert,' was published at a time when the rage for comic stories was not so great as it since has been, and Messrs. Clark and Cruikshank only sold their hundreds where Messrs. Dickens and Phiz dispose of their thousands. But if our recommendation can in any way influence the reader, we would

enjoin him to have a copy of the 'Three Courses,' that contains some of the best designs of our artist, and some of the most amusing tales in our language. The invention of the pictures, for which Mr. Clark takes credit to himself, says a great deal for his wit and fancy. Can we, for instance, praise too highly the man who invented that wonderful oyster?

Examine him well; his beard, his pearl, his little round stomach, and his sweet smile. Only oysters know how to smile in this way; cool, gentle, waggish, and yet inexpressibly innocent and winning. Dando himself must have allowed such an artless native to go free, and consigned him to the glassy, cool, translucent wave again.

In writing upon such subjects as these with which we have been furnished, it can hardly be expected that we should follow any fixed plan and order—we must therefore take such advantage as we may, and seize upon our subject when and wherever we can lay hold of him.

For Jews, sailors, Irishmen, Hessian boots, little boys, beadles, policemen, tall Life Guardsmen, charity children, pumps, dustmen, very short pantaloons, dandies in spectacles, and ladies with aquiline noses, remarkably taper waists, and wonderfully long ringlets, Mr. Cruikshank has a special predilection. The tribe of Israelites he has studied with amazing gusto; witness the Jew in Mr. Ainsworth's 'Jack Sheppard,' and the immortal Fagin of 'Oliver Twist.' Whereabouts lies the comic *vis* in these persons and things? Why should a beadle be comic, and his opposite a charity boy? Why should a tall Life Guardsman have something in him essentially absurd; Why are short breeches more ridiculous than long? What is there particularly jocose about a pump, and wherefore does a long nose always provoke the beholder to laughter? These points may be metaphysically elucidated by those who list. It is probable that Mr. Cruikshank could not give an accurate definition of that which is ridiculous in these objects, but his instinct has told him that fun lurks in them, and cold must be the heart that can pass by the pantaloons of his charity boys, the Hessian boots of his dandies, and the fan-tail hats of his dustmen without respectful wonder.

He has made a complete little gallery of dustmen. There is, in the first place, the professional dustman, who, having in the enthusiastic exercise of his delightful trade, laid hands upon property not strictly his own, is pursued, we presume, by the right owner, from whom he flies as fast as his crooked shanks will carry him.

What a curious picture it is—the horrid rickety houses in some dingy suburb of London, the grinning cobbler, the smothered butcher, the very trees which are covered with dust —it is fine to look at the different expressions of the two interesting fugitives. The fiery charioteer who belabors the poor donkey has still a glance for his brother on foot, on whom punishment is about to descend. And not a little curious is it to think of the creative power of the man who has arranged this little tale of low life. How logically it is conducted, how cleverly each one of the accessories is made to contribute to the effect of the whole. What a deal of thought and humor has the artist expended on this little block of wood; a large picture might have been painted out of the very same materials which Mr. Cruikshank, out of his wondrous fund of merriment and observation, can afford to throw away upon a drawing not two inches long. From the practical dustman we pass to those purely poetical. There are three of them who rise on clouds of their own raising, the very genii of the sack and shovel.

Is there no one to write a sonnet to these?—and yet a whole poem was written about Peter Bell the Wagoner, a character by no means so poetic.

And lastly, we have the dustman in love; the honest fellow having seen a young beauty stepping out of a ginshop on a Sunday morning, is pressing eagerly his suit.

Gin has furnished many subjects to Mr. Cruikshank, who labors in his own sound and hearty way to teach his countrymen the dangers of that drink. In the 'Sketch-Book' is a plate upon the subject, remarkable for fancy and beauty of design; it is called the 'Gin Juggernaut,' and represents a hideous moving palace, with a reeking still at the roof and vast gin barrels for wheels, under which unhappy millions are crushed to death. An immense black cloud of desolation covers over the country through which the gin monster has passed, dimly looming through the darkness whereof you see an agreeable prospect of gibbets with men dangling, burnt houses, etc. The vast cloud comes sweeping on in the wake of this horrible body crusher; and you see, by way of contrast, a distant, smiling, sunshiny tract of old English country, where gin as yet is not known. The allegory is as good, as earnest, and as fanciful as one of John Bunyan's, and we have often fancied there was a similarity between the men.

The reader will examine the work called 'My Sketch-Book' with not a little amusement, and may gather from it, as we fancy, a good deal of information regarding the character

of the individual man, George Cruikshank: what points strike his eye as a painter; what move his anger or admiration as a moralist; what classes he seems most especially disposed to observe, and what to ridicule. There are quacks of all kinds, to whom he has a mortal hatred: quack dandies who assume under his pencil, perhaps in his eye, the most grotesque appearance possible—their hats grow larger, their legs infinitely more crooked and lean; the tassels of their canes swell out to a most preposterous size; the tails of their coats dwindle away, and finish where coat tails generally begin. Let us lay a wager that Cruikshank, a man of the people if ever there was one, heartily hates and despises these supercilious, swaggering young gentlemen; and his contempt is not a whit the less laudable because there may be *tant soit peu* of prejudice in it. It is right and wholesome to scorn dandies, as Nelson said it was to hate Frenchmen; in which sentiment (as we have before said) George Cruikshank undoubtedly shares. In the 'Sunday in London,'* Monsieur the Chef is instructing a kitchenmaid how to compound some rascally French kickshaw or the other—a pretty scoundrel truly! With what an air he wears that nightcap of his, and shrugs his lank shoulders, and chatters and ogles and grins. They are all the same, these mounseers; there are other two fellows—*morbleu!* one is putting his dirty fingers into the saucepan: there are frogs cooking in it, no doubt; and just over some other dish of abomination another dirty rascal is taking snuff! Never mind, the sauce won't be hurt by a few ingredients more or less. Three such fellows as these are not worth one Englishman, that's clear. There is one in the very midst of them, the great burly fellow with the

* The following lines—ever fresh—by the author of 'Headlong Hall,' published years ago in the *Globe and Traveller*, are an excellent comment on several of the cuts from the 'Sunday in London':

I.

'The poor man's sins are glaring;
In the face of ghostly warning
He is caught in the fact
Of an overt act,
Buying greens on Sunday morning.

II.

'The rich man's sins are hidden
In the pomp of wealth and station,
And escape the sight
Of the children of light,
Who are wise in their generation.

III.

'The rich man has a kitchen,
And cooks to dress his dinner;
The poor who would roast,
To the baker's must post,
And thus becomes a sinner.

IV.

'The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concert's of the quality;
The poor can but share
A crack'd fiddle in the air,
Which offends all sound morality.

V.

'The rich man has a cellar,
And a ready butler by him;
The poor must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

VI.

'The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society,
But the poor man's delight
Is a sore in the sight
And a stench in the nose of piety.'

beef; he could beat all three in five minutes. We cannot be certain that such was the process going on in Mr. Cruikshank's mind when he made the design ; but some feelings of the sort were no doubt entertained by him.

Against dandy footmen he is particularly severe. He hates idlers, pretenders, boasters, and punishes these fellows as best he may. Who does not recollect the famous picture, 'What *is* Taxes, Thomas?' What is taxes indeed? Well may that vast, overfed, lounging flunkey ask the question of his associate Thomas; and yet not well, for all that Thomas says in reply is, '*I don't know.*' 'O beati *plushicolæ*,' what a charming state of ignorance is yours! In the 'Sketch-Book' many footmen make their appearance: one is a huge fat Hercules of a Portman Square porter, who calmly surveys another poor fellow, a porter likewise, but out of livery, who comes staggering forward with a box that Hercules might lift with his little finger. Will Hercules do so? Not he. The giant can carry nothing heavier than a cocked-hat note on a silver tray, and his labors are to walk from his sentry box to the door, and from the door back to his sentry box, and to read the Sunday paper, and to poke the hall fire twice or thrice, and to make five meals a day. Such a fellow does Cruikshank hate and scorn worse even than a Frenchman.

The man's master, too, comes in for no small share of our artist's wrath. There is a company of them at church, who humbly designate themselves 'miserable sinners!' Miserable sinners indeed! Oh, what floods of turtle soup, what tons of turbot and lobster sauce, must have been sacrificed to make those sinners properly miserable. My lady with the ermine tippet and draggling feather, can we not see that she lives in Portland Place, and is the wife of an East India director? She has been to the opera over-night (indeed her husband, on her right, with his fat hand dangling over the pew door, is at this minute thinking of Mlle. Léocadie, whom he saw behind the scenes)—she has been at the opera over-night, which, with a trifle of supper afterward—a white and brown soup, a lobster salad, some woodcocks, and a little champagne—sent her to bed quite comfortable. At half-past eight her maid brings her chocolate in bed, at ten she has fresh eggs and muffins, with, perhaps, a half hundred of prawns for breakfast, and so can get over the day and the sermon till lunch time pretty well. What an odor of musk and bergamot exhales from the pew! how it is wadded and stuffed and spangled over with brass nails! what hassocks are there for those who

are not too fat to kneel! what a flustering and flapping of gilt prayer books! and what a pious whirring of Bible leaves one hears all over the church, as the doctor blandly gives out the text! To be miserable at this rate you must, at the very least, have four thousand a year; and many persons are there so enamored of grief and sin that they would willingly take the risk of the misery to have a life interest in the consols that accompany it, quite careless about consequences, and skeptical as to the notion that a day is at hand when you must fulfill *your share of the bargain.*

Our artist loves to joke at a soldier, in whose livery there appears to him to be something almost as ridiculous as in the uniform of the gentleman of the shoulder knot. Tall life guardsmen and fierce grenadiers figure in many of his designs, and almost always in a ridiculous way. Here again we have the honest popular English feeling which jeers at pomp or pretension of all kinds, and is especially jealous of all display of military authority. 'Raw Recruit,' ditto 'dressed,' ditto 'served up,' as we see them in the 'Sketch-Book,' are so many satires upon the army: Hodge with his ribbons flaunting in his hat, or with red coat and musket, drilled stiff and pompous, or, at last, minus leg and arm, tottering about on crutches, does not fill our English artist with the enthusiasm that follows the soldier in every other part of Europe. Jeanjean, the conscript in France, is laughed at to be sure, but then it is because he is a bad soldier; when he comes to have a huge pair of mustaches and the *croix-d'honneur* to *briller* on his *poitrine cicatrissée*, Jeanjean becomes a member of a class that is more respected than any other in the French nation. The veteran soldier inspires our people with no such awe—we hold that democratic weapon the fist in much more honor than saber and bayonet, and laugh at a man tricked out in scarlet and pipe-clay.

That regiment of heroes is 'marching to divine service,' to the tune of the 'British Grenadiers.' There they march in state, and a pretty contempt our artist shows for all their gimcracks and trumpery. He has drawn a perfectly English scene—the little blackguard boys are playing pranks round about the men, and shouting, 'Heads up, soldier,' 'Eyes right, lobster,' as little British urchins will do. Did one ever hear the like sentiments expressed in France? Shade of Napoleon, we insult you by asking the question. In England, however, see how different the case is; and designedly or undesignedly, the artist has opened to us a piece of his mind. In the crowd the only person who admires the soldiers is the poor

idiot, whose pocket a rogue is picking. There is another picture, in which the sentiment is much the same, only, as in the former drawing we see Englishmen laughing at the troops of the line, here are Irishmen giggling at the militia.

We have said that our artist has a great love for the drolleries of the Green Island.' Would anyone doubt what was the country of the merry fellows depicted in his group of Paddies?

Place me amid O'Rourkes, O'Tooles,
The ragged royal race of Tara;
Or place me where Dick Martin rules
The pathless wilds of Connemara.

We know not if Mr. Cruikshank has ever had any such good luck as to see the Irish in Ireland itself, but he certainly has obtained a knowledge of their looks, as if the country had been all his life familiar to him. Could Mr. O'Connell himself desire anything more national than the scene of a drunken row, or could Father Mathew have a better text to preach upon? There is not a broken nose in the room that is not thoroughly Irish.

We have then a couple of compositions treated in a graver manner, as characteristic too as the other. We call attention to the comical look of poor Teague, who has been pursued and beaten by the witch's stick, in order to point out also the singular neatness of the workmanship, and the pretty fanciful little glimpse of landscape that the artist has introduced in the background. Mr. Cruikshank has a fine eye for such homely landscapes, and renders them with great delicacy and taste. Old villages, farmyards, groups of stacks, queer chimneys, churches, gable-ended cottages, Elizabethan mansion houses, and other old English scenes, he depicts with evident enthusiasm.

Famous books in their day were Cruikshank's 'John Gilpin' and 'Epping Hunt'; for though our artist does not draw horses very scientifically—to use a phrase of the atelier—he *feels* them very keenly; and his queer animals, after one is used to them, answer quite as well as better. Neither is he very happy in trees, and such rustical produce; or rather, we should say, he is very original, his trees being decidedly of his own make and composition, not imitated from any master.

But what then? Can a man be supposed to imitate everything? We know what the noblest study of mankind is, and to this Mr. Cruikshank has confined himself. That postilion, with the people in the broken-down chaise roaring after him, is as deaf as the post by which he passes. Suppose all the accessories were away, could not one swear that the man was stone-deaf, beyond the reach of trumpet? What is the pecu-

liar character in a deaf man's physiognomy?—can any person define it satisfactorily in words?—not in pages; and Mr. Cruikshank has expressed it on a piece of paper not so big as the tenth part of your thumb-nail. The horses of John Gilpin are much more of the equestrian order; and as here the artist has only his favorite suburban buildings to draw, not a word is to be said against his design. The inn and old buildings are charmingly designed, and nothing can be more prettily or playfully touched.

At Edmonton his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wond'ring much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin! Here's the house!'
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired—'
Said Gilpin—'So am I!'

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post boy scamp'ring in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

'Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

The rush and shouting and clatter are excellently depicted by the artist, and we, who have been scoffing at his manner of designing animals, must here make a special exception in favor of the hens and chickens; each has a different action, and is curiously natural.

Happy are the children of all ages who have such a ballad and such pictures as this in store for them! It is a comfort to think that woodcuts never wear out, and that the book still may be had for a shilling, for those who can command that sum of money.

In the 'Epping Hunt,' which we owe to the facetious pen of Mr. Hood, our artist has not been so successful. There is here too much horsemanship and not enough incident for him; but the portrait of Roundings the huntsman is an excellent sketch, and a couple of the designs contain great humor. The first represents the Cockney hero, who, 'like a bird, was singing out while sitting on a tree.'

And in the second the natural order is reversed. The stag having taken heart, is hunting the huntsman, and the Cheapside Nimrod is most ignominiously running away.

The Easter Hunt, we are told, is no more; and as the *Quarterly Review* recommends the British public to purchase Mr. Catlin's pictures, as they form the only record of an interesting race now rapidly passing away, in like manner we should exhort all our friends to purchase Mr. Cruikshank's designs of *another* interesting race that is run already and for the last time.

Besides these we must mention, in the line of our duty, the notable tragedies of 'Tom Thumb' and 'Bombastes Furioso,' both of which have appeared with many illustrations by Mr. Cruikshank. The 'brave army' of Bombastes exhibits a terrific display of brutal force, which must shock the sensibilities of an English Radical. And we can well understand the caution of the general, who bids this *soldatesque effrénée* to begone, and not to kick up a row.

Such a troop of lawless ruffians let loose upon a populous city would play sad havoc in it; and we fancy the massacres of Birmingham renewed, or at least of Badajoz, which, though not quite so dreadful, if we may believe his Grace the Duke of Wellington, as the former scenes of slaughter, were nevertheless severe enough; but we must not venture upon any ill-timed pleasantries in presence of the disturbed King Arthur and the awful ghost of Gaffer Thumb.

We are thus carried at once into the supernatural, and here we find Cruikshank reigning supreme. He has invented in his time a little comic pandemonium, peopled with the most droll, good-natured fiends possible. We have before us Chamisso's 'Peter Schlemihl,' with Cruikshank's designs translated into German, and gaining nothing by the change. The 'Kinder und Hans-Maerchen' of Grimm are likewise ornamented with a frontispiece copied from that one which appeared to the amusing version of the English work. The books on Phrenology and Time have been imitated by the same nation; and even in France, whither reputation travels slower than to any country except China, we have seen copies of the works of George Cruikshank.

He in return has complimented the French by illustrating a couple of Lives of Napoleon, and the 'Life in Paris' before mentioned. He has also made designs for Victor Hugo's 'Hans of Iceland.' Strange, wild etchings were those, on a strange, mad subject; not so good in our notion as the designs for the German books, the peculiar humor of which latter seemed to suit the artist exactly. There is a mixture of the awful and the ridiculous in these, which perpetually excites and keeps awake the reader's attention; the German writer and the English artist seem to have an entire faith in their subject. The reader, no doubt, remembers the awful passage in 'Peter Schlemihl,' where the little gentleman purchases the shadow of that hero—' "Have the kindness, noble sir, to examine and try this bag." He put his hand into his pocket, and drew thence a tolerably large bag of Cordovan leather, to

which a couple of thongs were fixed. I took it from him, and immediately counted out ten gold pieces, and ten more, and ten more, and still other ten, whereupon I held out my hand to him. "Done," said I, "it is a bargain ; you shall have my shadow for your bag." The bargain was concluded ; he knelt down before me, and I saw him with a wonderful neatness take my shadow from head to foot, lightly lift it up from the grass, roll and fold it up neatly, and at last pocket it. He then rose up, bowed to me once more, and walked away again, disappearing behind the rosebushes. I don't know, but I thought I heard him laughing a little. I, however, kept fast hold of the bag. Everything around me was bright in the sun, and as yet I gave no thought to what I had done.'

This marvelous event, narrated by Peter with such a faithful, circumstantial detail, is painted by Cruikshank in the most wonderful poetic way, with that happy mixture of the real and supernatural that makes the narrative so curious, and like truth. The sun is shining with the utmost brilliancy in a great quiet park or garden ; there is a palace in the background, and a statue basking in the sun quite lonely and melancholy ; there is a sundial, on which is a deep shadow, and in the front stands Peter Schlemihl, bag in hand ; the old gentleman is down on his knees to him, and has just lifted off the ground the *shadow of one leg;* he is going to fold it back neatly, as one does the tails of a coat, and will stow it, without any creases or crumples, along with the other black garments that lie in that immense pocket of his. Cruikshank has designed all this as if he had a very serious belief in the story ; he laughs, to be sure, but one fancies that he is a little frightened in his heart, in spite of all his fun and joking.

The German tales we have mentioned before. 'The Prince Riding on the Fox,' 'Hans in Luck,' 'The Fiddler and His Goose,' 'Heads Off,' are all drawings which, albeit not before us now, nor seen for ten years, remain indelibly fixed on the memory. '*Heisst du etwa Rumpelstilzchen?*' There sits the queen on her throne, surrounded by grinning beef-eaters, and little Rumpelstiltskin stamps his foot through the floor in the excess of his tremendous despair. In one of these German tales, if we remember rightly, there is an account of a little orphan who is carried away by a pitying fairy for a term of seven years, and passing that period of sweet apprenticeship among the imps and sprites of fairyland. Has our artist been among the same company, and brought back their portraits in his sketch-book? He is the only designer fairyland has had.

Callot's imps, for all their strangeness, are only of the earth earthy. Fuseli's fairies belong to the infernal regions; they are monstrous, lurid, and hideously melancholy. Mr. Cruikshank alone has had a true insight into the character of the 'little people.' They are something like men and women, and yet not flesh and blood; they are laughing and mischievous, but why we know not. Mr. Cruikshank, however, has had some dream or the other, or else a natural mysterious instinct (as the Seherinn of Prevorst had for beholding ghosts), or else some preternatural fairy revelation, which has made him acquainted with the looks and ways of the fantastical subjects of Oberon and Titania.

We have, unfortunately, no fairy portraits; but, on the other hand, can descend lower than fairyland, and have seen some fine specimens of devils. One has already been raised, and the reader has seen him tempting a fat Dutch burgomaster in an ancient gloomy market place, such as George Cruikshank can draw as well as Mr. Prout, Mr. Nash, or any man living. There is our friend once more—our friend the burgomaster, in a highly excited state, and running as hard as his great legs will carry him, with our mutual enemy at his tail.

What are the bets? Will that long-legged bondholder of a devil come up with the honest Dutchman? It serves him right; why did he put his name to stamped paper? And yet we should not wonder if some lucky chance should turn up in the burgomaster's favor, and his infernal creditor lose his labor; for one so proverbially cunning as yonder tall individual with the saucer eyes, it must be confessed that he has been very often outwitted.

There is, for instance, the case of 'The Gentleman in Black,' which has been illustrated by our artist. A young French gentleman, by name M. Desonge, who, having expended his patrimony in a variety of taverns and gaming houses, was one day pondering upon the exhausted state of his finances, and utterly at a loss to think how he should provide means for future support, exclaimed, very naturally, 'What the devil shall I do?' He had no sooner spoken than a *Gentleman in Black* made his appearance, whose authentic portrait Mr. Cruikshank has had the honor to paint. This gentleman produced a black-edged book out of a black bag, some black-edged papers tied up with black crape, and sitting down familiarly opposite M. Desonge, began conversing with him on the state of his affairs.

It is needless to state what was the result of the interview. M. Desonge was induced by the gentleman to sign his name to one of the black-edged papers, and found himself at the

close of the conversation to be possessed of an unlimited command of capital. This arrangement completed, the Gentleman in Black posted (in an extraordinarily rapid manner) from Paris to London, there found a young English merchant in exactly the same situation in which M. Desonge had been; and concluded a bargain with the Briton of exactly the same nature.

The book goes on to relate how these young men spent the money so miraculously handed over to them, and how both when the period drew near that was to witness the performance of *their* part of the bargain, grew melancholy, wretched, nay, so absolutely dishonorable as to seek for every means of breaking through their agreement. The Englishman, living in a country where the lawyers are more astute than any other lawyers in the world, took the advice of a Mr. Bagsby of Lyon's Inn; whose name, as we cannot find it in the 'Law List,' we presume to be fictitious. Who could it be that was a match for the devil? Lord ——, very likely; we shall not give his name, but let every reader of this review fill up the blank according to his own fancy, and on comparing it with the copy purchased by his neighbors, he will find that fifteen out of twenty have written down the same honored name.

Well, the Gentleman in Black was anxious for the fulfillment of his bond. The parties met at Mr. Bagsby's chambers to consult, the Black Gentleman foolishly thinking that he could act as his own counsel, and fearing no attorney alive. But mark the superiority of British law, and see how the black pettifogger was defeated.

Mr. Bagsby simply stated that he would take the case into Chancery, and his antagonist, utterly humiliated and defeated, refused to move a step farther in the matter.

And now the French gentleman, M. Desonge, hearing of his friend's escape, became anxious to be free from his own rash engagements. He employed the same counsel who had been successful in the former instance, but the gentleman in black was a great deal wiser by this time, and whether M. Desonge escaped, or whether he is now in that extensive place which is paved with good intentions, we shall not say. Those who are anxious to know had better purchase the book wherein all these interesting matters are duly set down. There is one more diabolical picture in our budget, engraved by Mr. Thompson, the same dexterous artist who has rendered the former *diableries* so well.

We may mention Mr. Thompson's name as among the first of the engravers to whom Cruikshank's designs have been entrusted; and next to him (if we may be allowed to make such

arbitrary distinctions) we may place Mr. Williams; and the reader is not possibly aware of the immense difficulties to be overcome in the rendering of these little sketches, which, traced by the designer in a few hours, require weeks' labor from the engraver. Mr. Cruikshank has not been educated in the regular schools of drawing (very luckily for him, as we think), and consequently has had to make a manner for himself, which is quite unlike that of any other draftsman. There is nothing in the least mechanical about it; to produce his particular effects he uses his own particular lines, which are queer, free, fantastical, and must be followed in all their infinite twists and vagaries by the careful tool of the engraver. Those three lovely heads, for instance, imagined out of the rinds of lemons, are worth examining, not so much for the jovial humor and wonderful variety of feature exhibited in these darling countenances as for the engraver's part of the work. See the infinite delicate cross-lines and hatchings which he is obliged to render; let him go, not a hair's breadth but the hundredth part of a hair's breadth, beyond the given line, and the *feeling* of it is ruined. He receives these little dots and specks and fantastical quirks of the pencil, and cuts away with a little knife round each, not too much nor too little. Antonio's pound of flesh did not puzzle the Jew so much; and so well does the engraver succeed at last that we never remember to have met with a single artist who did not vow that the woodcutter had utterly ruined his design.

Of Messrs. Thompson and Williams we have spoken as the first engravers in point of rank; however, the regulations of professional precedence are certainly very difficult, and the rest of their brethren we shall not endeavor to class. Why should the artists who executed the cuts of the admirable 'Three Courses' yield the *pas* to anyone?

There, for instance, is an engraving by Mr. Landells, nearly as good in our opinion as the very best woodcut that ever was made after Cruikshank, and curiously happy in rendering the artist's peculiar manner: this cut does not come from the facetious publications which we have consulted; but is a contribution by Mr. Cruikshank to an elaborate and splendid botanical work upon the Orchidaceæ of Mexico by Mr. Bateman. Mr. Bateman dispatched some extremely choice roots of this valuable plant to a friend in England, who, on the arrival of the case, consigned it to his gardener to unpack. A great deal of anxiety with regard to the contents was manifested by all concerned, but on the lid of the boxes being removed, there issued from it three or four fine specimens of

the enormous Blatta beetle, that had been preying upon the plants during the voyage; against these the gardeners, the grooms, the porters, and the porters' children issued forth in arms, and this scene the artist has immortalized.

We have spoken of the admirable way in which Mr. Cruikshank has depicted Irish character and Cockney character; English country character is quite as faithfully delineated in the person of the stout porteress and her children, and of the 'Chawbacon' with the shovel, on whose face is written 'Zummerzetsheer.' Chawbacon appears in another plate, or else Chawbacon's brother. He has come up to Lunnan, and is looking about him at raaces.

How distinct are these rustics from those whom we have just been examining! They hang about the purlieus of the metropolis; Brook Green, Epsom, Greenwich, Ascot, Goodwood, are their haunts. They visit London professionally once a year, and that is at the time of Bartholomew fair. How one may speculate upon the different degrees of rascality, as exhibited in each face of the thimblerigging trio, and form little histories for these worthies, charming Newgate romances, such as have been of late the fashion! Is any man so blind that he cannot see the exact face that is writhing under the thimblerigged hero's hat? Like Timanthes of old, our artist expresses great passions without the aid of the human countenance. There is another specimen—a street row of inebriated bottles. Is there any need of having a face after this? 'Come on!' says Claret-bottle, a dashing, genteel fellow, with his hat on one ear—'Come on! has any man a mind to tap me?' Claret-bottle is a little screwed (as one may see by his legs), but full of gayety and courage; not so that stout, apoplectic Bottle-of-rum, who has staggered against the wall, and has his hand upon his liver: the fellow hurts himself with smoking, that is clear, and is as sick as sick can be. See, Port is making away from the storm, and Double X is as flat as ditch-water. Against these, awful in their white robes, the sober watchmen come.

Our artist, then, can cover up faces, and yet show them quite clearly, as in the thimblering group; or he can do without faces altogether; or he can, at a pinch, provide a countenance for a gentleman out of any given object—a beautiful Irish physiognomy being molded upon a keg of whisky; and a jolly English countenance frothing out of a pot of ale (the spirit of brave Toby Philpot come back to reanimate his clay); while in a fungus may be recognized the physiognomy of a mushroom peer. Finally, if he is at a loss, he can make a

living head, body, and legs out of steel or tortoise-shell, as in the case of the vivacious pair of spectacles that are jockeying the nose of Caddy Cuddle.

Of late years Mr. Cruikshank has busied himself very much with steel engraving, and the consequences of that lucky invention have been that his plates are now sold by thousands where they could only be produced by hundreds before. He has made many a bookseller's and author's fortune (we trust that in so doing he may not have neglected his own). Twelve admirable plates, furnished yearly to that facetious little publication the *Comic Almanac,* have gained for it a sale, as we hear, of nearly twenty thousand copies. The idea of the work was novel; there was, in the first number especially, a great deal of comic power, and Cruikshank's designs were so admirable that the *Almanac* at once become a vast favorite with the public, and has so remained ever since.

Besides the twelve plates, this almanac contains a prophetic woodcut, accompanying an awful Blarneyhum Astrologicum that appears in this and other almanacs. There is one that hints in pretty clear terms that with the reform of municipal corporations the ruin of the great Lord Mayor of London is at hand. His lordship is meekly going to dine at an eightpenny ordinary,—his giants in pawn, his men in armor dwindled to 'one [illegible] knight,' his carriage to be sold, his stalwart aldermen vanished, his sheriffs, alas! and alas! in jail! Another design shows that Rigdum, if a true, is also a moral and instructive prophet. John Bull is asleep, or rather in a vision; the cunning demon Speculation blowing a thousand bright bubbles about him. Meanwhile the rooks are busy at his fob, a knave has cut a cruel hole in his pocket, a rattlesnake has coiled safe round his feet, and will in a trice swallow Bull, chair, money, and all; the rats are at his corn bags (as if, poor devil, he had corn to spare); his faithful dog is bolting his leg of mutton—nay, a thief has gotten hold of his very candle, and there, by way of moral, is his ale-pot, which looks and winks in his face, and seems to say, O Bull, all this is froth, and a cruel satirical picture of a certain rustic who had a goose that laid certain golden eggs, which goose the rustic slew in expectation of finding all the eggs at once. This is goose and sage too, to borrow the pun of 'learned Doctor Gill'; but we shrewdly suspect that Mr. Cruikshank is becoming a little conservative in his notions.

We love these pictures so that it is hard to part us, and we still fondly endeavor to hold on, but this wild word farewell

must be spoken by the best friends at last, and so good-by, brave woodcuts; we feel quite a sadness in coming to the last of our collection.

In the earlier numbers of the *Comic Almanac* all the manners and customs of Londoners that would afford food for fun were noted down; and if, during the last two years, the mysterious personage who, under the title of 'Rigdum Funnidos,' compiles this ephemeris, has been compelled to resort to romantic tales, we must suppose that he did so because the great metropolis was exhausted, and it was necessary to discover new worlds in the cloudland of fancy. The character of Mr. Stubbs, who made his appearance in the *Almanac* for 1839, had, we think, great merit, although his adventures were somewhat of too tragical a description to provoke pure laughter.

We should be glad to devote a few pages to the "Illustrations of Time,' the 'Scraps and Sketches,' and the 'Illustrations of Phrenology,' which are among the most famous of our artist's publications; but it is very difficult to find new terms of praise, as find them one must, when reviewing Mr. Cruikshank's publications, and more difficult still (as the reader of this notice will no doubt have perceived for himself long since) to translate his design into words, and go to the printer's box for a description of all that fun and humor which the artist can produce by a few skillful turns of his needle. A famous article upon the 'Illustrations of Time' appeared some dozen years since in *Blackwood's Magazine*, of which the conductors have always been great admirers of our artist, as became men of honor and genius. To these grand qualities do not let it be supposed that we are laying claim, but, thank Heaven, Cruikshank's humor is so good and benevolent that any man must love it, and on this score we may speak as well as another.

Then there are the 'Greenwich Hospital' designs, which must not be passed over. 'Greenwich Hospital' is a hearty, good-natured book, in the Tom Dibdin School, treating of the virtues of British tars in approved nautical language. They maul Frenchmen and Spaniards, they go out in brigs and take frigates, they relieve women in distress, and are yardarm and yardarming, athwart-hawsing, marlinspiking, binnacling, and helm's-a-leeing, as honest seamen invariably do, in novels, on the stage, and doubtless on board ship. This we cannot take upon us to say, but the artist, like a true Englishman, as he is, loves dearly these brave guardians of Old England, and chronicles their rare or fanciful exploits with the greatest good will. Let anyone look at the noble head of Nelson in the 'Family

Library,' and they will, we are sure, think with us that the designer must have felt and loved what he drew. There are to this abridgment of Southey's admirable book many more cuts after Cruikshank ; and about a dozen pieces by the same hand will be found in a work equally popular, Lockhart's excellent 'Life of Napoleon.' Among these the retreat from Moscow is very fine ; the Mamlouks most vigorous, furious, and barbarous, as they should be. At the end of these three volumes Mr. Cruikshank's contributions to the 'Family Library' seem suddenly to have ceased.

We are not at all disposed to undervalue the works and genius of Mr. Dickens, and we are sure that he would admit as readily as any man the wonderful assistance that he has derived from the artist who has given us the portraits of his ideal personages, and made them familiar to all the world. Once seen, these figures remain impressed on the memory, which otherwise would have had no hold upon them, and the heroes and heroines of Boz become personal acquaintances with each of us. Oh, that Hogarth could have illustrated Fielding in the same way! and fixed down on paper those grand figures of Parson Adams and Squire Allworthy and the great Jonathan Wild.

With regard to the modern romance of 'Jack Sheppard,' in which the latter personage makes a second appearance, it seems to us that Mr. Cruikshank really created the tale, and that Mr. Ainsworth, as it were, only put words to it. Let any reader of the novel think over it for a while, now that it is some months since he has perused and laid it down—let him think, and tell us what he remembers of the tale. George Cruikshank's pictures—always George Cruikshank's pictures. The storm in the Thames, for instance : all the author's labored description of that event has passed clean away—we have only before the mind's eye the fine plates of Cruikshank : the poor wretch cowering under the bridge arch, as the waves come rushing in, and the boats are whirling away in the drift of the great swollen black waters. And let any man look at that second plate of the murder on the Thames, and he must acknowledge how much more brilliant the artist's description is than the writer's, and what a real genius for the terrible as well as for the ridiculous the former has ; how awful is the gloom of the old bridge, a few lights glimmering from the houses here and there, but not so as to be reflected on the water at all, which is too turbid and raging ; a great heavy rack of clouds goes sweeping over the bridge, and men with flaring torches, the murderers, are borne away with the stream.

The author requires many pages to describe the fury of the storm, which Mr. Cruikshank has represented in one. First, he has to prepare you with the something inexpressibly melancholy in sailing on a dark night upon the Thames: 'the ripple of the water,' 'the darkling current,' 'the indistinctively seen craft,' 'the solemn shadows' and other phenomena visible on rivers at night are detailed (with not unskillful rhetoric) in order to bring the reader into a proper frame of mind for the deeper gloom and horror which is to ensue. Then follow pages of description: 'As Rowland sprang to the helm, and gave the signal for pursuit, a war like a volley of ordnance was heard aloft, and the wind again burst its bondage. A moment before the surface of the stream was as black as ink. It was now whitening, hissing, and seething, like an enormous caldron. The blast once more swept over the agitated river, whirled off the sheets of foam, scattered them far and wide in raindrops, and left the raging torrent blacker than before. Destruction everywhere marked the course of the gale. Steeples toppled and towers reeled beneath its fury. All was darkness, horror, confusion, ruin. Men fled from their tottering habitations and returned to them, scared by greater danger. The end of the world seemed at hand . . . The hurricane had now reached its climax. The blast shrieked, as if exulting in its wrathful mission. Stunning and continuous, the din was such as almost to take away the power of hearing. He who had faced the gale *would have been instantly stifled*,' etc., etc. See what a tremendous war of words (and good loud words too; Mr. Ainsworth's description is a good and spirited one) the author is obliged to pour in upon the reader before he can effect his purpose upon the latter, and inspire him with a proper terror. The painter does it at a glance, and old Wood's dilemma in the midst of that tremendous storm, with the little infant at his bosom, is remembered afterward, not from the words, but from the visible image of them that the artist has left us."

It would not, perhaps, be out of place to glance through the whole of the 'Jack Sheppard' plates, which are among the most finished and the most successful of Mr. Cruikshank's performances, and say a word or two concerning them. Let us begin with finding fault with No. 1, 'Mr. Wood offers to adopt little Jack Sheppard.' A poor print, on a poor subject; the figure of the woman not as carefully designed as it might be, and the expression of the eyes (not an uncommon fault with our artist) much caricatured. The print is cut up, to use the artist's phrase, by the number of accessories which the engraver

has thought proper, after the author's elaborate description, elaborately to reproduce. The plate of 'Wild discovering Darrell in the loft' is admirable—ghastly, terrible, and the treatment of it extraordinarily skillful, minute, and bold. The intricacies of the tile-work, and the mysterious twinkling of light among the beams, are excellently felt and rendered; and one sees here, as in the two next plates of the storm and murder, what a fine eye the artist has, what a skillful hand, and what a sympathy for the wild and dreadful. As a mere imitation of nature, the clouds and the bridge in the murder picture may be examined by painters who make far higher pretensions than Mr. Cruikshank. In point of workmanship they are equally good, the manner quite unaffected, the effect produced without any violent contrast, the whole scene evidently well and philosophically arranged in the artist's brain before he began to put it upon copper.

The famous drawing of 'Jack carving the name on the beam,' which has been transferred to half the playbills in town, is overloaded with accessories, as the first plate; but they are much better arranged than in the last named engraving, and do not injure the effect of the principal figure. Remark, too, the conscientiousness of the artist, and that shrewd pervading idea of *form* which is one of his principal characteristics. Jack is surrounded by all sorts of implements of his profession; he stands on a regular carpenter's table; away in the shadow under it lie shavings and a couple of carpenter's hampers. The glue pot, the mallet, the chisel handle, the planes, the saws, the hone with its cover, and the other paraphernalia are all represented with extraordinary accuracy and forethought. The man's mind has retained the exact *drawing* of all these minute objects (unconsciously, perhaps, to himself), but we can see with what keen eyes he must go through the world, and what a fund of facts (as such a knowledge of the shape of objects is in his profession) this keen student of nature has stored away in his brain. In the next plate, where Jack is escaping from his mistress, the figure of that lady, one of the deepest of the *βαθύκολποι*, strikes us as disagreeable and unrefined; that of Winifred is, on the contrary, very pretty and graceful; and Jack's puzzled, slinking look must not be forgotten. All the accessories are good, and the apartment has a snug, cozy air, which is not remarkable, except that it shows how faithfully the designer has performed his work, and how curiously he has entered into all particulars of the subject.

Master Thames Darrell, the handsome young man of the

book, is, in Mr. Cruikshank's portraits of him, no favorite of ours. The lad seems to wish to make up for the natural insignificance of his face by frowning on all occasions most portentously. This figure, borrowed from the compositor's desk, will give a notion of what we mean. Wild's face is too violent for the great man of history (if we may call Fielding history), but this is in consonance with the ranting, frowning, braggadocio character that Mr. Ainsworth has given him.

The 'Interior of Willesden Church' is excellent as a composition, and a piece of artistical workmanship; the groups are well arranged, and the figure of Mrs. Sheppard looking around alarmed, as her son is robbing the dandy Kneebone, is charming, simple, and unaffected. Not so 'Mrs. Sheppard ill in bed,' whose face is screwed up to an expression vastly too tragic. The little glimpse of the church seen through the open door of the room is very beautiful and poetical: it is in such small hints that an artist especially excels; they are the morals which he loves to append to his stories, and are always appropriate and welcome. The boozing ken is not to our liking; Mrs. Sheppard is there with her horrified eyebrows again. Why this exaggeration—is it necessary for the public? We think not, or if they require such excitement, let our artist, like a true painter as he is, teach them better things.*

The 'Escape from Willesden Cage' is excellent; the 'Burglary in Wood's house' has not less merit; 'Mrs. Sheppard in Bedlam,' a ghastly picture indeed, is finely conceived, but not, as we fancy, so carefully executed; it would be better for a little more careful drawing in the female figure.

'Jack sitting for his picture' is a very pleasing group, and savors of the manner of Hogarth, who is introduced in the company. The 'Murder of Trenchard' must be noticed too as remarkable for the effect and terrible vigor which the artist has given to the scene. The 'Willesden Churchyard' has great merit too, but the gems of the book are the little vignettes illustrating the escape from Newgate. Here, too, much anatomical care of drawing is not required; the figures are so small that the outline and attitude need only to be indicated,

* A gentleman (whose wit is so celebrated that one should be very cautious in repeating his stories) gave the writer a good illustration of the philosophy of exaggeration. Mr.—— was once behind the scenes at the opera when the scene-shifters were preparing for the ballet. Flora was to sleep under a bush, whereon was growing a number of roses, and amid which was fluttering a gay covey of butterflies. In size the roses exceeded the most expansive sunflowers, and the butterflies were as large as cocked hats; the scene-shifter explained to Mr. ——, who asked the reason why everything was so magnified, that the galleries could never see the objects unless they were enormously exaggerated. How many of our writers and designers work for the galleries?

and the designer has produced a series of figures quite remarkable for reality and poetry too. There are no less than ten of Jack's feats so described by Mr. Cruikshank. (Let us say a word here in praise of the excellent manner in which the author has carried us through the adventure.) Here is Jack clattering up the chimney, now peering into the lonely red room, now opening 'the door between the red room and the chapel.' What a wild, fierce, scared look he has, the young ruffian, as cautiously he steps in, holding light his bar of iron. You can see by his face how his heart is beating! If anyone were there! but no! And this is a very fine characteristic of the prints, the extreme *loneliness* of them all. Not a soul is there to disturb him,—woe to him who should,—and Jack drives in the chapel gate, and shatters down the passage door, and there you have him on the leads. Up he goes! it is but a spring of a few feet from the blanket, and he is gone—*abiit, evasit, erupit!* Mr. Wild must catch him again if he can.

We must not forget to mention 'Oliver Twist,' and Mr. Cruikshank's famous designs to that work.* The sausage scene at Fagin's, Nancy seizing the boy; that capital piece of humor, Mr. Bumble's courtship, which is even better in Cruikshank's version than in Boz's exquisite account of the interview; Sykes' farewell to the dog; and the Jew—the dreadful Jew—that Cruikshank drew! What a fine touching picture of melancholy desolation is that of Sykes and the dog! The poor cur is not too well drawn, the landscape is stiff and formal; but in this case the faults, if faults they be, of execution rather add to than diminish the effect of the picture; it has a strange, wild, dreary, broken-hearted look; we fancy we see the landscape as it must have appeared to Sykes when ghastly and with bloodshot eyes he looked at it. As for the Jew in the dungeon, let us say nothing of it—what can we say to describe it? What a fine homely poet is the man who can produce this little world of mirth or woe for us! Does he elaborate his effects by slow process of thought, or do they come to him by instinct? Does the painter ever arrange in his brain an image so complete that he afterward can copy it exactly on the canvas, or does the hand work in spite of him?

A great deal of this random work of course every artist has done in his time; many men produce effects of which they never dreamed, and strike off excellences haphazard which gain for them reputation: but a fine quality in Mr. Cruikshank,

* Or his new work 'The Tower of London,' which promises even to surpass Mr. Cruikshank's former productions.

the quality of his success, as we have said before, is the extraordinary earnestness and good faith with which he executes all he attempts—the ludicrous, the polite, the low, the terrible. In the second of these he often, in our fancy, fails, his figures lacking elegance and descending to caricature; but there is something fine in this too: it is good that he *should* fail, that he should have these honest *naïve* notions regarding the *beau monde*, the characteristics of which a namby-pamby tea party painter could hit off far better than he. He is a great deal too downright and manly to appreciate the flimsy delicacies of small society—you cannot expect a lion to roar you like any sucking dove, or frisk about a drawing room like a lady's little spaniel.

If, then, in the course of his life and business he has been occasionally obliged to imitate the ways of such small animals, he has done so, let us say it at once, clumsily, and like as a lion should. Many artists, we hear, hold his works rather cheap; they prate about bad drawing, want of scientific knowledge—they would have something vastly more neat, regular, anatomical.

Not one of the whole band, most likely, but can paint an Academy figure better than himself; nay, or a portrait of an alderman's lady and family of children. But look down the list of the painters and tell us who are they. How many among these men are *poets* (makers), possessing the faculty to create, the greatest among the gifts with which Providence has endowed the mind of man? Say how many there are, count up what they have done, and see what in the course of some nine-and-twenty years has been done by this indefatigable man.

What amazing energetic fecundity do we find in him! As a boy he began to fight for bread, has been hungry (twice a day, we trust) ever since, and has been obliged to sell his wit for his bread week by week. And his wit, sterling gold as it is, will find no such purchasers as the fashionable painter's thin pinchbeck, who can live comfortably for six weeks, when paid for and painting a portrait, and fancies his mind prodigiously occupied all the while. There was an artist in Paris, an artist hairdresser, who used to be fatigued and take restoratives after inventing a new coiffure. By no such gentle operation of headdressing has Cruikshank lived: time was (we are told so in print) when for a picture with thirty heads in it he was paid three guineas—a poor week's pittance truly, and a dire week's labor. We make no doubt that the same labor would at present bring him twenty times the sum; but whether it be ill paid or well, what labor has Mr. Cruikshank's been! Week by week, for thirty years, to produce something new—some

smiling offspring of painful labor, quite independent and distinct from its ten thousand jovial brethren; in what hours of sorrow and ill-health to be told by the world, 'Make us laugh or you starve. Give us fresh fun; we have eaten up the old and are hungry.' And all this he has been obliged to do—to wring laughter day by day, sometimes, perhaps, out of want, often certainly from ill health or depression—to keep the fire of his brain perpetually alight: for the greedy public will give it no leisure to cool. This he has done, and done well. He has told a thousand truths in as many strange and fascinating ways; he has given a thousand new and pleasant thoughts to millions of people; he has never used his wit dishonestly; he has never, in all the exuberance of his frolicsome humor, caused a single painful or guilty blush: how little do we think of the extraordinary power of this man, and how ungrateful we are to him!

Here, as we are come round to the charge of ingratitude, the starting post from which we set out, perhaps we had better conclude. The reader will perhaps wonder at the high-flown tone in which we speak of the services and merits of an individual, whom he considers a humble scraper on steel, that is wonderfully popular already. But none of us remember all the benefits we owe him; they have come one by one, one driving out the memory of the other; it is only when we come to examine them altogether, as the writer has done, who has a pile of books on the table before him—a heap of personal kindnesses from George Cruikshank (not presents, if you please, for we bought, borrowed, or stole every one of them)—that we feel what we owe him. Look at one of Mr. Cruikshank's works, and we pronounce him an excellent humorist. Look at all: his reputation is increased by a kind of geometrical progression, as a whole diamond is a hundred times more valuable than the hundred splinters into which it might be broken would be. A fine rough English diamond is this about which we have been writing.

THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS.*

FITZ-BOODLE'S CONFESSIONS.

PREFACE.

GEORGE FITZ-BOODLE, ESQUIRE, TO OLIVER YORKE, ESQUIRE.

OMNIUM CLUB, May 20, 1842.

DEAR SIR: I have always been considered the third-best whist-player in Europe, and (though never betting more than five pounds) have for many years past added considerably to my yearly income by my skill in the game, until the commencement of the present season, when a French gentleman, M. Lalouette, was admitted to the club where I usually play. His skill and reputation were so great that no men of the club were inclined to play against us two of a side; and the consequence has been that we have been in a manner pitted against one another. By a strange turn of luck (for I cannot admit the idea of his superiority), Fortune, since the Frenchman's arrival, has been almost constantly against me, and I have lost two-and-thirty nights in the course of a couple of score of nights' play.

Everybody knows that I am a poor man; and so much has Lalouette's luck drained my finances that only last week I was obliged to give him that famous gray cob on which you have seen me riding in the Park (I can't afford a thoroughbred, and hate a cocktail), I was, I say, forced to give him up my cob in exchange for four ponies which I owed him. Thus, as I never walk, being a heavy man whom nobody cares to mount, my time hangs heavily on my hands; and as I hate home, or that apology for it—a bachelor's lodgings—and as I have nothing earthly to do now until I can afford to purchase another horse, I spend my time in sauntering from one club to another, passing many rather listless hours in them before the men come in.

You will say, why not take to backgammon or ecarté, or amuse yourself with a book? Sir (putting out of the question the fact that I do not play upon credit), I make a point never to play before candles are lighted; and as for books, I must candidly confess to you I am not a reading man. 'Twas but the other day that someone recommended me to read your magazine after dinner, saying it contained an exceedingly witty article upon—I forget what. I give you my honor, sir, that I took up the work at six, meaning to amuse myself till seven, when Lord Trumpington's dinner was to come off, and egad! in two minutes I fell asleep, and never woke till midnight. Nobody ever thought of looking for me in the library, where nobody ever goes; and so ravenously hungry was I that I was obliged to walk off to Crockford's for supper.

What is it that makes you literary persons so stupid? I have met various individuals in society who I was told were writers of books, and that sort of thing, and expecting rather to be amused by their conversation, have invariably found them dull to a degree, and as for information, without a particle of it. Sir, I actually asked one of these fellows, 'What was the nick to seven?' and he stared in my face, and said he didn't know. He was hugely overdressed in satin, rings, chains, and so forth; and at the beginning of dinner was disposed to be rather talkative and pert; but my little sally silenced *him*, I promise you, and got up a good laugh at his expense too. 'Leave George alone,' said little Lord Cinqbars, 'I warrant he'll be a match for any of you literary fellows.' Cinqbars is no great wiseacre; but, indeed, it requires no great wiseacre to know *that*.

What is the simple deduction to be drawn from this truth? Why, this—that a man, to be amusing and well informed, has no need of books at all, and had much better go to the world and to men for his knowledge. There was Ulysses, now, the Greek fellow engaged in the Trojan war, as I dare say you know well, he was the cleverest man possible, and how? From having seen men and cities, their manners noted and their realms surveyed, to be sure. So have I. I have been in every capital, and can order a dinner in every language in Europe.

My notion, then, is this. I have a great deal of spare time on my hands, and as I am told you pay a handsome sum to persons writing for you, I will furnish you occasionally with some of my views upon men and things; occasional histories of my acquaintance which I think may amuse you; personal narratives of my own; essays, and what not.

*The 'Fitz-Boodle Papers' first appeared in *Fraser's Magazine* for the year 1842.

I am told that I do not spell correctly. This, of course, I don't know; but you will remember that Richelieu and Marlborough could not spell, and egad! I am an honest man, and desire to be no better than they. I know that it is the matter, and not the manner, which is of importance. Have the goodness, then, to let one of your understrappers correct the spelling and the grammar of my papers; and you can give him a few shillings in my name for his trouble.

Begging you to accept the assurance of my high consideration, I am, sir,

Your obedient servant,

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE.

P. S. By the way, I have said in my letter that I found *all* literary persons vulgar and dull. Permit me to contradict this with regard to yourself. I met you once at Blackwall, I think it was, and really did not remark anything offensive in your accent or appearance.

BEFORE commencing the series of moral disquisitions, etc., which I intend, the reader may as well know who I am, and what my past course of life has been. To say that I am a Fitz-Boodle is to say at once that I am a gentleman. Our family has held the estate of Boodle ever since the reign of Henry II.; and it is out of no ill-will to my elder brother, or unnatural desire for his death, but only because the estate is a very good one, that I wish heartily it was mine; I would say as much of Chatsworth or Eaton Hall.

I am not, in the first place, what is called a ladies' man, having contracted an irrepressible habit of smoking after dinner, which has obliged me to give up a great deal of the dear creatures' society; nor can I go much to country houses, for the same reason. Say what they will, ladies do not like you to smoke in their bedrooms; their silly little noses scent out the odor upon the chintz, weeks after you have left them. Sir John has been caught coming to bed particularly merry and redolent of cigar smoke; young George, from Eton, was absolutely found in the little greenhouse puffing an Havana; and when discovered, they both lay the blame on Fitz-Boodle. 'It was Mr. Fitz-Boodle, mamma,' says George, 'who offered me the cigar, and I did not like to refuse him.' 'That rascal Fitz seduced us, my dear, said Sir John, 'and kept us laughing until past midnight.' Her ladyship instantly sets me down as a person to be avoided. 'George,' whispers she to her boy, 'promise me, on your honor, when you go to town, not to know that man.' And when she enters the breakfast room for prayers the first greeting is a peculiar expression of countenance, and inhaling of breath, by which my lady indicates the presence of some exceedingly disagreeable odor in the room. She makes you the faintest of courtesies, and regards you if not with a 'flashing eye,' as in the novels, at least with a 'distended nostril.' During the whole of the service, her heart is filled with the blackest gall toward you; and she is thinking about the best means of getting you out of the house.

What is this smoking, that it should be considered a crime? I believe in my heart that women are jealous of it, as of a rival. They speak of it as of some secret, awful vice that seizes upon a man, and makes him a pariah from genteel society. I would lay a guinea that many a lady who has just been kind enough to read the above lines lays down the book, after this confession of mine that I am a smoker, and says, 'Oh, the vulgar wretch!' and passes on to something else.

The fact is that the cigar *is* a rival to the ladies, and their conqueror too. In the chief pipe-smoking nations they are kept in subjection. While the chief, Little White Belt, smokes, the women are silent in his wigwam; while Mohammed Ben Jawbrahim causes volumes of odorous incense of latakia to play round his beard, the women of the harem do not disturb his meditations, but only add to the delight of them by tinkling on a dulcimer and dancing before him. When Professor Strumpff of Göttingen takes down No. 13 from the wall, with a picture of Beatrice Cenci upon it, and which holds a pound of canaster, the Frau Professorin knows that for two hours Hermann is engaged, and takes up her stockings and knits in quiet. The constitution of French society has been quite changed within the last twelve years; an ancient and respectable dynasty has been overthrown; an aristocracy which Napoleon could never master has disappeared; and from what cause? I do not hesitate to say—*from the habit of smoking.* Ask any man whether, five years before the revolution of July, if you wanted a cigar at Paris, they did not bring you a roll of tobacco with a straw in it? Now the whole city smokes; society is changed; and be sure of this, ladies, a similar combat is going on in this country at present between cigar-smoking and you. Do you suppose you will conquer? Look over the wide world, and see that your adversary has overcome it. Germany has been puffing for threescore years; France smokes, to a man. Do you think you can keep the enemy out of England? Psha! look at his progress. Ask the clubhouses, Have they smoking rooms, or not? Are they not obliged to yield to the general want of the age, in spite of the resistance of the old women on the committees? I, for my part, do not despair to see a bishop lolling out of the Athenæum with a cheroot in his mouth, or, at any rate, a pipe stuck in his shovel hat.

But as in all great causes, and in promulgating new and illustrious theories, their first propounders and exponents are generally the victims of their enthusiasm, of course the first preachers of smoking have been martyrs, too; and George

Fitz-Boodle is one. The first gas-man was ruined; the inventor of steam-engine printing became a pauper. I began to smoke in days when the task was one of some danger, and paid the penalty of my crime. I was flogged most fiercely for my first cigar; for, being asked to dine one Sunday evening with a half-pay colonel of dragoons (the gallant, simple, humorous Shortcut—Heaven bless him! I have had many a guinea from him who had so few), he insisted upon my smoking in his room at the Salopian, and the consequence was that I became so violently ill as to be reported intoxicated upon my return to Slaughter-house School, where I was a boarder, and I was whipped the next morning for my peccadillo. At Christ Church one of our tutors was the celebrated, lamented Otto Rose, who would have been a bishop under the present Government, had not an immoderate indulgence in water gruel cut short his elegant and useful career. He was a good man, a pretty scholar and poet (the episode upon the discovery of eau de Cologne, in his prize poem on 'The Rhine,' was considered a masterpiece of act, though I am not much of a judge myself upon such matters), and he was as remarkable for his fondness for a tuft as for his nervous antipathy to tobacco. As ill-luck would have it, my rooms (in Tom Quad, were exactly under his; and I was grown by this time to be a confirmed smoker. I was a baronet's son (we are of James the First's creation), and I do believe our tutor could have pardoned any crime in the world but this. He had seen me in a tandem, and at that moment was seized with a violent fit of sneezing—(sternutatory paroxysm he called it)—at the conclusion of which I was a mile down the Woodstock Road. He had seen me in pink, as we used to call it, swaggering in the open sunshine across a grass plot in the court; but spied out opportunely a servitor, one Todhunter by name, who was going to morning chapel with his shoestring untied, and forthwith sprung toward that unfortunate person, to set him an imposition. Everything, in fact, but tobacco he could forgive. Why did cursed fortune bring him into the rooms over mine? The odor of the cigars made his gentle spirit quite furious; and one luckless morning, when I was standing before my 'oak,' and chanced to puff a great *bouffée* of Varinas into his face, he forgot his respect for my family altogether (I was the second son, and my brother a sickly creature *then*—he is now sixteen stone in weight, and has a half-score of children); gave me a severe lecture, to which I replied rather hotly, as was my wont. And then came demand

for an apology; refusal on my part; appeal to the dean; convocation; and rustication of George Savage Fitz-Boodle.

My father had taken a second wife (of the noble house of Flintskinner), and Lady Fitz-Boodle detested smoking, as a woman of her high principles should. She had an entire mastery over the worthy old gentleman, and thought I was a sort of demon of wickedness. The old man went to his grave with some similar notion—Heaven help him! and left me but the wretched twelve thousand pounds, secured to me on my poor mother's property.

In the army my luck was much the same. I joined the —th Lancers, Lieutenant Colonel Lord Martingale, in the year 1817. I only did duty with the regiment for three months. We were quartered at Cork, where I found the Irish doodheen and tobacco the pleasantest smoking possible; and was found by his lordship, one day upon stable duty, smoking the shortest, dearest little dumpy clay pipe in the world.

'Cornet Fitz-Boodle,' said my lord, in a towering passion, 'from what blackguard did you get that pipe?'

I omit the oaths which garnished invariably his lordship's conversation.

'I got it, my lord,' said I, 'from one Terence Mullins, a jingle-driver, with a packet of his peculiar tobacco. You sometimes smoke Turkish, I believe; do try this. Isn't it good?' And in the simplest way in the world I puffed a volume into his face. 'I see you like it,' said I, so coolly that the men—and I do believe the horses—burst out laughing.

He started back, choking almost, and recovered himself only to vent such a storm of oaths and curses that I was compelled to request Captain Rawdon (the captain on duty) to take note of his lordship's words; and unluckily could not help adding a question which settled my business. 'You were good enough,' I said, 'to ask me, my lord, from what blackguard I got my pipe; might I ask from what blackguard *you* learned your language?'

This was quite enough. Had I said, 'From what *gentleman* did your lordship learn your language?' the point would have been quite as good, and my Lord Martingale would have suffered in my place: as it was I was so strongly recommended to sell out by his Royal Highness the commander in chief, that, being of a good-natured disposition, never knowing how to refuse a friend, I at once threw up my hopes of military distinction and retired into civil life.

My lord was kind enough to meet me afterward in a field

in the Glanmire Road, where he put a ball into my leg. This I returned to him some years later with about twenty-three others—black ones—when he came to be balloted for at a club of which I have the honor to be a member.

Thus by the indulgence of a simple and harmless propensity; of a propensity which can inflict an injury upon no person or thing except the coat and the person of him who indulges in it; of a custom honored and observed in almost all the nations of the world; of a custom which, far from leading a man into any wickedness or dissipation to which youth is subject, on the contrary, begets only benevolent silence and thoughtful good-humored observation; I found at the age of twenty all my propects in life destroyed. I cared not for woman in those days; the calm smoker has a sweet companion in his pipe. I did not drink immoderately of wine; for though a friend to trifling potations, to excessively strong drinks tobacco is abhorrent. I never thought of gambling, for the lover of the pipe has no need of such excitement; but I was considered a monster of dissipation in my family, and bade fair to come to ruin.

'Look at George,' my mother-in-law said to the genteel and correct young Flintskinners. 'He entered the world with every prospect in life, and see in what an abyss of degradation his fatal habits have plunged him! At school he was flogged and disgraced; he was disgraced and rusticated at the university; he was disgraced and expelled from the army! He might have had the living of Boodle' (her ladyship gave it to one of her nephews), 'but he would not take his degree; his papa would have purchased him a troop—nay, a lieutenant colonelcy some day, but for his fatal excesses. And now, as long as my dear husband will listen to the voice of a wife who adores him—never, never shall he spend a shilling upon so worthless a young man. He has a small income from his mother (I cannot but think that the first Lady Fitz-Boodle was a weak and misguided person); let him live upon his mean pittance as he can, and I heartily pray we may not hear of him in jail!'

My brother, after he came to the estate, married the ninth daughter of our neighbor Sir John Spreadeagle; and Boodle Hall has seen a new little Fitz-Boodle with every succeeding spring. The dowager retired to Scotland with a large jointure and a wondrous heap of savings. Lady Fitz is a good creature, but she thinks me something diabolical, trembles when she sees me, and gathers all her children about her, rushes into the

nursery whenever I pay that little seminary a visit, and actually slapped poor little Frank's ears one day when I was teaching him to ride upon the back of a Newfoundland dog.

'George,' said my brother to me the last time I paid him a visit at the old hall, 'don't be angry, my dear fellow, but Maria is in a—hum—in a delicate situation, expecting her—hum'—(the eleventh)— 'and do you know you frighten her? It was but yesterday you met her in the rookery—you were smoking that enormous German pipe—and when she came in she had a hysterical seizure, and Drench says that in her situation it's dangerous. And I say, George, if you go to town you'll find a couple of hundred at your banker's.' And with this the poor fellow shook me by the hand, and called for a fresh bottle of claret.

Afterward he told me, with many hesitations, that my room at Boodle Hall had been made into a second nursery. I see my sister-in-law in London twice or thrice in the season, and the little people, who have almost forgotten to call me Uncle George.

It's hard, too, for I am a lonely man after all, and my heart yearns to them. The other day I smuggled a couple of them into my chambers, and had a little feast of cream and strawberries to welcome them. But it had like to have cost the nursery maid (a Swiss girl that Fitz-Boodle hired somewhere in his travels) her place. My stepmamma, who happened to be in town, came flying down in her chariot, pounced upon the poor thing and the children in the midst of the entertainment; and when I asked her, with rather a bad grace, to be sure, to take a chair and a share of the feast:

'Mr. Fitz-Boodle,' said she, 'I am not accustomed to sit down in a place that smells of tobacco like an alehouse—an alehouse inhabited by a *serpent*, sir! A *serpent!* do you understand me? who carries his poison into his brother's own house, and purshues his eenfamous designs before his brother's own children. Put on Miss Maria's bonnet this instant. Mamsell, ontondy-voo? Metty le bonny a mamsell. And I shall take care, mamsell, that you return to Switzerland tomorrow. I've no doubt you are a relation of Courvoisier—oui! oui! Courvoisier, vous comprenny—and you shall certainly be sent back to your friends.'

With this speech, and with the children and their maid sobbing before her, my lady retired; but for once my sister-in-law was on my side, not liking the meddlement of the elder lady.

I know, then, that from indulging in that simple habit of

smoking, I have gained among the ladies a dreadful reputation. I see that they look coolly upon me, and darkly at their husbands when they arrive at home in my company. Men, I observe, in consequence, ask me to dine much oftener at the club, or the Star and Garter at Richmond, or at Lovegrove's, than in their own houses; and with this sort of arrangement I am fain to acquiesce; for, as I said before, I am of an easy temper, and can at any rate take my cigar case out after dinner at Blackwall, when my lady or the duchess is not by. I know, of course, the best *men* in town; and as for ladies' society, not having it (for I will have none of your pseudo-ladies, such as sometimes honor bachelors' parties—actresses, couturières, opera dancers, and so forth)—as for ladies' society, I say, I cry pish! 'tis not worth the trouble of the complimenting, and the bother of pumps and black silk stockings.

Let any man remember what ladies' society was when he had an opportunity of seeing them among themselves, as What-d'ye-call'im does in the Thesmophoria—(I beg pardon, I was on the verge of a classical allusion, which I abominate)—I mean at that period of his life when the intellect is pretty acute, though the body is small—namely, when a young gentleman is about eleven years of age, dining at his father's table during the holidays, and is requested by his papa to quit the dinner table when the ladies retire from it.

Corbleu! I recollect their whole talk as well as if it had been whispered but yesterday; and can see, after a long dinner, the yellow summer sun throwing long shadows over the lawn before the dining-room windows, and my poor mother and her company of ladies sailing away to the music room in old Boodle Hall. The Countess Dawdley was the great lady in our county, a portly lady who used to love crimson satin in those days, and birds of paradise. She was flaxen-haired, and the Regent once said she resembled one of King Charles' beauties.

When Sir John Todcaster used to begin his famous story of the exciseman (I shall not tell it here, for very good reasons), my poor mother used to turn to Lady Dawdley, and give that mystic signal at which all females rise from their chairs. Tufthunt, the curate, would spring from his seat, and be sure to be the first to open the door for the retreating ladies; and my brother Tom and I, though remaining stoutly in our places, were speedily ejected from them by the governor's invariable remark, 'Tom and George, if you have had *quite* enough of wine, you had better go and join your mamma.' Yonder she marches, Heaven bless her! through the old oak

hall (how long the shadows of the antlers are on the wainscot, and the armor of Rollo Fitz-Boodle looks in the sunset as if it were emblazoned with rubies)—yonder she marches, stately and tall, in her invariable pearl-colored tabinet, followed by Lady Dawdley, blazing like a flamingo; next comes Lady Emily Tufthunt (she was Lady Emily Flintskinner), who will not for all the world take precedence of rich, vulgar, kind, good-humored Mrs. *Colonel* Grogwater, as she would be called, with a yellow little husband from Madras, who first taught me to drink sangaree. He was a new arrival in our county, but paid nobly to the hounds, and occupied hospitably a house which was always famous for its hospitality—Sievely Hall (poor Bob Cullender ran through seven thousand a year before he was thirty years old). Once when I was a lad, Colonel Grogwater gave me two gold mohurs out of his desk for whist-markers, and I'm sorry to say I ran up from Eton and sold them both for seventy-three shillings at a shop in Cornhill. But to return to the ladies, who are all this while kept waiting in the hall, and to their usual conversation after dinner.

Can any man forget how miserably flat it was? Five matrons sit on sofas, and talk in a subdued voice:

First Lady (*mysteriously*).—'My dear Lady Dawdley, do tell me about poor Susan Tuckett.'

Second Lady.—'All three children are perfectly well, and I assure you as fine babies as I ever saw in my life. I made her give them Daffy's Elixir the first day; and it was the greatest mercy that I had some of Frederick's baby-clothes by me; for you know I had provided Susan with sets for one only, and really——'

Third Lady.—'Of course one couldn't; and for my part I think your ladyship is a great deal too kind to these people. A little gardener's boy dressed in Lord Dawdley's frocks indeed! I recollect that one at his christening had the sweetest lace in the world!'

Fourth Lady.—'What do you think of this, ma'am—Lady Emily, I mean? I have just had it from Howell and James—guipure, they call it. Isn't it an odd name for lace? And they charge me, upon my conscience, four guineas a yard!'

Third Lady.—'My mother, when she came to Flintskinner, had lace upon her robe that cost sixty guineas a yard, ma'am! 'Twas sent from Malines direct by our relation, the Count d'Araignay.'

Fourth Lady (*aside*).—'I thought she would not let the evening pass without talking of her Malines lace and her Count

d'Arraignay. Odious people! they don't spare their backs, but they pinch their——'

Here Tom upsets a coffee cup over his white jean trousers, and another young gentleman bursts into a laugh, saying, 'By Jove, that's a good un!'

'George, my dear,' says mamma, 'had not you and your young friend better go into the garden? But mind, no fruit, or Dr. Glauber must be called in again immediately!' And we all go, and in ten minutes I and my brother are fighting in the stables.

If, instead of listening to the matrons and their discourse, we had taken the opportunity of attending to the conversation of the Misses, we should have heard matter not a whit more interesting.

First Miss.—'They were all three in blue crape; you never saw anything so odious. And I know for a certainty that they wore those dresses at Muddlebury, at the archery ball, and I dare say they had them in town.'

Second Miss.—'Don't you think Jemima decidedly crooked? And those fair complexions they freckle so, that really Miss Blanche ought to be called Miss Brown.'

Third Miss.—'He, he, he!'

Fourth Miss.—'Don't you think Blanche is a pretty name?'

First Miss.—'La! do you think so, dear? Why it's my second name!'

Second Miss.—'Then I'm sure Captain Travers thinks it a *beautiful* name!'

Third Miss.—'He, he, he!'

Fourth Miss.—'What was he telling you at dinner that seemed to interest you so?'

First Miss.—'Oh, law, nothing!—that is, yes! Charles—that is—Captain Travers, is a sweet poet, and was reciting to me some lines that he had composed upon a faded violet:

'The odor from the flower is gone,
That like thy——

like thy something, I forget what it was; but his lines are sweet, and so original too! I wish that horrid Sir John Tod-caster had not begun his story of the exciseman, for Lady Fitz-Boodle always quits the table when he begins.'

Third Miss.—'Do you like those tufts that gentlemen wear sometimes on their chins?'

Second Miss.—'Nonsense, Mary!'

Third Miss.—'Well, I only asked, Jane. Frank thinks, you know, that he shall very soon have one, and puts bear's grease on his chin every night.'

Second Miss.—'Mary, nonsense!'

Third Miss.—'Well, only ask him. You know he came to our dressing room last night and took the pomatum away; and he says that when boys go to Oxford they always——'

First Miss.—'O Heavens! have you heard the news about the Lancers? Charles—that is, Captain Travers, told it me!'

Second Miss.—'Law! they won't go away before the ball, I hope!'

First Miss.—'No, but on the 15th they are to shave their mustaches! He says that Lord Tufto is in a perfect fury about it!'

Second Miss.—'And poor George Beardmore, too!' etc.

Here Tom upsets the coffee over his trousers, and the conversation ends. I can recollect a dozen such, and ask any man of sense whether such talk amuses him?

Try again to speak to a young lady while you are dancing—what we call in this country—a quadrille. What nonsense do you invariably give and receive in return! No, I am a woman-scorner, and don't care to own it. I hate young ladies! Have I not been in love with several, and has any one of them ever treated me decently? I hate married women! Do they not hate me? and, simply because I smoke, try to draw their husbands away from my society? I hate dowagers! Have I not cause? Does not every dowager in London point to George Fitz-Boodle as a dissolute wretch whom young and old should avoid?

And yet do not imagine that I have not loved. I have, and madly, many, many times! I am but eight-and-thirty,* not past the age of passion, and may very likely end by running off with an heiress—or a cook-maid (for who knows what strange freaks Love may choose to play in his own particular person? and I hold a man to be a mean creature who calculates about checking any such sacred impulse as lawful love)—I say, though despising the sex in general for their conduct to me, I know of particular persons belonging to it who are worthy of all respect and esteem, and as such I beg leave to point out the particular young lady who is perusing these lines. Do not, dear madam, then imagine that if I knew you I should be disposed to sneer at you. Ah, no! Fitz-Boodle's bosom has tenderer sentiments than from his way of life you would fancy, and stern by rule is only too soft by practice. Shall I whisper to you the story of one or two of my attachments? All terminating fatally (not in death, but in disappointment, which, as it occurred, I used to imagine a thousand times more bitter than death, but from which one recovers somehow more readily than

* He is five-and-forty, if he is a day old.—O. Y.

from the other named complaint)—all, I say, terminating wretchedly to myself, as if some fatality pursued my desire to become a domestic character.

My first love—no, let us pass *that* over. Sweet one! thy name shall profane no hireling page. Sweet, sweet memory! Ah, ladies, those delicate hearts of yours have, too, felt the throb. And between the last *ob* in the word throb and the words now written, I have passed a delicious period of perhaps an hour, perhaps a minute, I know not how long, thinking of that holy first love and of her who inspired it. How clearly every single incident of the passion is remembered by me! and yet 'twas long, long since. I was but a child then—a child at school—and, if the truth must be told, L—ra R-ggl-s (I would not write her whole name to be made one of the Marquis of Hertford's executors) was a woman full thirteen years older than myself; at the period of which I write she must have been at least five-and-twenty. She and her mother used to sell tarts, hard-bake, lollipops, and other such simple comestibles, on Wednesdays and Saturdays (half holidays), at a private school where I received the first rudiments of a classical education. I used to go and sit before her tray for hours, but I do not think the poor girl ever supposed any motive led me so constantly to her little stall beyond a vulgar longing for her tarts and her ginger beer. Yes, even at that early period my actions were misrepresented, and the fatality which has oppressed my whole life began to show itself—the purest passion was misinterpreted by her and my schoolfellows, and they thought I was actuated by simple gluttony. They nicknamed me Alicompayne.

Well, be it so. Laugh, at early passion, ye who will; a high-born boy madly in love with a lowly ginger-beer girl! She married afterward, took the name of Latter, and now keeps with her old husband a turnpike, through which I often ride; but I can recollect her bright and rosy of a sunny summer afternoon, her red cheeks shaded by a battered straw bonnet, her tarts and ginger beer upon a neat white cloth before her, mending blue worsted stockings until the young gentlemen should interrupt her by coming to buy.

Many persons will call this description low; I do not envy them their gentility, and have always observed through life (as, to be sure, every other *gentleman* has observed as well as myself) that it is your *parvenu* who stickles most for what he calls the genteel, and has the most squeamish abhorrence for what is frank and natural. Let us pass at once, however, as all the

world must be pleased, to a recital of an affair which occurred in the very best circles of society, as they are called, viz., my next unfortunate attachment.

It did not occur for several years after that simple and platonic passion just described; for though they may talk of youth as the season of romance, it has always appeared to me that there are no beings in the world so entirely unromantic and selfish as certain young English gentlemen from the age of fifteen to twenty. The oldest Lovelace about town is scarcely more hard-hearted and scornful than they; they ape all sorts of selfishness and *rouerie;* they aim at excelling at cricket, at billiards, at rowing, at drinking, and set more store by a red coat and a neat pair of topboots than by any other glory. A young fellow staggers into college chapel of a morning, and communicates to all his friends that he was '*so cut* last night,' with the greatest possible pride. He makes a joke of having sisters and a kind mother at home who love him; and if he speaks of his father, it is with a knowing sneer to say that he has a tailor's and a horse dealer's bill that will surprise 'the old governor.' He would be ashamed of being in love. I, in common with my kind, had these affectations, and my perpetual custom of smoking added not a little to my reputation as an accomplished *roué*. What came of this custom in the army and at college, the reader has already heard. Alas! in life it went no better with me, and many pretty chances I had went off in that accursed smoke.

After quitting the army in the abrupt manner stated, I passed some short time at home, and was tolerated by my mother-in-law, because I had formed an attachment to a young lady of good connections and with a considerable fortune, which was really very nearly becoming mine. Mary M'Alister was the only daughter of Colonel M'Alister, late of the Blues, and Lady Susan his wife. Her ladyship was no more; and, indeed, of no family compared to ours (which has refused a peerage any time these two hundred years); but being an earl's daughter and a Scotchwoman, Lady Emily Fitz-Boodle did not fail to consider her highly. Lady Susan was daughter of the late Admiral Earl of Marlingspike and Baron Plumduff. The colonel, Miss M'Alister's father, had a good estate, of which his daughter was the heiress, and as I fished her out of the water upon a pleasure party, and swam with her to shore, we became naturally intimate, and Colonel M'Alister forgot, on account of the service rendered to him, the dreadful reputation for profligacy which I enjoyed in the county.

Well, to cut a long story short, which is told here merely

for the moral at the end of it, I should have been Fitz-Boodle M'Alister at this minute most probably, and master of four thousand a year, but for the fatal cigar box. I bear Mary no malice in saying that she was a high-spirited little girl, loving, before all things, her own way; nay, perhaps I do not, from long habit and indulgence in tobacco-smoking, appreciate the delicacy of female organizations, which were oftentimes most painfully affected by it. She was a keen-sighted little person, and soon found that the world had belied poor George Fitz-Boodle; who, instead of being the cunning monster people supposed him to be, was a simple, reckless, good-humored, honest fellow, marvelously addicted to smoking, idleness, and telling the truth. She called me Orson, and I was happy enough on the 14th of February, in the year 18—(it's of no consequence), to send her such a pretty little copy of verses about Orson and Valentine, in which the rude habits of the savage man were shown to be overcome by the polished graces of his kind and brilliant conqueror, that she was fairly overcome, and said to me, 'George Fitz-Boodle, if you give up smoking for a year I will marry you.'

I swore I would, of course, and went home and flung four pounds of Hudson's cigars, two meerschaum pipes that had cost me ten guineas at the establishment of Mr. Gattie at Oxford, a tobacco bag that Lady Fitz-Boodle had given me *before* her marriage with my father (it was the only present that I ever had from her or any member of the Flintskinner family), and some choice packets of Varinas and Syrian, into the lake in Boodle Park. The weapon among them all which I most regretted was—will it be believed?—the little black doodheen which had been the cause of the quarrel between Lord Martingale and me. However, it went along with the others. I would not allow my groom to have so much as a cigar, lest I should be tempted hereafter; and the consequence was that a few days after many fat carps and tenches in the lake (I must confess 'twas no bigger than a pond) nibbled at the tobacco, and came floating on their backs on the top of the water quite intoxicated. My conversion made some noise in the county, being emphasized as it were by this fact of the fish. I can't tell you with what pangs I kept my resolution; but keep it I did for some time.

With so much beauty and wealth, Mary M'Alister had of course many suitors, and among them was the young Lord Dawdley, whose mamma has previously been described in her gown of red satin. As I used to thrash Dawdley at school, I

thrashed him in after-life in love ; he put up with his disappointment pretty well, and came after a while and shook hands with me, telling me of the bets that there were in the county, where the whole story was known, for and against me. For the fact is, as I must own, that Mary M'Alister, the queerest, frankest of women, made no secret of the agreement, or the cause of it.

'I did not care a penny for Orson,' she said, 'but he would go on writing me such dear pretty verses that at last I couldn't help saying yes. But if he breaks his promise to me, I declare, upon my honor, I'll break mine, and nobody's heart will be broken either.'

This was the perfect fact, as I must confess, and I declare that it was only because she amused me and delighted me, and provoked me, and made me laugh very much, and because, no doubt, she was very rich, that I had any attachment for her.

'For Heaven's sake, George,' my father said to me, as I quitted home to follow my beloved to London, 'remember that you are a younger brother and have a lovely girl and four thousand a year within a year's reach of you. Smoke as much as you like, my boy, after marriage,' added the old gentleman, knowingly (as if *he*, honest soul, after his second marriage, dared drink an extra pint of wine without my lady's permission !) 'but eschew the tobacco shops till then.'

I went to London resolving to act upon the paternal advice, and oh ! how I longed for the day when I should be married, vowing in my secret soul that I would light a cigar as I walked out of St. George's, Hanover Square.

Well, I came to London, and so carefully avoided smoking that I would not even go into Hudson's shop to pay his bill, and as smoking was not the fashion then among young men as (thank Heaven !) it is now, I had not many temptations from my friends' examples in my clubs or elsewhere ; only little Dawdley began to smoke, as if to spite me. He had never done so before, but confessed—the rascal !—that he enjoyed a cigar now, if it were but to mortify me. But I took to other and more dangerous excitements, and upon the nights when not in attendance upon Mary M'Alister, might be found in very dangerous proximity to a polished mahogany table, round which claret bottles circulated a great deal too often, or worse still, to a table covered with green cloth and ornamented with a couple of wax candles and a couple of packs of cards, and four gentlemen playing the enticing game of whist. Likewise, I came to carry a snuffbox, and to consume in secret huge quantities of rappee.

For ladies' society I was even then disinclined, hating and despising small talk, and dancing, and hot routs, and vulgar scrambles for suppers. I never could understand the pleasure of acting the part of lackey to a dowager, and standing behind her chair, or bustling through the crowd for her carriage. I always found an opera too long by two acts, and have repeatedly fallen asleep in the presence of Mary M'Alister herself, sitting at the back of the box shaded by the huge beret of her old aunt, Lady Betty Plumduff; and many a time has Dawdley, with Miss M'Alister on his arm, wakened me up at the close of the entertainment in time to offer my hand to Lady Betty and lead the ladies to their carriage. If I attended her occasionally to any ball or party of pleasure, I went, it must be confessed, with clumsy, ill-disguised ill-humor. Good Heavens! have I often and often thought in the midst of a song, or the very thick of a ballroom, can people prefer this to a book and a sofa, and a dear, dear cigar box, from thy stores, oh, charming Mariana Woodville! Deprived of my favorite plant, I grew sick in mind and body, moody, sarcastic, and discontented.

Such a state of things could not long continue, nor could Miss M'Alister continue to have much attachment for such a sullen, ill-conditioned creature as I then was. She used to make me wild with her wit and her sarcasm, nor have I ever possessed the readiness to parry or reply to those fine points of woman's wit, and she treated me the more mercilessly as she saw that I could not resist her.

Well, the polite reader must remember a great fête that was given at B—— House, some years back, in honor of his Highness the Hereditary Prince of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel, who was then in London on a visit to his illustrious relatives. It was a fancy ball, and the poems of Scott being at that time all the fashion, Mary was to appear in the character of the Lady of the Lake, old M'Alister making a very tall and severe-looking harper; Dawdley, a most insignificant Fitzjames; and your humble servant a stalwart manly Roderick Dhu. We were to meet at B—— House at twelve o'clock, and as I had no fancy to drive through the town in my cab, dressed in a kilt and philibeg, I agreed to take a seat in Dawdley's carriage, and to dress at his house in May Fair. At eleven I left a very pleasant bachelor's party, growling to quit them and the honest, jovial claret bottle, in order to scrape and cut capers like a harlequin from the theater. When I arrived at Dawdley's, I mounted to a dressing room, and began to array myself in my cursed costume.

The art of costuming was by no means so well understood in those days as it has been since, and mine was out of all correctness. I was made to sport an enormous plume of black ostrich feathers, such as never was worn by any Highland chief, and had a huge tiger-skin sporran to dangle like an apron before innumerable yards of plaid petticoat. The tartan cloak was outrageously hot and voluminous; it was the dog-days, and all these things I was condemned to wear in the midst of a crowd of a thousand people!

Dawdley sent up word, as I was dressing, that his dress had not arrived, and he took my cab and drove off in a rage to his tailor.

There was no hurry, I thought, to make a fool of myself; so having put on a pair of plaid trews, and very neat pumps with shoe buckles, my courage failed me as to the rest of the dress, and taking down one of his dressing gowns, I went downstairs to the study, to wait until he should arrive.

The windows of the pretty room were open, and a snug sofa, with innumerable cushions, drawn toward one of them. A great tranquil moon was staring into the chamber, in which stood, amid books and all sorts of bachelor's lumber, a silver tray with a couple of tall Venice glasses, and a bottle of maraschino bound with straw. I can see now the twinkle of the liquor in the moonshine, as I poured it into the glass; and I swallowed two or three little cups of it, for my spirits were downcast. Close to the tray of maraschino stood—must I say it?—a box, a mere box of cedar, bound rudely together with pink paper, branded with the name of Hudson on the side, and bearing on the cover the arms of Spain. I thought I would just take up the box and look in it.

Ah, heaven! there they were—a hundred and fifty of them, in calm, comfortable rows: lovingly side by side they lay, with the great moon shining down upon them—thin at the tip, full in the waist, elegantly round and full, a little spot here and there shining upon them—beauty spots upon the cheek of Sylvia. The house was quite quiet. Dawdley always smoked in his room—I had not smoked for four months and eleven days.

. . . .

When Lord Dawdley came into the study, he did not make any remarks; and oh, how easy my heart felt! He was dressed in his green and boots, after Westall's picture, correctly.

'It's time to be off, George,' said he; 'they told me you were dressed long ago. Come up, my man, and get ready.'

I rushed up into the dressing room, and madly dashed my

head and arms into a pool of eau de Cologne. I drank, I believe, a tumblerful of it. I called for my clothes, and strange to say, they were gone. My servant brought them, however, saying that he had put them away—making some stupid excuse. I put them on, not heeding them much, for I was half tipsy with the excitement of the ci— of the smo— of what had taken place in Dawdley's study, and with the maraschino and eau de Cologne I had drunk.

'What a fine odor of lavender water!' said Dawdley, as we rode in the carriage.

I put my head out of the window and shrieked out a laugh; but made no other reply.

'What's the joke, George?' said Dawdley. 'Did I say anything witty?'

'No,' cried I, yelling still more wildly; 'nothing more witty than usual.'

'Don't be severe, George,' said he, with a mortified air; and we drove on to B—— House.

. . . .

There must have been something strange and wild in my appearance, and those awful black plumes, as I passed through the crowd; for I observed people looking and making a strange nasal noise (it is called sniffing, and I have no other more delicate term for it), and making way as I pushed on. But I moved forward very fiercely, for the wine, the maraschino, the eau de Cologne, and the—the excitement had rendered me almost wild; and at length I arrived at the place where my Lady of the Lake and her Harper stood. How beautiful she looked—all eyes were upon her as she stood blushing. When she saw me, however, her countenance assumed an appearance of alarm. 'Good Heavens, George,' she said, stretching her hand to me, 'what makes you look so wild and pale?' I advanced, and was going to take her hand, when she dropped it with a scream.

'Ah—ah—ah!' she said. 'Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you've been smoking!'

There was an immense laugh from four hundred people roundabout us, and the scoundrelly Dawdley joined in the yell. I rushed furiously out, and, as I passed, hurtled over the fat Hereditary Prince of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel.

'Es riecht hier ungeheuer stark von Tabak!' I heard his Highness say, as I madly flung myself through the aids-de-camp.

The next day Mary M'Alister, in a note full of the most odious good sense and sarcasm, reminded me of our agree-

ment; said that she was quite convinced that we were not by any means fitted for one another, and begged me to consider myself henceforth quite free. The little wretch had the impertinence to send me a dozen boxes of cigars, which, she said, would console me for my lost love; as she was perfectly certain that I was not mercenary, and that I loved tobacco better than any woman in the world.

I believe she was right, though I have never to this day been able to pardon the scoundrelly stratagem by which Dawdley robbed me of a wife and won one himself. As I was lying on his sofa, looking at the moon and lost in a thousand happy contemplations, Lord Dawdley, returning from the tailor's, saw me smoking at my leisure. On entering his dressing room, a horrible treacherous thought struck him. 'I must not betray my friend,' said he; 'but in love all is fair, and he shall betray himself.' There were my tartans, my cursed feathers, my tiger-skin sporran, upon the sofa.

He called up my groom; he made the rascal put on all my clothes, and, giving him a guinea and four cigars, bade him lock himself into the little pantry and smoke them *without taking the clothes off*. John did so, and was very ill in consequence, and so when I came to B—— House, my clothes were redolent of tobacco, and I lost lovely Mary M'Alister.

I am godfather to one of Lady Dawdley's boys, and hers is the only house where I am allowed to smoke unmolested; but I have never been able to admire Dawdley, a sly, *sournois*, spiritless, lily-livered fellow, that took his name off all his clubs the year he married.

DOROTHEA.

Beyond sparring and cricket, I do not recollect I learned anything useful at Slaughter-house School, where I was educated (according to an old family tradition, which sends particular generations of gentlemen to particular schools in the kingdom; and such is the force of habit that, though I hate the place, I shall send my own son thither too, should I marry any day). I say I learned little that was useful at Slaughter-house, and nothing that was ornamental. I would as soon have thought of learning to dance as of learning to climb chimneys. Up to the age of seventeen, as I have shown, I had a great contempt for the female race, and when age brought with it warmer and juster sentiments, where was I? I could no more dance nor prattle to a young girl than a young bear could. I have seen the ugliest little low-bred

wretches carrying off young and lovely creatures, twirling with them in waltzes, whispering between their glossy curls in quadrilles, simpering with perfect equanimity, and cutting *pas* in that abominable 'cavalier seul,' until my soul grew sick with fury. In a word, I determined to learn to dance.

But such things are hard to be acquired late in life, when the bones and the habits of a man are formed. Look at a man in a hunting-field who has not been taught to ride as a boy. All the pluck and courage in the world will not make the man of him that I am, or as any man who has had the advantages of early education in the field.

In the same way with dancing. Though I went to work with immense energy, both in Brewer Street, Golden Square (with an advertising fellow), and afterward with old Coulon at Paris, I never was able to be *easy* in dancing; and though little Coulon instructed me in a smile, it was a cursed forced one, that looked like the grin of a person in extreme agony. I once caught sight of it in a glass, and have hardly ever smiled since.

Most young men about London have gone through that strange secret ordeal of the dancing school. I am given to understand that young snobs from attorneys' offices, banks, shops, and the like, make not the least mystery of their proceedings in the saltatory line, but trip gayly, with pumps in hand, to some dancing place about Soho, waltz and quadrille it with Miss Greengrocer or Miss Butcher, and fancy they have had rather a pleasant evening. There is one house in Dover Street, where, behind a dirty curtain, such figures may be seen hopping every night, to a perpetual fiddling; and I have stood sometimes wondering in the street, with about six blackguard boys wondering too, at the strange contortions of the figures jumping up and down to the mysterious squeaking of the kit. Have they no shame, *ces gens?* are such degrading initiations to be held in public? No, the snob may, but the man of refined mind never can submit to show himself in public laboring at the apprenticeship of this most absurd art. It is owing, perhaps, to this modesty, and the fact that I have no sisters at home, that I have never thoroughly been able to dance; for though I always arrive at the end of a quadrille (and thank Heaven for it too!) and though, I believe, I make no mistake in particular, yet I solemnly confess I have never been able thoroughly to comprehend the mysteries of it, or what I have been about from the beginning to the end of the dance. I always look at the lady opposite, and do as she does: if *she*

did not know how to dance, *par hasard*, it would be all up. But if they can't do anything else, women can dance ; let us give them that praise at least.

In London, then, for a considerable time, I used to get up at eight o'clock in the morning, and pass an hour alone with Mr. Wilkinson of the Theater Royal, in Golden Square—an hour alone. It was 'one, two, three ; one, two, three—now jump—right foot more out, Mr. Smith ; and if you *could* try and look a little more cheerful ; your partner, sir, would like you hall the better.' Wilkinson called me Smith, for the fact is, I did not tell him my real name, nor (thank Heaven !) does he know it to this day.

I never breathed a word of my doings to any soul among my friends ; once a pack of them met me in the strange neighborhood, when, I am ashamed to say, I muttered something about a 'little French milliner,' and walked off, looking as knowing as I could.

In Paris two Cambridge men and myself, who happened to be staying at a boarding house together, agreed to go to Coulon, a little creature of four feet high with a pigtail. His room was hung round with glasses. He made us take off our coats, and dance each before a mirror. Once he was standing before us playing on his kit—the sight of the little master and the pupil was so supremely ridiculous that I burst into a yell of laughter, which so offended the old man that he walked away abruptly, and begged me not to repeat my visits. Nor did I. I was just getting into waltzing then, but determined to drop waltzing, and content myself with quadrilling for the rest of my days.

This was all very well in France and England ; but in Germany what was I to do ? What did Hercules do when Omphale captivated him ? What did Rinaldo do when Armida fixed upon him her twinkling eyes ? Nay, to cut all historical instances short, by going at once to the earliest, what did Adam do when Eve tempted him ? He yielded and became her slave; and so I do heartily trust every honest man will yield until the end of the world—he has no heart who will not. When I was in Germany, I say, I began to learn to *waltz*. The reader from this will no doubt expect that some new love adventures befell me—nor will his gentle heart be disappointed. Two deep and tremendous incidents occurred which shall be notified on the present occasion.

The reader, perhaps, remembers the brief appearance of his Highness the Duke of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel at B——

House, in the first part of my Memoirs, at that unlucky period of my life when the duke was led to remark the odor about my clothes which lost me the hand of Mary M'Alister. I somehow found myself in his Highness' territories, of which anybody may read a description in the *Almanach de Gotha*. His Highness's father, as is well known, married Emilia Kunegunda Thomasina Charleria Emanuela Louisa Georgina, Princess of Saxe-Pumpernickel, and a cousin of his Highness the Duke. Thus the two principalities were united under one happy sovereign in the person of Philibert Sigismund Emanuel Maria, the reigning duke, who has received from his country (on account of the celebrated pump which he erected in the market place of Kalbsbraten) the well-merited appellation of the Magnificent. The allegory which the statues roundabout the pump represent, is of a very mysterious and complicated sort. Minerva is observed leading up Ceres to a river god, who has his arms round the neck of Pomona; while Mars (in a full-bottomed wig) is driven away by Peace, under whose mantle two lovely children, representing the duke's two provinces, repose. The celebrated Speck is, as need scarcely be said, the author of this piece; and of other magnificent edifices in the Residenz, such as the guardroom, the skittle hall (*Grossherzoglich Kalbsbratenpumpernickelisch Schkittelspielsaal*), etc., and the superb sentry boxes before the Grand-Ducal Palace. He is a Knight Grand Cross of the Ancient Kartoffel Order, as, indeed, is almost everyone else in his Highness' dominions.

The town of Kalbsbraten contains a population of two thousand inhabitants, and a palace which would accommodate about six times that number. The principality sends three and a half men to the German Confederation, who are commanded by a general (Excellency), two major-generals, and sixty-four officers of lower grades; all noble, all knights of the Order, and almost all chamberlains to his Highness the Grand Duke. An excellent band of eighty performers is the admiration of the surrounding country, and leads the Grand-Ducal troops to battle in time of war. Only three of the contingent of soldiers returned from the Battle of Waterloo, where they won much honor; the remainder was cut to pieces on that glorious day.

There is a chamber of representatives (which, however, nothing can induce to sit), home and foreign ministers, residents from neighboring courts, law presidents, town councils, etc., all the adjuncts of a big or little government. The court has its chamberlains and marshals, the Grand Duchess her

noble ladies in waiting, and blushing maids of honor. Thou wert one, Dorothea! Dost remember the poor young Engländer? We parted in anger; but I think—I think thou hast not forgotten him.

The way in which I have Dorothea von Speck present to my mind is this; not as I first saw her in the garden—for her hair was in bandeaux then, and a large Leghorn hat with a deep ribbon covered half her fair face—not in a morning dress, which, by the way, was none of the newest nor the best made—but as I saw her afterward at a ball at the pleasant splendid little court, where she moved the most beautiful of the beauties of Kalbsbraten. The grand saloon of the palace is lighted—the Grand Duke and his officers, the Duchess and her ladies, have passed through. I, in my uniform of the —th, and a number of young fellows (who are evidently admiring my legs and envying my *distingué* appearance), are waiting round the entrance door, where a huge Heyduke is standing, and announcing the titles of the guests as they arrive.

'HERR OBERHOF- UND- BAU-INSPEKTOR VON SPECK!' shouts the Heyduke; and the little inspector comes in. His lady is on his arm—huge, in towering plumes, and her favorite costume of light blue. Fair women always dress in light blue or light green; and Frau von Speck is very fair and stout.

But who comes behind her? Lieber Himmel! It is Dorothea! Did earth, among all the flowers which have sprung from its bosom, produce ever one more beautiful? She was none of your heavenly beauties, I tell you. She had nothing ethereal about her. No, sir; she was of the earth earthy, and must have weighed ten stone four or five, if she weighed an ounce. She had none of your Chinese feet, nor waspy, unhealthy waists, which those may admire who will. No: Dora's foot was a good stout one; you could see her ankle (if her robe was short enough) without the aid of a microscope; and that envious little, sour, skinny Amalia von Mangelwurzel used to hold up her four fingers and say (the two girls were most intimate friends, of course), 'Dear Dorothea's vaist is so much dicker as dis.' And so I have no doubt it was.

But what then? Goethe sings in one of his divine epigrams:

> Epicures, vaunting their taste, entitle me vulgar and savage,
> Give them their Brussels sprouts, but I am contented with cabbage.

I hate your little women—that is, when I am in love with a tall one; and who would not have loved Dorothea?

Fancy her, then, if you please, about five feet four inches high—fancy her in the family color of light blue, a little scarf

covering the most brilliant shoulders in the world; and a pair of gloves clinging close round an arm that may, perhaps, be somewhat too large now, but that Juno might have envied then. After the fashion of young ladies on the Continent, she wears no jewels or gimcracks; her only ornament is a wreath of vine-leaves in her hair, with little clusters of artificial grapes. Down on her shoulders falls the brown hair, in rich liberal clusters; all that health, and good humor, and beauty can do for a face, kind nature has done for hers. Her eyes are frank, sparkling, and kind. As for her cheeks, what paint box or dictionary contains pigments or words to describe their red? They say she opens her mouth and smiles always to show the dimples in her cheeks. Psha! she smiles because she is happy, and kind, and good-humored, and not because her teeth are little pearls.

All the young fellows crowd up to ask her to dance, and taking from her waist a little mother-of-pearl remembrancer, she notes them down. Old Schnabel for the polonaise; Klingenspohr, first waltz; Haarbart, second waltz; Count Hornpieper (the Danish envoy), third; and so on. I have said why *I* could not ask her to waltz, and I turned away with a pang, and played écarté with Colonel Trumpenpack all night.

In thus introducing this lovely creature in her ball costume I have been somewhat premature, and had best go back to the beginning of the history of my acquaintance with her.

Dorothea, then, was the daughter of the celebrated Speck before mentioned. It is one of the oldest names in Germany, where her father's and mother's houses, those of Speck and Eyer, are loved wherever they are known. Unlike his warlike progenitor, Lorenzo von Speck, Dorothea's father had early shown himself a passionate admirer of art; had quitted home to study architecture in Italy, and had become celebrated throughout Europe, and been appointed Oberhofarchitect and Kunst-und-Bau-inspektor of the united principalities. They are but four miles wide, and his genius has consequently but little room to play. What art can do, however, he does. The palace is frequently whitewashed under his eyes; the theater painted occasionally; the noble public buildings erected of which I have already made mention.

I had come to Kalbsbraten, scarce knowing whither I went; and having, in about ten minutes, seen the curiosities of the place (I did not care to see the King's palace, for chairs and tables have no great charm for me), I had ordered horses; and wanted to get on I cared not whither, when Fate threw Doro-

thea in my way. I was yawning back to the hotel through the palace garden, a *valet de place* at my side, when I saw a young lady seated under a tree reading a novel, her mamma on the same bench (a fat woman in light blue) knitting a stocking, and two officers, choked in their stays, with various orders on their spinach-colored coats, standing by in first attitudes; the one was caressing the fat-lady-in-blue's little dog; the other was twirling his own mustache, which was already as nearly as possible curled into his own eye.

I don't know how it is, but I hate to see men evidently intimate with nice-looking women, and on good terms with themselves. There's something annoying in their cursed complacency—their evident sunshiny happiness. I've no woman to make sunshine for *me;* and yet my heart tells me that not one, but several such suns, would do good to my system.

'Who are those pert-looking officers,' says I, peevishly, to the guide, 'who are talking to those vulgar-looking women?'

'The big one, with the epaulets, is Major von Schnabel; the little one, with the pale face, is Stiefel von Klingenspohr.'

'And the big blue woman?'

'The Grand-Ducal Pumpernickelian-court-architectress and Upper-Palace-and-building-inspectress Von Speck, born V. Eyer,' replied the guide. 'Your well-born honor has seen the pump in the market place; that is the work of the great Von Speck.'

'And yonder young person?'

'Mr. Court-architect's daughter; the Fräulein Dorothea.'

. . . .

Dorothea looked up from her novel here, and turned her face toward the stranger who was passing, and then blushing turned it down again. Schnabel looked at me with a scowl, Klingenspohr with a simper, the dog with a yelp, the fat lady in blue just gave one glance, and seemed, I thought, rather well pleased. 'Silence, Lischen!' said she to the dog. 'Go on, darling Dorothea,' she added, to her daughter, who continued her novel.

Her voice was a little tremulous, but very low and rich. For some reason or other, on getting back to the inn, I countermanded the horses, and said I would stay for the night.

I not only stayed that night, but many, many afterward; and as for the manner in which I became acquainted with the Speck family, why, it was a good joke against me at the time, and I did not like then to have it known; but now it may as well come out at once. Speck, as everybody knows, lives in

the market place, opposite his grand work of art, the town pump, or fountain. I bought a large sheet of paper, and having a knack at drawing, sat down, with the greatest gravity, before the pump, and sketched it for several hours. I knew it would bring out old Speck to see. At first he contented himself by flattening his nose against the window-glasses of his study, and looking what the Engländer was about. Then he put on his gray cap with the huge green shade, and sauntered to the door; then he walked round me, and formed one of a band of street-idlers who were looking on; then at last he could restrain himself no more, but, pulling off his cap, with a low bow, began to discourse upon arts, and architecture in particular.

'It is curious,' says he, 'that you have taken the same view of which a print has been engraved.'

'That *is* extraordinary,' says I (though it wasn't, for I had traced my drawing at a window off the very print in question). I added that I was, like all the world, immensely struck with the beauty of the edifice; heard of it at Rome, where it was considered to be superior to any of the celebrated fountains of that capital of the fine arts; finally, that unless perhaps the celebrated fountain of Aldgate in London might compare with it, Kalbsbraten building, *except* in that case, was incomparable.

This speech I addressed in French, of which the worthy Hofarchitect understood somewhat, and continuing to reply in German, our conversation grew pretty close. It is singular that I can talk to a man and pay him compliments with the utmost gravity, whereas, to a woman, I at once lose all self-possession, and have never said a pretty thing in my life.

My operations on old Speck were so conducted that in a quarter of an hour I had elicited from him an invitation to go over the town with him, and see its architectural beauties. So we walked through the huge half-furnished chambers of the palace, we panted up the copper pinnacle of the church tower, we went to see the museum and Gymnasium, and coming back into the market place again, what could the Hofarchitect do but offer me a glass of wine and a seat in his house? He introduced me to his Gattinn, his Leocadia (the fat woman in blue), 'as a young world-observer, and worthy art-friend, a young scion of British Adel, who had come to refresh himself at the Urquellen of his race, and see his brethren of the great family of Hermann.'

I saw instantly that the old fellow was of a romantic turn, from this rodomontade to his lady; nor was she a whit less so; nor was Dorothea less sentimental than her mamma. She knew

everything regarding the literature of Albion, as she was pleased to call it; and asked me news of all the famous writers there. I told her that Miss Edgeworth was one of the loveliest young beauties at our court; I described to her Lady Morgan, herself as beautiful as the wild Irish girl she drew; I promised to give her a signatnre of Mrs. Hemans (which I wrote for her that very evening); and described a fox hunt, at which I had seen Thomas Moore and Samuel Rogers, Esquires; and a boxing match, in which the athletic author of 'Pelham' was pitched against the hardy mountain bard, Wordsworth. You see my education was not neglected, for though I have never read the works of the above-named ladies and gentlemen, yet I knew their names well enough.

Time passed away. I, perhaps, was never so brilliant in conversation as when excited by the Asmanshauser and the brilliant eyes of Dorothea that day. She and her parents had dined at their usual heathen hour; but I was, I don't care to own it, so smitten, that for the first time in my life I did not even miss the meal, and talked on until six o'clock, when tea was served. Mme. Speck said they always drank it; and so placing a teaspoonful of bohea in a caldron of water, she placidly handed out this decoction, which we took with cakes and tartines. I leave you to imagine how disgusted Klingenspohr and Schnabel looked when they stepped in as usual that evening to make their party of whist with the Speck family! Down they were obliged to sit; and the lovely Dorothea, for that night, declined to play altogether, and—sat on the sofa by me.

What we talked about, who shall tell? I would not, for my part, break the secret of one of those delicious conversations, of which I and every man in his time have held so many. You begin, very probably about the weather—'tis a common subject, but what sentiments the genius of love can fling into it! I have often, for my part, said to the girl of my heart for the time being 'It's a fine day,' or 'It's a rainy morning!' in a way that has brought tears to her eyes. Something beats in your heart, and twangle! a corresponding string thrills and echoes in hers. You offer her anything—her knitting needles, a slice of bread-and-butter—what causes the grateful blush with which she accepts the one or the other? Why, she sees your heart handed over to her upon the needles, and the bread-and-butter is to her a sandwich with love inside it. If you say to your grandmother, 'Ma'am, it's a fine day,' or what not, she would find in the words no other meaning than their outward and visible one; but say so to the girl you love,

and she understands a thousand mystic meanings in them. Thus, in a word, though Dorothea and I did not, probably, on the first night of our meeting, talk of anything more than the weather, or trumps, or some subjects which to such listeners as Schnabel and Klingenspohr and others might appear quite ordinary, yet to *us* they had a different signification, of which Love alone held the key.

Without further ado then, after the occurrences of that evening, I determined on staying at Kalbsbraten, and presenting my card the next day to the Hof-Marshall, requesting to have the honor of being presented to his Highness the Prince, at one of whose court balls my Dorothea appeared as I have described her.

It was summer when I first arrived at Kalbsbraten. The little court was removed to Siegmundslust, his Highness' country-seat; no balls were taking place, and in consequence, I held my own with Dorothea pretty well. I treated her admirer, Lieutenant Klingenspohr, with perfect scorn, had a manifest advantage over Major Schnabel, and used somehow to meet the fair one every day, walking in company with her mamma in the palace garden, or sitting under the acacias, with Belotte in her mother's lap, and the favorite romance beside her. Dear, dear Dorothea! what a number of novels she must have read in her time! She confessed to me that she had been in love with Uncas, with Saint Preux, with Ivanhoe, and with hosts of German heroes of romance; and when I asked her if she, whose heart was so tender toward imaginary youths, had never had a preference for any one of her living adorers, she only looked, and blushed and sighed, and said nothing.

You see I had got on as well as man could do, until the confounded court season and the balls began, and then—why, then came my usual luck.

Waltzing is a part of a German girl's life. With the best will in the world—which, I doubt not, she entertains for me, for I never put the matter of marriage directly to her—Dorothea could not go to balls and not waltz. It was madness to me to see her whirling round the room with officers, *attachés*, prim little chamberlains with gold keys and embroidered coats, her hair floating in the wind, her hand reposing upon the abominable little dancer's epaulet, her good-humored face lighted up with still greater satisfaction. I saw that I must learn to waltz too, and took my measures accordingly.

The leader of the ballet at the Kalbsbraten theater in my time was Springbock, from Vienna. He had been a regular

Zephyr once, 'twas said, in his younger days; and though he is now fifteen stone weight, I can, *hélas!* recommend him conscientiously as a master; and I determined to take some lessons from him in the art which I had neglected so foolishly in early life.

It may be said, without vanity, that I was an apt pupil, and in the course of half a dozen lessons I had arrived at very considerable agility in the waltzing line, and could twirl round the room with him at such a pace as made the old gentleman pant again, and hardly left him breath enough to puff out a compliment to his pupil. I may say that in a single week I became an expert waltzer; but as I wished, when I came out publicly in that character, to be quite sure of myself, and as I had hitherto practiced not with a lady, but with a very fat old man, it was agreed that he should bring a lady of his acquaintance to perfect me, and accordingly, at my eighth lesson, Mme. Springbock herself came to the dancing room, and the old Zephyr performed on the violin.

If any man ventures the least sneer with regard to this lady, or dares to insinuate anything disrespectful to her or myself, I say at once that he is an impudent calumniator. Mme. Springbock is old enough to be my grandmother, and as ugly a woman as I ever saw; but, though old, she was *passionnée pour la danse*, and not having (on account, doubtless, of her age and unprepossessing appearance) many opportunities for indulging in her favorite pastime, made up for lost time by immense activity whenever she could get a partner. In vain, at the end of the hour, would Springbock exclaim, 'Amalia, my soul's blessing, the time is up!' 'Play on, dear Alphonso!' would the old lady exclaim, whisking me round; and though I had not the least pleasure in such a homely partner, yet for the sake of perfecting myself, I waltzed and waltzed with her, until we were both half dead with fatigue.

At the end of three weeks I could waltz as well as any man in Germany.

At the end of four weeks there was a grand ball at court in honor of H. H. the Prince of Dummerland and his Princess, and *then* I determined I would come out in public. I dressed myself with unusual care and splendor. My hair was curled and my mustache dyed to a nicety; and of the four hundred gentlemen present, if the girls of Kalbsbraten *did* select one who wore an English hussar uniform, why should I disguise the fact? In spite of my silence, the news had somehow got abroad, as news will in such small towns—Herr von Fitz-

Boodle was coming out in a waltz that evening. His Highness the Duke even made an allusion to the circumstance. When on this eventful night, I went, as usual, and made him my bow in the presentation, 'Vous, monsieur,' said he—'vous qui êtes si jeune, devez aimer la danse.' I blushed as red as my trousers, and bowing, went away.

I stepped up to Dorothea. Heavens! how beautiful she looked! and how archly she smiled as, with a thumping heart, I asked her hand for a *waltz!* She took out her little mother-of-pearl dancing-book, she wrote down my name with her pencil; we were engaged for the fourth waltz, and till then I left her to other partners.

Who says that his first waltz is not a nervous moment? I vow I was more excited than by any duel I ever fought. I would not dance any contre-danse or galop. I repeatedly went to the buffet and got glasses of punch (dear simple Germany! 'tis with rum punch and egg flip thy children strengthen themselves for the dance!). I went into the ballroom and looked—the couples bounded before me, the music clashed and rung in my ears—all was fiery, feverish, indistinct. The gleaming white columns, the polished oaken floors in which the innumerable tapers were reflected—altogether swam before my eyes, and I was in a pitch of madness almost when the fourth waltz at length came. '*Will you dance with your sword on?*' said the sweetest voice in the world. I blushed, and stammered, and trembled, as I laid down that weapon and my cap, and hark! the music began!

Oh, how my hand trembled as I placed it round the waist of Dorothea! With my left hand I took her right—did she squeeze it? I think she did—to this day I think she did. Away we went! we tripped over the polished oak floor like two young fairies. 'Courage, monsieur,' said she, with her sweet smile. Then it was 'Très bien, monsieur.' Then I heard the voices humming and buzzing about. 'Il danse bien, l'Anglais.' 'Ma foi, oui,' says another. On we went twirling and twisting, and turning and whirling; couple after couple dropped panting off. Little Klingenspohr himself was obliged to give in. All eyes were upon us—we were going round *alone.* Dorothea was almost exhausted, when——

* * * * * * *

I have been sitting for two hours since I marked the asterisks, thinking—thinking. I have committed crimes in my life—who hasn't? But talk of remorse; what remorse is there like *that* which rushes up in a flood to my brain sometimes

when I am alone, and causes me to blush when I'm abed in the dark?

I fell, sir, on that infernal slippery floor. Down we came like shot; we rolled over and over in the midst of the ball-room, the music going ten miles an hour, eight hundred pairs of eyes fixed upon us, a cursed shriek of laughter bursting out from all sides. Heavens! how clear I heard it, as we went on rolling and rolling! 'My child! my Dorothea!' shrieked out Mme. Speck, rushing forward, and as soon as she had breath to do so, Dorothea of course screamed too; then she fainted, then she was disentangled from out my spurs, and borne off by a bevy of tittering women. 'Clumsy brute!' said Mme. Speck, turning her fat back upon me. I remained upon my *séant*, wild, ghastly, looking about. It was all up with me—I knew it was. I wished I could have died there; and I wish so still.

Klingenspohr married her, that is the long and short; but before that event I placed a saber-cut across the young scoundrel's nose, which destroyed *his* beauty forever.

O Dorothea! you can't forgive me—you oughtn't to forgive me; but I love you madly still.

My next flame was Ottilia; but let us keep her for another number; my feelings overpower me at present.

OTTILIA.

Chapter I.

THE ALBUM—THE MEDITERREAN HEATH.

Traveling some little time back in a wild part of Connemara, where I had been for fishing and seal-shooting, I had the good luck to get admission to the château of a hospitable Irish gentleman, and to procure some news of my once dear Ottilia.

Yes of no other than Ottilia v. Schlippenschlopp, the muse of Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickel, the friendly little town far away in Sachsenland; where old Speck built the town pump; where Klingenspohr was slashed across the nose; where Dorothea rolled over and over in that horrible waltz with Fitz-Boo—— Psha! away with the recollection; but wasn't it strange to get news of Ottilia in the wildest corner of Ireland, where I never should have thought to hear her gentle name? Walking on that very Urrisbeg Mountain under whose shadow I heard Ottilia's name, Mackay, the learned author of the 'Flora Patlandica,' discovered the Mediterranean heath—such a flower as I have often plucked on the sides of Vesuvius, and as

Proserpine, no doubt, amused herself in gathering as she strayed in the fields of Enna. Here it is—the self-same flower, peering out at the Atlantic from Roundstone Bay; here, too, in this wild, lonely place, nestles the fragrant memory of my Ottilia!

In a word, after a day on Ballylynch Lake (where, with a brown fly and a single hair, I killed fourteen salmon, the smallest twenty-nine pounds weight, the largest somewhere about five stone ten), my young friend Blake Bodkin Lynch Browne (a fine lad who has made his Continental tour) and I adjourned, after dinner, to the young gentleman's private room, for the purpose of smoking a certain cigar; which is never more pleasant than after a hard day's sport, or a day spent indoors, or after a good dinner, or a bad one, or at night when you are tired, or in the morning when you are fresh, or of a cold winter's day, or of a scorching summer's afternoon, or at any other moment you choose to fix upon.

What should I see in Blake's room but a rack of pipes, such as are to be found in almost all the bachelors' rooms in Germany, and among them was a porcelain pipe-head bearing the image of the Kalbsbraten pump! There it was: the old spout, the old familiar allegory of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo virorum, and the rest, that I had so often looked at from Hofarchitect Speck's window, as I sat there by the side of Dorothea. The old gentleman had given me one of these very pipes; for he had hundreds of them painted, wherewith he used to gratify almost every stranger who came into his native town.

Any old place with which I have once been familiar (as, perhaps, I have before stated in these 'Confessions'—but never mind that—is in some sort dear to me; and were I Lord Shootingcastle or Colonel Popland, I think after a residence of six months there I should love the Fleet Prison. As I saw the old familiar pipe I took it down and crammed it with cavendish tobacco, and lay down on a sofa, and puffed away for an hour well-nigh, thinking of old, old times.

'You're very entertaining to-night, Fitz,' says young Blake, who had made several tumblers of punch for me, which I had gulped down without saying a word. 'Don't ye think ye'd be more easy in bed than snorting and sighing there on my sofa, and groaning fit to make me go hang myself?'

'I am thinking, Blake,' says I, 'about Pumpernickel, where old Speck gave you this pipe.'

''Deed he did,' replies the young man; 'and did ye know the old bar'n?'

'I did,' said I. 'My friend, I have been by the banks of

the Bendemeer. Tell me, are the nightingales still singing there, and do the roses still bloom?'

'The *hwhat?*' cries Blake. 'What the divvle, Fitz, are you growling about? Bendemeer Lake's in Westmoreland, as I preshume; and as for roses and nightingales, I give ye my word it's Greek ye're talking to me.' And Greek it very possibly was, for my young friend, though as good across country as any man in his county, has not the fine feeling and tender perception of beauty which may be found elsewhere, dear madam.

'Tell me about Speck, Blake, and Kalbsbraten, and Dorothea, and Klingenspohr her husband.'

'He with the cut across the nose, is it?' cries Blake; 'I know him well, and his old wife.'

'His old what, sir!' cries Fitz-Boodle, jumping up from his seat. 'Klingenspohr's wife old! Is he married again? Is Dorothea, then, d-d-dead?'

'Dead! no more dead than you are, only I take her to be five-and-thirty. And when a woman has had nine children, you know, she looks none the younger; and I can tell ye that when she trod on my corruns at a ball at the Grand Juke's, I felt something heavier than a feather on my foot.'

'Mme. de Klingenspohr, then,' replied I, hesitating somewhat, 'has grown rather—rather st-st-out?' I could hardly get out the *out*, and trembled, I don't know why, as I asked the question.

'Stout, begad! she weighs fourteen stone, saddle and bridle. That's right, down goes my pipe; flop! crash falls the tumbler into the fender! Break away, my boy, and remember, whoever breaks a glass here pays a dozen.'

The fact was that the announcement of Dorothea's changed condition caused no small disturbance within me, and I expressed it in the abrupt manner mentioned by young Blake.

Roused thus from my reverie, I questioned the young fellow about his residence at Kalbsbraten, which has been always since the war a favorite place for our young gentry, and heard with some satisfaction that Potzdorff was married to the Behrenstein, Haabart had left the dragoons, the Crown Prince had broken with the—but mum! of what interest are all these details to the reader, who has never been at friendly little Kalbsbraten?

Presently Lynch reaches me down one of the three books that formed his library (the 'Racing Calendar' and a book of fishing-flies making up the remainder of the set). 'And

there's my album,' says he. 'You'll find plenty of hands in it that you'll recognize, as you are an old Pumpernickelaner.' And so I did, in truth; it was a little book after the fashion of German albums, in which good simple little ledger every friend or acquaintance of the owner inscribes a poem or stanza from some favorite poet or philosopher, with the transcriber's own name, as thus:

To the true house-friend, and beloved Irelandish youth.
'*Sera nunquam est ad bonos mores via.*'
WACKERBART, Professor at the
Grand-Ducal Kalbsbraten-Pumpernickelisch Gymnasium.

Another writes,

'*Wunder on roses and forget me not.*'
AMALIA V NACHTMUTZE,
GEB. V. SCHLAFROOK.

with a flourish, and the picture mayhap of a rose. Let the reader imagine some hundreds of these interesting inscriptions, and he will have an idea of the book.

Turning over the leaves I came presently on *Dorothea's* hand. There it was, the little neat, pretty handwriting, the dear old up-and-down strokes that I had not looked at for many a long year—the Mediterranean heath, which grew on the sunniest banks of Fitz-Boodle's existence, and here found, dear, dear little sprig! in rude Galwagian bog-lands.

'Look at the other side of the page,' says Lynch, rather sarcastically (for I don't care to confess that I kissed the name of 'Dorothea v. Klingenspohr, born v. Speck' written under an extremely feeble passage of verse). 'Look at the other side of the paper!'

I did, and what do you think I saw?

I saw the writing of five of the little Klingenspohrs, who have all sprung up since my time.

. . . .

'Ha! ha! haw!' screamed the impertinent young Irishman, and the story was all over Connemara and Joyce's Country in a day after.

CHAPTER II.

OTTILIA IN PARTICULAR.

SOME kind critic who peruses these writings will, doubtless, have the goodness to point out that the simile of the Mediterranean heath is applied to two personages in this chapter—to Ottilia and Dorothea, and say, Psha! the fellow is but a poor unimaginative creature not to be able to find a simile apiece at least for the girls; how much better would *we* have done the business!

Well, it is a very pretty simile. The girls were rivals, were beautiful, I loved them both—which should have the sprig of heath? Mr. Cruikshank (who has taken to serious painting) is getting ready for the exhibition a fine piece, representing Fitz-Boodle on the Urrisbeg Mountain, County Galway, Ireland, with a sprig of heath in his hand, hesitating, like Paris, on which of the beauties he should bestow it. In the background is a certain animal between two bundles of hay; but that I take to represent the critic, puzzled to which of my young beauties to assign the choice.

If Dorothea had been as rich as Miss Coutts, and had come to me the next day after the accident at the ball and said, 'George, will you marry me?' it must not be supposed I would have done any such thing. *That* dream had vanished forever: rage and pride took the place of love; and the only chance I had of recovering from my dreadful discomfiture was by bearing it bravely, and trying, if possible, to awaken a little compassion in my favor. I limped home (arranging my scheme with great presence of mind as I actually sat spinning there on the ground)—I limped home, sent for Pflastersticken, the court surgeon, and addressed him to the following effect: 'Pflastersticken,' says I, 'there has been an accident at court of which you will hear. You will send in leeches, pills, and the deuce knows what, and you will say that I have dislocated my leg; for some days you will state that I am in considerable danger. You are a good fellow and a man of courage, I know, for which very reason you can appreciate those qualities in another; so mind, if you breathe a word of my secret, either you or I must lose a life.'

Away went the surgeon, and the next day all Kalbsbraten knew that I was on the point of death: I had been delirious all night, had had eighty leeches, besides I don't know how much medicine; but the Kalsbrateners knew to a scruple. Whenever anybody was ill, this little kind society knew what medicines were prescribed. Everybody in the town knew what everybody had for dinner. If Mme. Rumpel had her satin dyed ever so quietly, the whole society was on the *qui vive*; if Countess Pultuski sent to Berlin for a new set of teeth, not a person in Kalbsbraten but what was ready to compliment her as she put them on; if Potzdorff paid his tailor's bill, or Muffinstein bought a piece of black wax for his mustaches, it was the talk of the little city. And so, of course, was my accident. In their sorrow for my misfortune, Dorothea's was quite forgotten, and those eighty leeches saved me. I became

interesting; I had cards left at my door; and I kept my room for a fortnight, during which time I read every one of M. Kotzebue's plays.

At the end of that period I was convalescent, though still a little lame. I called at old Speck's house and apologized for my clumsiness, with the most admirable coolness; I appeared at court, and stated calmly that I did not intend to dance any more; and when Klingenspohr grinned, I told that young gentleman such a piece of my mind as led to his wearing a large sticking-plaster patch on his nose; which was split as neatly down the middle as you would split an orange at desert. In a word, what man could do to repair my defeat, I did.

There is but one thing now of which I am ashamed—of those killing epigrams which I wrote (*mon Dieu!* must I own it? but even the fury of my anger proves the extent of my love!) against the Speck family. They were handed about in confidence at court, and made a frightful sensation:

Is it Possible?

There happened at Schloss P-mp-rn-ckel,
A strange mishap our sides to tickle,
And set the people in a roar;
A strange caprice of Fortune fickle:
I never thought at Pumpernickel
To see a SPECK *upon the floor!*

La Perfide Albion; or, a Caution to Waltzers.

'Come to the dance,' the Briton said,
And forward D-r-th-a led,
Fair, fresh, and three-and-twenty!
Ah, girls, beware of Britons red!
What wonder that it *turned her head?*
SAT VERBUM SAPIENTI.

Reasons for not Marrying.

'The lovely Miss S.
Will surely say "yes,"
You've only to ask and try.'
'That subject we'll quit,'
Says Georgy the wit,
'*I've a much better* SPEC *in my eye!*'

This last epigram especially was voted so killing that it flew like wildfire; and I know for a fact that our chargé-d'affaires at Kalbsbraten sent a courier express with it to the Foreign Office in England, whence, through our amiable Foreign Secretary, Lord P-lm-rston, it made its way into every fashionable circle; nay, I have reason to believe caused a smile on the cheek of R-y-lty itself. Now that time has taken away the sting of these epigrams, there can be no harm in giving them; and 'twas well enough then to endeavor to hide under the lash of wit the bitter pangs of humiliation; but my heart bleeds now to think that I should have ever brought a tear on the gentle cheek of Dorothea.

Not content with this—with humiliating her by satire, and with wounding her accepted lover across the nose—I determined to carry my revenge still farther, and to fall in love with somebody else. This person was Ottilia v. Schlippenschlopp.

Otho Sigismund Freyherr von Schlippenschlopp, Knight Grand Cross of the Ducal Order of the Two-Necked Swan of Pumpernickel, of the Porc-et-Sifflet of Kalbsbraten, Commander of the George and Blue Boar of Dummerland, Excellency, and High Chancellor of the United Duchies, lived in the second floor of a house in the Schwapsgasse; where, with his private income and his revenues as Chancellor, amounting together to three hundred pounds per annum, he maintained such a state as very few other officers of the Grand Ducal Crown could exhibit. The baron is married to Maria Antoinetta, a countess of the house of Kartoffelstadt, branches of which have taken root all over Germany. He has no sons, and but one daughter, the Fräulein OTTILIA.

The Chancellor is a worthy old gentleman, too fat and wheezy to preside at the Privy Council, fond of his pipe, his ease, and his rubber. His lady is a very tall and pale roman-nosed countess, who looks as gentle as Mrs. Robert Roy where, in the novel, she is for putting Baillie Nicol Jarvie into the lake, and who keeps the honest Chancellor in the greatest order. The Fräulein Ottilia had not arrived at Kalbsbraten when the little affair between me and Dorothea was going on; or rather had only just come in for the conclusion of it, being presented for the first time that year at the ball where I—where I met with my accident.

At the time when the countess was young, it was not the fashion in her country to educate the young ladies so highly as since they have been educated; and provided they could waltz, sew, and make puddings, they were thought to be decently bred; being seldom called upon for algebra or Sanscrit in the discharge of the honest duties of their lives. But Fräulein Ottilia was of the modern school in this respect, and came back from her *pension* at Strasburg speaking all the languages, dabbling in all the sciences; an historian, a poet, —a blue of the ultramarinest sort, in a word. What a difference there was, for instance, between poor, simple Dorothea's love of novel-reading and the profound encyclopedic learning of Ottilia!

Before the latter arrived from Strasburg (where she had been under the care of her aunt the canoness, Countess Ottilia of Kartoffelstadt, to whom I here beg to offer my humblest

respects), Dorothea had passed for a *bel esprit* in the little court circle, and her little simple stock of accomplishments had amused us all very well. She used to sing 'Herz, mein Herz' and 'T'en souviens-tu,' in a decent manner (*once*, before Heaven, I thought her singing better than Grisi's), and then she had a little album in which she drew flowers, and used to embroider slippers wonderfully, and was very merry at a game of loto or forfeits, and had a hundred small *agrémens de société* which rendered her an acceptable member of it.

But when Ottilia arrived, poor Dolly's reputation was crushed in a month. The former wrote poems both in French and German; she painted landscapes and portraits in real oil; and she twanged off a rattling piece of Liszt or Kalkbrenner in such a brilliant way that Dora scarcely dared to touch the instrument after her, or venture, after Ottilia had trilled and gurgled through 'Una voce,' or 'Di piacer' (Rossini was in fashion then), to lift up her little modest pipe in a ballad. What was the use of the poor thing going to sit in the park where so many of the young officers used ever to gather round her? Whir! Ottilia went by galloping on a chestnut mare with a groom after her, and presently all the young fellows who could buy or hire horseflesh were prancing in her train.

When they met, Ottilia would bounce toward her soul's darling, and put her hands round her waist, and call her by a thousand affectionate names, and then talk of her as only ladies or authors can talk of one another. How tenderly she would hint at Dora's little imperfections of education! how cleverly she would insinuate that the poor girl had no wit! and, thank God, no more she had. The fact is that, do what I will, I see I'm in love with her still, and would be if she had fifty children; but my passion blinded me *then*, and every arrow that fiery Ottilia discharged I marked with savage joy. Dolly, thank Heaven, didn't mind the wit much; she was too simple for that. But still the recurrence of it would leave in her heart a vague, indefinite feeling of pain, and somehow she began to understand that her empire was passing away, and that her dear friend hated her like poison, and so she married Klingenspohr. I have written myself almost into a reconciliation with the silly fellow; for the truth is, he has been a good, honest husband to her, and she has children, and makes puddings, and is happy.

Ottilia was pale and delicate. She wore her glistening black hair in bands, and dressed in vapory white muslin. She

sang her own words to her harp, and they commonly insinuated that she was alone in the world—that she suffered some inexpressible and mysterious heart-pangs, the lot of all finer geniuses—that though she lived and moved in the world she was not of it—that she was of a consumptive tendency and might look for a premature interment. She even had fixed on the spot where she should lie; the violets grew there, she said, the river went moaning by; the gray willow whispered sadly over her head, and her heart pined to be at rest. 'Mother,' she would say, turning to her parent, 'promise me—promise me to lay me in that spot when the parting hour has come!' At which Mme. de Schlippenschlopp would shriek and grasp her in her arms: and at which, I confess, I would myself blubber like a child. She had six darling friends at school, and every courier from Kalbsbraten carried off whole reams of her letter paper.

In Kalbsbraten, as in every other German town, there are a vast number of literary characters, of whom our young friend quickly became the chief. They set up a literary journal, which appeared once a week, upon light blue or primrose paper, and which, in compliment to the lovely Ottilia's maternal name, was called the *Kartoffelnkranz*. Here are a couple of her ballads extracted from the *Kranz*, and by far the most cheerful specimens of her style. For in her songs she never would willingly let off the heroines without a suicide or a consumption. She never would hear of such a thing as a happy marriage, and had an appetite for grief quite amazing in so young a person. As for her dying and desiring to be buried under the willow tree, of which the first ballad is the subject, though I believed the story then, I have at present some doubts about it. For, since the publication of my Memoirs, I have been thrown much into the society of literary persons (who admire my style hugely), and egad! though some of them are dismal enough in their works, I find them in their persons the least sentimental class that ever a gentleman fell in with.

THE WILLOW TREE.

Know ye the willow tree
  Whose gray leaves quiver,
Whispering gloomily
  To yon pale river?
Lady, at eventide
  Wander not near it;
They say its branches hide
  A sad, lost spirit!

Once to the willow tree
  A maid came fearful,
Pale seemed her cheek to be,
  Her blue eye tearful;
Soon as she saw the tree,
  Her step moved fleeter.
No one was there—ah, me!
  No one to meet her!

Quick beat her heart to hear
  The far bell's chime
Toll from the chapel tower
  The trysting time;

But the red sun went down
  In golden flame,
And though she looked round,
  Yet no one came!

Presently came the night,
  Sadly to greet her—
Moon in her silver light,
  Stars in their glitter.
Then sank the moon away
  Under the billow,
Still wept the maid alone—
  There by the willow!

Through the long darkness,
  By the stream rolling,
Hour after hour went on
  Tolling and tolling.
Long was the darkness,
  Lonely and stilly;
Shrill came the night wind,
  Piercing and chilly.

Shrill blew the morning breeze,
  Biting and cold,
Bleak peers the gray dawn
  Over the wold.
Bleak over moor and stream
  Looks the gray dawn,
Gray, with disheveled hair,
  Still stands the willow there—
  THE MAID IS GONE!

Domine, Domine!
  Sing we a litany—
Sing for poor maiden-hearts broken and weary;
Domine, Domine!
  Sing we a litany,
Wail we and weep we a wild Miserere!

One of the chief beauties of this ballad (for the translation of which I received some well-merited compliments) is the delicate way in which the suicide of the poor young woman under the willow tree is hinted at; for that she threw herself into the water, and became one among the lilies of the stream, is as clear as a pikestaff. Her suicide is committed some time in the darkness, when the slow hours move on tolling and tolling, and is hinted at darkly as befits the time and the deed.

But that unromantic brute, Van Cutsem, the Dutch chargé d'affaires, sent to the *Kartoffelnkranz* of the week after a conclusion of the ballad, which shows what a poor creature he must be. His pretext for writing it was, he said, because he could not bear such melancholy endings to poems and young women, and therefore he submitted the following lines:

I.

'Long by the willow trees
  Vainly they sought her,
Wild rang the mother's screams
  O'er the gray water:
'Where is my lovely one?
  Where is my daughter!

II.

'Rouse thee, Sir Constable;
  Rouse thee and look;
Fisherman, bring your net,
  Boatman, your hook.
Beat in the lily-beds,
  Dive in the brook!'

III.

Vainly the constable
  Shouted and called her;
Vainly the fisherman
  Beat the green alder;
Vainly he flung the net,
  Never it hauled her!

IV.

Mother, beside the fire
  Sat, her nightcap in;
Father, in easy-chair,
  Gloomily napping;
When at the window-sill
  Came a light tapping!

V.

And a pale countenance
  Looked through the casement.
Loud beat the mother's heart,
  Sick with amazement;
And at the vision, which
  Came to surprise her,
Shrieked in an agony—
  'Lor'! it's Elizar!"

VI.

Yes, 'twas Elizabeth;
  Yes, 'twas their girl;
Pale was her cheek, and her
  Hair out of curl.

'Mother!' the loving one,
Blushing, exclaimed,
'Let not your innocent
Lizzy be blamed.

VII.

'Yesterday, going to Aunt
Jones's to tea,
Mother, dear mother, I
Forgot the doorkey!
And as the night was cold,
And the way steep,
Mrs. Jones kept me to
Breakfast and sleep.

VIII.

Whether her pa and ma
Fully believed her,
That we shall never know:
Stern they received her;
And for the work of that
Cruel, though short, night,
Sent her to bed without
Tea for a fortnight.

IX.

MORAL.

Hey diddle diddlety,
Cat and the Fiddlety,
Maidens of England take caution by she!
Let love and suicide
Never tempt you aside,
And always remember to take the doorkey!

Some people laughed at this parody, and even preferred it to the original; but for myself I have no patience with the individual who can turn the finest sentiments of our nature into ridicule, and make everything sacred a subject of scorn. The next ballad is less gloomy than that of the willow tree, and in it the lovely writer expresses her longing for what has charmed us all, and, as it were, squeezes the whole spirit of the fairy tale into a few stanzas:

FAIRY DAYS.

Beside the old hall fire—upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days—what tales were told to me!
I thought the world was once—all peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear—their loves and their distresses;
And many a quiet night—in slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people—would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams—come flying east and west,
With wondrous fairy gifts—the newborn babe they bless'd;
One has brought a jewel—and one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse—but she is wrinkled and old.
The gentle queen turns pale—to hear those words of sin,
But the king he only laughs—and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be—the fairest of the land
And rides the forest green—a hawk upon her hand.
An ambling palfrey white—a golden robe and crown;
I've seen her in my dreams—riding up and down;
And heard the ogre laugh—as she fell into his snare,
At the little tender creature—who wept and tore her hair!

But ever when it seemed—her need was at the sorest
A prince in shining mail—comes prancing through the forest.
A waving ostrich plume—a buckler burnished bright;
I've seen him in my dreams—good sooth! a gallant knight.
His lips are coral red—beneath a dark mustache;
See how he waves his hand—and how his blue eyes flash!

'Come forth, thou Paynim knight!'—he shouts in accents clear;
The giant and the maid—both tremble his voice to hear.
Saint Mary guard him well!—he draws his falchion keen,
The giant and the knight—are fighting on the green.
I see them in my dreams—his blade gives stroke on stroke,
The giant pants and reels—and tumbles like an oak!

With what a blushing grace—he falls upon his knee
And takes the lady's hand—and whispers, 'You are free!'
Ah! happy childish tales—of knight and faërie!
I waken from my dreams—but there's ne'er a knight for me;
I waken from my dreams—and wish that I could be
A child by the old hall fire—upon my nurse's knee.

Indeed, Ottilia looked like a fairy herself; pale, small, slim, and airy. You could not see her face, as it were, for her eyes, which were so wild, and so tender, and shone so that they would have dazzled an eagle, much more a poor goose of a Fitz-Boodle. In the theater, when she sat on the opposite side of the house, those big eyes used to pursue me as I sat pretending to listen to the 'Zauberflote,' or to 'Don Carlos,' or 'Egmont,' and at the tender passages, especially, they would have such a winning, weeping, imploring look with them as flesh and blood could not bear.

Shall I tell how I became a poet for the dear girl's sake? 'Tis surely unnecessary after the reader has perused the above versions of her poems. Shall I tell what wild follies I committed in prose as well as in verse? how I used to watch under her window of icy evenings, and with chilblainy fingers sing serenades to her on the guitar? Shall I tell how, in a sledging party, I had the happiness to drive her, and of the delightful privilege which is, on these occasions, accorded to the driver?

Any reader who has spent a winter in Germany perhaps knows it. A large party of a score or more of sledges is formed. Away they go to some pleasure house that has been previously fixed upon, where a ball and collation are prepared, and where each man, as his partner descends, has the delicious privilege of saluting her. Oh, heavens and earth! I may grow to be a thousand years old, but I can never forget the rapture of that salute.

'The keen air has given me an appetite,' said the dear angel, as we entered the supper room; and to say the truth, fairy as she was, she made a remarkably good meal—consuming a couple of basins of white soup, several kinds of German sausages, some Westphalia ham, some white puddings, an anchovy salad made with cornichons and onions, sweets innumerable, and a considerable quantity of old Steinwein and rum punch afterward. Then she got up and danced as brisk as a fairy; in which operation I of course did not follow her, but had the honor, at the close of the evening's amusement, once more to have her by my side in the sledge, as we swept in the moonlight over the snow.

Kalbsbraten is a very hospitable place as far as tea parties

are concerned, but I never was in one where dinners were so scarce. At the palace they occurred twice or thrice in a month; but on these occasions spinsters were not invited, and I seldom had the opportunity of seeing my Ottilia, except at evening parties.

Nor are these, if the truth must be told, very much to my taste. Dancing I have forsworn, whist is too severe a study for me, and I do not like to play écarté with old ladies, who are sure to cheat you in the course of an evening's play.

But to have an occasional glance at Ottilia was enough; and many and many a napoleon did I lose to her mamma, Mme. de Schlippenschlopp, for the blest privilege of looking at her daughter. Many is the tea party I went to, shivering into cold clothes after dinner (which is my abomination) in order to have one little look at the lady of my soul.

At these parties there were generally refreshments of a nature more substantial than mere tea—punch, both milk and rum, hot wine, *consommé*, and a peculiar and exceedingly disagreeable sandwich made of a mixture of cold white puddings and garlic, of which I have forgotten the name, and always detested the savor.

Gradually a conviction came upon me that Ottilia *ate a great deal.*

I do not dislike to see a woman eat comfortably. I even think that an agreeable woman ought to be *friande*, and should love certain little dishes and knickknacks. I know that though at dinner they commonly take nothing, they have had roast mutton with the children at two, and laugh at their pretensions to starvation.

No! a woman who eats a grain of rice, like Amina in the 'Arabian Nights,' is absurd and unnatural; but there is a *modus in rebus;* there is no reason why she should be a ghoul, a monster, an ogress, a horrid gormandizeress—faugh!

It was, then, with a rage amounting almost to agony, that I found Ottilia ate too much at every meal. She was always eating, and always eating too much. If I went there in the morning, there was the horrid familiar odor of those oniony sandwiches; if in the afternoon, dinner had been just removed, and I was choked by reeking reminiscences of roast meat. Tea we have spoken of. She gobbled up more cakes than any six people present; then came the supper and the sandwiches again, and the egg flip and the horrible rum punch.

She was as thin as ever—paler if possible than ever—but by heavens! *her nose began to grow red!*

Mon Dieu! how I used to watch and watch it! Some days it was purple, some days had more of the vermilion—I could take an affidavit that after a heavy night's supper it was more swollen, more red, than before.

I recollect one night when we were playing a round game (I had been looking at her nose very eagerly and sadly for some time), she of herself brought up the conversation about eating, and confessed that she had five meals a day.

'*That accounts for it!*' says I, flinging down the cards, and springing up and rushing like a madman out of the room. I rushed away into the night, and wrestled with my passion. 'What! marry,' said I 'a woman who eats meat twenty-one times in a week, besides breakfast and tea? marry a sarcophagus, a cannibal, a butcher's shop? away!' I strove and strove. I drank, I groaned, I wrestled and fought with my love—but it overcame me; one look of those eyes brought me to her feet again. I yielded myself up like a slave; I fawned and whined for her; I thought her nose was not so *very* red.

Things came to this pitch that I sounded his Highness' Minister to know whether he would give me service in the Duchy; I thought of purchasing an estate there. I was given to understand that I should get a chamberlain's key and some post of honor did I choose to remain, and I even wrote home to my brother Tom in England, hinting a change in my condition.

At this juncture the town of Hamburg sent his Highness the Grand Duke (*à propos* of a commercial union which was pending between the two states) a singular present; no less than a certain number of barrels of oysters, which are considered extreme luxuries in Germany, especially in the inland parts of the country, where they are almost unknown.

In honor of the oysters and the new commercial treaty (which arrived in *fourgons* dispatched for the purpose), his Highness announced a grand supper and ball, and invited all the quality of all the principalities roundabout. It was a splendid affair; the grand saloon brilliant with hundreds of uniforms and brilliant toilets—not the least beautiful among them, I need not say, was Ottilia.

At midnight the supper rooms were thrown open, and we formed into little parties of six, each having a table, nobly served with plate, a lackey in attendance, and a gratifying ice pail or two of champagne to *égayer* the supper. It was no small cost to serve five hundred people on silver, and the repast was certainly a princely and magnificent one.

I had, of course, arranged with Mlle. de Schlippenschlopp. Captains Frumpel and Fridelberger of the Duke's Guard, Mesdames de Butterbrod and Bopp, formed our little party.

The first course, of course, consisted of *the oysters*. Ottilia's eyes gleamed with double brilliancy as the lackey opened them. There were nine apiece for us—how well I recollect the number!

I never was much of an oyster-eater, nor can I relish them *in naturalibus* as some do, but require a quantity of sauces, lemons, cayenne peppers, bread-and-butter, and so forth, to render them palatable.

By the time I had made my preparations Ottilia, the captains, and the two ladies, had well-nigh finished theirs. Indeed Ottilia had gobbled up all hers, and there were only my nine left in the dish.

I took one—IT WAS BAD. The scent of it was enough—they were all bad. Ottilia had eaten nine bad oysters.

I put down the horrid shell. Her eyes glistened more and more; she could not take them off the tray.

'Dear Herr George,' she said, '*will you give me your oysters?*'

. . . .

She had them all down—before—I could say—Jack—Robinson.

. . . .

I left Kalbsbraten that night, and have never been there since.

FITZ-BOODLE'S PROFESSIONS.

BEING APPEALS TO THE UNEMPLOYED YOUNGER SONS OF THE NOBILITY.

FIRST PROFESSION.

THE fair and honest proposition in which I offered to communicate privately with parents and guardians relative to two new and lucrative professions which I had discovered, has, I find from the publisher, elicited not one single inquiry from those personages, who I can't but think are very little careful of their children's welfare to allow such a chance to be thrown away. It is not for myself I speak, as my conscience proudly tells me; for though I actually gave up Ascot in order to be in

the way should any father of a family be inclined to treat with me regarding my discoveries, yet I am grieved, not on my own account, but on theirs, and for the wretched penny-wise policy that has held them back.

That they must feel an interest in my announcement is unquestionable. Look at the way in which the public prints of all parties have noticed my appearance in the character of a literary man! Putting aside my personal narrative, look at the offer I made to the nation—a choice of no less than two new professions! Suppose I had invented as many new kinds of butcher's meat; does anyone pretend that the world, tired as it is of the perpetual recurrence of beef, mutton, veal, cold beef, cold veal, cold mutton, hashed ditto, would not have jumped eagerly at the delightful intelligence that their old, stale, stupid meals were about to be varied at last?

Of course people would have come forward. I should have had deputations from Mr. Gibletts and the fashionable butchers of this world; petitions would have poured in from Whitechapel salesmen; the speculators panting to know the discovery; the cautious with stock in hand eager to bribe me to silence and prevent a certain depreciation of the goods which they already possessed. I should have dealt with them, not greedily or rapaciously, but upon honest principles of fair barter. 'Gentlemen,' I should have said, or rather, 'Gents'—which affectionate diminutive is, I am given to understand, at present much in use among commercial persons—'Gents, my researches, my genius, or my good fortune, have brought me to the valuable discovery about which you have come to treat. Will you purchase it outright, or will you give the discoverer an honest share of the profits resulting from your speculation? My position in the world puts *me* out of the power of executing the vast plan I have formed, but 'twill be a certain fortune to him who engages in it; and why should not I, too, participate in that fortune?'

Such would have been my manner of dealing with the world, too, with regard to my discovery of the new professions. Does not the world want new professions? Are there not thousands of well-educated men panting, struggling, pushing, starving, in the old ones? Grim tenants of chambers looking out for attorneys who never come? wretched physicians practicing the stale joke of being called out of church until people no longer think fit even to laugh or to pity? Are there not hoary-headed midshipmen, antique ensigns growing moldy upon fifty years' half pay? Nay, are there not men who would pay anything to

be employed rather than remain idle? But such is the glut of professionals, the horrible cutthroat competition among them, that there is no chance for one in a thousand, be he ever so willing, or brave, or clever; in the great ocean of life he makes a few strokes, and puffs, and sputters, and sinks, and the innumerable waves overwhelm him and he is heard of no more.

Walking to my banker's t'other day—and I pledge my sacred honor this story is true—I met a young fellow whom I had known *attaché* to an embassy abroad, a young man of tolerable parts, unwearied patience, with some fortune too, and, moreover, allied to a noble Whig family, whose interest had procured him his appointment to the legation at Krähwinkel, where I knew him. He remained for ten years a diplomatic character; he was the workingman of the legation; he sent over the most diffuse translations of the German papers for the use of the Foreign Secretary; he signed passports with most astonishing ardor; he exiled himself for ten long years in a wretched German town, dancing attendance at court balls and paying no end of money for uniforms. And for what? At the end of the ten years—during which period of labor he never received a single shilling from the government which employed him (rascally spendthrift of a government, *va!*)—he was offered the paid *attachéship* to the court of H. M. the king of the Mosquito Islands, and refused that appointment a week before the Whig Ministry retired. Then he knew that there was no further chance for him, and incontinently quitted the diplomatic service forever, and I have no doubt will sell his uniform a bargain. The government had *him* a bargain certainly; nor is he by any means the first person who has been sold at that price.

Well, my worthy friend met me in the street and informed me of these facts with a smiling countenance—which I thought a masterpiece of diplomacy. Fortune had been belaboring and kicking him for ten whole years, and here he was grinning in my face; could M. de Talleyrand have acted better? 'I have given up diplomacy,' said Protocol, quite simply and good-humoredly, 'for, between you and me, my good fellow, it's a very slow profession; sure, perhaps, but slow. But though I gained no actual pecuniary remuneration in the service, I have learned all the languages in Europe, which will be invaluable to me in my new profession—the mercantile one—in which directly I looked out for a post I found one.'

'What! and a good pay?' said I.

'Why, no; that's absurd, you know. No young men,

strangers to business, are paid much to speak of. Besides, I don't look to a paltry clerk's pay. Some day, when thoroughly acquainted with the business (I shall learn it in about seven year), I shall go into a good house with my capital and become junior partner.'

'And meanwhile?'

'Meanwhile I conduct the foreign correspondence of the eminent house of Jam, Ram, & Johnson; and very heavy it is, I can tell you. From nine till six every day, except foreign post days, and then from nine till eleven. Dirty dark court to sit in; snobs to talk to—great change, as you may fancy.'

'And you do all this for nothing?'

'I do it to learn the business.' And so saying Protocol gave me a knowing nod and went his way.

Good Heavens! I thought, and is this a true story? Are there hundreds of young men in a similar situation at the present day, giving away the best years of their youth for the sake of a mere windy hope of something in old age, and dying before they come to the goal? In seven years he hopes to have a business, and then to have the pleasure of risking his money. He will be admitted into some great house as a particular favor, and three months after the house will fail. Has it not happened to a thousand of our acquaintance? I thought I would run after him and tell him about the new professions that I have invented.

'Oh! ay! those you wrote about in *Fraser's Magazine*. Egad, George! necessity makes strange fellows of us all. Who would ever have thought of you *spelling*, much more writing?'

'Never mind that. Will you, if I tell you of a new profession that, with a little cleverness and instruction from me, you may bring to a most successful end—will you, I say, make me a fair return?'

'My dear creature,' replied young Protocol, 'what nonsense you talk! I saw that very humbug in the magazine. You say you have made a great discovery, very good; you puff your discovery—very right; you ask money for it—nothing can be more reasonable; and then you say that you intend to make your discovery public in the next number of the magazine. Do you think I will be such a fool as to give you money for a thing which I can have next month for nothing? Good-by, George, my boy; the *next* discovery you make I'll tell you how to get a better price for it.' And with this the fellow walked off, looking supremely knowing and clever.

This tale of the person I have called Protocol is not told without a purpose, you may be sure. In the first place, it shows what are the reasons that nobody has made application to me concerning the new professions, namely, because I have passed my word to make them known in this magazine, which persons may have for the purchasing, stealing, borrowing, or hiring, and, therefore, they will never think of applying personally to me. And, secondly, his story proves also my assertion, viz., that all professions are most cruelly crowded at present, and that men will make the most absurd outlay and sacrifices for the smallest chance of success at some future period. Well, then, I will be a benefactor to my race, if I cannot be to one single member of it, whom I love better than most men. What I have discovered I will make known; there shall be no shilly-shallying work here, no circumlocution, no bottle-conjuring business. But oh! I wish for all our sakes that I had an opportunity to impart the secret to one or two persons only; for, after all, but one or two can live in the manner I would suggest. And when the discovery is made known, I am sure ten thousand will try. The rascals! I can see their brass plates gleaming over scores of doors. Competition will ruin my professions, as it has all others.

It must be premised that the two professions are intended for gentlemen, and gentlemen only—men of birth and education. No others could support the parts which they will be called upon to play.

And, likewise, it must be honestly confessed that these professions have, to a certain degree, been exercised before. Do not cry out at this and say it is no discovery! I say it *is* a discovery. It is a discovery if I show you—a gentleman—a profession which you may exercise without derogation or loss of standing, with certain profit, nay, possibly with honor,[1] and of which, until the reading of the present page, you never thought but as of a calling beneath your rank and quite below your reach. Sir, I do not mean to say that I create a profession. I cannot create gold; but if when discovered, I find the means of putting it in your pocket, do I or do I not deserve credit?

I see you sneer comtemptuously when I mention to you the word AUCTIONEER. 'Is this all,' you say, 'that this fellow brags and prates about? An auctioneer, forsooth! he might as well have "invented" chimney-sweeping?'

No such thing. A little boy of seven, be he ever so low of birth, can do this as well as you. Do you suppose that little

stolen Master Montague made a better sweeper than the lowest bred chummy that yearly commemorates his release? No, sir. And he might have been ever so much a genius or a gentleman, and not have been able to make his trade respectable.

But all such trades as can be rendered decent the aristocracy has adopted one by one. At first they followed the profession of arms, flouting all others as unworthy, and thinking it ungentlemanlike to know how to read or write. They did not go into the Church in very early days, till the money to be got from the Church was strong enough to tempt them. It is but of later years that they have condescended to go to the bar, and since the same time only that we see some of them following trades. I know an English lord's son who is, or was, a wine merchant (he may have been a bankrupt for what I know). As for bankers, several partners in banking houses have four balls to their coronets, and I have no doubt that another sort of banking, viz., that practiced by gentlemen who lend small sums of money upon deposited securities, will be one day followed by the noble order, so that they may have four balls on their coronets and carriages, and three in front of their shops.

Yes, the nobles come peopleward as the people, on the other hand, rise and mingle with the nobles. With the *plebs*, of course, Fitz-Boodle, in whose veins flows the blood of a thousand kings, can have nothing to do; but, watching the progress of the world, 'tis impossible to deny that the good old days of our race are passed away. We want money still as much as ever we did; but we cannot go down from our castles with horse and sword and waylay fat merchants—no, no; confounded new policemen and the assize courts prevent that. Younger brothers cannot be pages to noble houses, as of old they were, serving gentle dames without disgrace, handing my lord's rose water to wash, or holding his stirrup as he mounted for the chase. A page, forsooth! A pretty figure would George Fitz-Boodle or any other man of fashion cut, in a jacket covered with sugar-loaf buttons, and handing in penny-post notes on a silver tray. The *plebs* have robbed us of *that* trade among others; nor, I confess, do I much grudge them their *trouvaille*. Neither can we collect together a few scores of free lances, like honest Hugh Calverly in the Black Prince's time, or brave Harry Butler of Wallenstein's dragoons, and serve this or that prince, Peter the Cruel or Henry of Trastamare, Gustavus or the Emperor, at our leisure; or, in default of service, fight and rob on our own gallant account, as the good

gentlemen of old did. Alas, no! In South America or Texas, perhaps, a man might have a chance that way; but in the ancient world no man can fight except in the king's service (and a mighty bad service that is too), and the lowest European sovereign, were it Baldomero Espartero himself, would think nothing of seizing the best-born condottiere that ever drew sword, and shooting him down like the vulgarest deserter.

What, then, is to be done? We must discover fresh fields of enterprise—of peaceable and commercial enterprise in a peaceful and commercial age. I say, then, that the auctioneer's pulpit has never yet been ascended by a scion of the aristocracy, and am prepared to prove that they might scale it, and do so with dignity and profit.

For the auctioneer's pulpit is just the peculiar place where a man of social refinement, of elegant wit, of polite perceptions, can bring his wit, his eloquence, his taste, and his experience of life, most delightfully into play. It is not like the bar, where the better and higher qualities of a man of fashion find no room for exercise. In defending John Jorrocks in an action of trespass, for cutting down a stick in Sam Snooks' field, what powers of mind do you require? powers of mind, that is, which Mr. Sergeant Snorter, a butcher's son with a great loud voice, a sizar at Cambridge, a wrangler, and so forth, does not possess as well as yourself? Snorter has never been in decent society in his life. He thinks the bar mess the most fashionable assemblage in Europe, and the jokes of 'grand day' the *ne plus ultra* of wit. Snorter lives near Russell Square, eats beef and Yorkshire pudding, is a judge of port wine, is in all social respects your inferior. Well, it is ten to one but in the case of Snooks *v.* Jorrocks, before mentioned, he will be a better advocate than you; he knows the law of the case entirely, and better probably than you. He can speak long, loud, to the point, grammatically—more grammatically than you, no doubt, will condescend to do. In the case of Snooks *v.* Jorrocks he is all that can be desired. And so about dry disputes respecting real property, he knows the law; and, beyond this, has no more need to be a gentleman than my body servant has—who, by the way, from constant intercourse with the best society, *is* almost a gentleman. But this is apart from the question.

Now, in the matter of auctioneering, this, I apprehend, is not the case, and I assert that a high bred gentleman, with good powers of mind and speech, must, in such a profession, make a fortune. I do not mean in all auctioneering matters. I do not mean that such a person should be called upon to sell

the good will of a public house, or discourse about the value of the beer barrels, or bars with pewter fittings, or the beauty of a trade doing a stroke of so many hogsheads a week. I do not ask a gentleman to go down and sell pigs, plows, and cart-horses, at Stoke Pogis; or to enlarge at the Auction Rooms, Wapping, upon the beauty of the *Lively Sally* schooner. These articles of commerce or use can be better appreciated by persons in a different rank of life to his.

But there are a thousand cases in which a gentleman only can do justice to the sale of objects which the necessity or convenience of the genteel world may require to change hands. All articles properly called of taste should be put under his charge. Pictures—he is a traveled man, has seen and judged the best galleries of Europe, and can speak of them as a common person cannot. For, mark you, you must have the confidence of your society, you must be able to be familiar with them, to plant a happy *mot* in a graceful manner, to appeal to my lord or the duchess in such a modest, easy, pleasant way as that her grace should not be hurt by your allusion to her—nay, amused (like the rest of the company) by the manner in which it was done.

What is more disgusting than the familiarity of a snob? What more loathsome than the swaggering quackery of some present holders of the hammer? There was a late sale, for instance, which made some noise in the world (I mean the late Lord Gimcrack's, at Dilberry Hill). Ah! what an opportunity was lost there! I declare solemnly that I believe, but for the absurd quackery and braggadocio of the advertisements, much more money would have been bid; people were kept away by the vulgar trumpeting of the auctioneer, and could not help thinking the things were worthless that were so outrageously lauded.

They say that sort of Bartholomew-fair advocacy (in which people are invited to an entertainment by the medium of a hoarse yelling beef-eater, twenty-four drums, and a jack-pudding turning head over heels) is absolutely necessary to excite the public attention. What an error! I say that the refined individual, so accosted, is more likely to close his ears, and shuddering, run away from the booth. Poor Horace Waddlepoodle! to think that thy gentle accumulation of bric-a-brac should have passed away in such a manner! by means of a man who brings down a butterfly with a blunderbuss, and talks of a pin's head through a speaking trumpet! Why, the auctioneer's very voice was enough to crack the Sèvres porcelain

and blow the lace into annihilation. Let it be remembered that I speak of the gentleman in his public character merely, meaning to insinuate nothing more than I would by stating that Lord Brougham speaks with a northern accent, or that the voice of Mr. Sheil is sometimes unpleasantly shrill.

Now the character I have formed to myself of a great auctioneer is this. I fancy him a man of first-rate and irreproachable birth and fashion. I fancy his person so agreeable that it must be a pleasure for ladies to behold and tailors to dress it. As a private man he must move in the very best society, which will flock round his pulpit when he mounts it in his public calling. It will be a privilege for vulgar people to attend the hall where he lectures; and they will consider it an honor to be allowed to pay their money for articles the value of which is stamped by his high recommendation. Nor can such a person be a mere fribble; nor can any loose hanger-on of fashion imagine he may assume the character. The gentleman auctioneer must be an artist above all, adoring his profession; and adoring it, what must he not know? He must have a good knowledge of the history and language of all nations; not the knowledge of the mere critical scholar, but of the lively and elegant man of the world. He will not commit the gross blunders of pronunciation that untraveled Englishmen perpetrate; he will not degrade his subject by coarse eulogy, or sicken his audience with vulgar banter. He will know where to apply praise and wit properly; he will have the tact only acquired in good society, and know where a joke is in place, and how far a compliment may go. He will not outrageously and indiscriminately laud all objects committed to his charge, for he knows the value of praise; that diamonds, could we have them by the bushel, would be used as coals; that, above all, he has a character of sincerity to support; that he is not merely the advocate of the person who employs him, but that the public is his client too, who honors him and confides in him. Ask him to sell a copy of Raffaelle for an original; a trumpery modern Brussels counterfeit for real old Mechlin; some common French forged crockery for the old delightful, delicate, Dresden china; and he will quit you with scorn, or order his servant to show you the door of his study.

Study, by the way—no, 'study' is a vulgar word; every word is vulgar which a man uses to give the world an exaggerated notion of himself or his condition. When the wretched bagman, brought up to give evidence before Judge Coltman, was asked what his trade was, and replied that 'he represented

the house of Dobson & Hobson,' he showed himself to be a vulgar, mean-souled wretch, and was most properly reprimanded by his lordship. To be a bagman is to be humble, but not of necessity vulgar. Pomposity is vulgar, to ape a higher rank than your own is vulgar, for an ensign of militia to call himself captain is vulgar, or for a bagman to style himself the 'representative' of Dobson & Hobson. The honest auctioneer, then, will not call his room his study; but his 'private room,' or his office, or whatever may be the phrase commonly used among auctioneers.

He will not for the same reason call himself (as once in a momentary feeling of pride and enthusiasm for the profession I thought he should)—he will not call himself an 'advocate,' but an auctioneer. There is no need to attempt to awe people by big titles; let each man bear his own name without shame. And a very gentlemanlike and agreeable, though exceptional position (for it is clear that there cannot be more than two of the class) may the auctioneer occupy.

He must not sacrifice his honesty, then, either for his own sake or his clients', in any way, nor tell fibs about himself or them. He is by no means called upon to draw the long bow in their behalf; all that his office obliges him to do—and let us hope his disposition will lead him to do it also—is to take a favorable, kindly, philanthropic view of the world; to say what can fairly be said by a good-natured and ingenious man in praise of any article for which he is desirous to awaken public sympathy. And how readily and pleasantly may this be done! I will take upon myself, for instance, to write an eulogium upon So-and-So's last novel, which shall be every word of it true; and which work, though to some discontented spirits it might appear dull, may be shown to be really amusing and instructive—nay *is* amusing and instructive—to those who have the art of discovering where those precious qualities lie.

An auctioneer should have the organ of truth large; of imagination and comparison, considerable; of wit, great; of benevolence, excessively large.

And how happy might such a man be, and cause others to be! He should go through the world laughing, merry, observant, kind-hearted. He should love everything in the world, because his profession regards everything. With books of lighter literature (for I do not recommend the genteel auctioneer to meddle with heavy antiquarian and philological works) he should be elegantly conversant, being able to give a

neat history of the author, a pretty sparkling kind criticism of the work, and an appropriate eulogium upon the binding, which would make those people read who never read before; or buy at least, which is his first consideration. Of pictures we have already spoken. Of china, of jewelry, of gold-headed canes, valuable arms, picturesque antiquities, with what eloquent *entrainement* might he not speak! He feels every one of these things in his heart. He has all the tastes of the fashionable world. Dr. Meyrick cannot be more enthusiastic about an old suit of armor than he; Sir Harris Nicolas not more eloquent regarding the gallant times in which it was worn, and the brave histories connected with it. He takes up a pearl necklace with as much delight as any beauty who was sighing to wear it round her own snowy throat, and hugs a china monster with as much joy as the oldest duchess could do. Nor must he affect these things; he must feel them. He is a glass in which all the tastes of fashion are reflected. He must be every one of the characters to whom he addresses himself—a genteel Goethe or Shakspere, a fashionable world-spirit.

How can a man be all this and not be a gentleman; and not have had an education in the midst of the best company—an insight into the most delicate feelings and wants and usages? The pulpit oratory of such a man would be invaluable; people would flock to listen to him from far and near. He might out of a single teacup cause streams of world-philosophy to flow, which would be drunk in by grateful thousands; and draw out of an old pincushion points of wit, morals, and experience, that would make a nation wise.

Look round, examine THE ANNALS OF AUCTIONS, as Mr. Robins remarks, and (with every respect for him and his brethren) say, is there in the profession SUCH A MAN? Do we want such a man? Is such a man likely or not likely to make an immense fortune? Can we get such a man except out of the very best society, and among the most favored there?

Everybody answers 'No!' I knew you would answer no. And now, gentlemen who have laughed at my pretension to discover a profession, say, have I not? I have laid my finger upon the spot where the social deficit exists. I have shown that we labor under a want; and when the world wants, do we not know that a man will step forth to fill the vacant space that fate has left for him? Pass we now to the—

SECOND PROFESSION.

THIS profession, too, is a great, lofty, and exceptional one, and discovered by me considering these things, and deeply musing upon the necessities of society. Nor let honorable gentlemen imagine that I am enabled to offer them in this profession, more than any other, a promise of what is called future glory, deathless fame, and so forth, All that I say is, that I can put young men in the way of making a comfortable livelihood, and leaving behind them, not a name, but what is better, a decent maintenance to their children. Fitz-Boodle is as good a name as any in England. General Fitz-Boodle, who, in Marlborough's time, and in conjunction with the famous Van Slaap, beat the French in the famous action of Vischzouchee, near Mardyk, in Holland, on the 14th of February, 1709, is promised an immortality upon his tomb in Westminster Abbey; but he died of apoplexy, deucedly in debt, two years afterward; and what after that is the use of a name?

No, no; the age of chivalry is past. Take the twenty-four first men who come into the club, and ask who they are, and how they made their money? There's Woolsey-Sackville, his father was Lord Chancellor, and sat on the woolsack, whence he took his title; his grandfather dealt in coal sacks, and not in woolsacks—small coal sacks, dribbling out little supplies of black diamonds to the poor. Yonder comes Frank Leveson, in a huge broad-brimmed hat, his shirt-cuffs turned up to his elbows. Leveson is as gentlemanly a fellow as the world contains, and if he has a fault, is perhaps too finikin. Well, you fancy him related to the Sutherland family; nor, indeed, does honest Frank deny it: but *entre nous*, my good sir, his father was an attorney, and his grandfather a bailiff in Chancery Lane, bearing a name still older than that of Leveson, namely, Levy. So it is that this confounded equality grows and grows, and has laid the good old nobility by the heels. Look at that venerable Sir Charles Kitely of Kitely Park; he is interested about the Ashantees, and is just come from Exeter Hall. Kitely discounted bills in the City in the year 1787, and gained his baronetcy by a loan to the French princes. All these points of history are perfectly well known; and do you fancy the world cares? Psha! Profession is no disgrace to a man; be what you like, provided you succeed. If Mr. Fauntleroy could come to life with a million of money, you and I would dine with him; you know we would; for why should we be better than our neighbors?

Put, then, out of your head the idea that this or that profession is unworthy of you; take any that may bring you profit, and thank him that puts you in the way of being rich.

The profession I would urge (upon a person duly qualified to undertake it) has, I confess, at the first glance, something ridiculous about it; and will not appear to young ladies so romantic as the calling of a gallant soldier, blazing with glory, gold lace, and vermilion coats; or a dear delightful clergyman, with a sweet blue eye, and a pocket handkerchief scented charmingly with lavender water. The profession I allude to *will*, I own, be to young women disagreeable, to sober men trivial, to great stupid moralists unworthy.

But mark my words for it that in the religious world (I have once or twice, by mistake no doubt, had the honor of dining in 'serious' houses, and can vouch for the fact that the dinners there are of excellent quality)—in the serious world, in the great mercantile world, among the legal community (notorious feeders) in every house in town (except some half-dozen which can afford to do without such aid), the man I propose might speedily render himself indispensable.

Does the reader now begin to take? Have I hinted enough for him that he may see with eagle glance the immense beauty of the profession I am about to unfold to him? We have all seen Gunter and Chevet; Fregoso, on the Puerta del Sol (a relation of the ex-Minister Calomarde), is a good purveyor enough for the benighted olla-eaters of Madrid; nor have I any fault to find with Guimard, a Frenchman, who has lately set up in the Toledo, at Naples, where he furnishes people with decent food. It has given me pleasure, too, in walking about London—in the Strand, in Oxford Street, and elsewhere—to see fournisseurs and comestible merchants newly set up. Messrs. Morell have excellent articles in their warehouses; Fortnum & Mason are known to most of my readers.

But what is not known, what is wanted, what is languished for in England is a *dinner-master*—a gentleman who is not a provider of meat or wine, like the parties before named, who can have no earthly interest in the price of truffled turkeys or dry champagne beyond that legitimate interest which he may feel for his client, and which leads him to see that the latter is not cheated by his tradesmen. For the dinner-giver is almost naturally an ignorant man. How in mercy's name can Mr. Sergeant Snorter, who is all day at Westminster, or in chambers, know possibly the mysteries, the delicacy, of dinner-giving? How can Alderman Pogson know anything beyond the fact

that venison is good with currant jelly, and that he likes lots of green fat with his turtle? Snorter knows law, Pogson is acquainted with the state of the tallow market; but what should he know of eating, like you and me, who have given up our time to it? (I say *me* only familiarly, for I have only reached so far in the science as to know that I know nothing). But men there are, gifted individuals, who have spent years of deep thought—not merely intervals of labor, but hours of study every day—over the gormandizing science—who like alchemists, have let their fortunes go guinea by guinea, into the all-devouring pot—who, ruined as they sometimes are, never get a guinea by chance but they will have a plate of pease in May with it, or a little feast of ortolans, or a piece of Glo'ster salmon, or one more flask from their favorite claret-bin.

It is not the ruined gastronomist that I would advise a person to select as his *table-master;* for the opportunities of peculation would be too great in a position of such confidence—such complete abandonment of one man to another. A ruined man would be making bargains with the tradesmen. They would offer to cash bills for him, or send him opportune presents of wine which he could convert into money, or bribe him in one way or another. Let this be done, and the profession of table-master is ruined. Snorter and Pogson may almost as well order their own dinners as be at the mercy of a 'gastronomic agent' whose faith is not beyond all question.

A vulgar mind, in reply to these remarks regarding the gastronomic ignorance of Snorter and Pogson, might say, 'True, these gentlemen know nothing of household economy, being occupied with other more important business elsewhere. But what are their wives about? Lady Pogson in Harley Street has nothing earthly to do but to mind her poodle, and her mantua-maker's and housekeeper's bills. Mrs. Snorter in Bedford Place, when she has taken her drive in the Park with the young ladies, may surely have time to attend to her husband's guests and preside over the preparations of his kitchen, as she does worthily at his hospitable mahogany.' To this I answer, that a man who expects a woman to understand the philosophy of dinner-giving, shows the strongest evidence of a low mind. He is unjust toward that lovely and delicate creature, woman, to suppose that she heartily understands and cares for what she eats and drinks. No; taken as a rule, women have no real appetites. They are children in the gormandizing way; loving sugar, sops, tarts, trifles, apricot creams, and such gewgaws. They would take a sip of Malm-

sey, and would drink currant wine just as happily, if that accursed liquor was presented to them by the butler. Did you ever know a woman who could lay her fair hand upon her gentle heart and say on her conscience that she preferred dry sillery to sparkling champagne? Such a phenomenon does not exist. They are not made for eating and drinking; or, if they make a pretense to it, become downright odious. Nor can they, I am sure, witness the preparations of a really great repast without a certain jealousy. They grudge spending money (ask guards, coachmen, inn waiters, whether this be not the the case. They will give their all, Heaven bless them! to serve a son, a grandson, or a dear relative, but they have not the heart to pay for small things magnificently. They are jealous of good dinners, and no wonder. I have shown in a former discourse how they are jealous of smoking, and other personal enjoyments of the male. I say, then, that Lady Pogson or Mrs. Snorter can never conduct their husbands' table properly. Fancy either of them consenting to allow a calf to be stewed down into gravy for one dish, or a dozen hares to be sacrificed to a single *purée* of game, or the best madeira to be used for a sauce, or a half a dozen champagne to boil a ham in. They will be for bringing a bottle of marsala in place of the old particular, or for having the ham cooked in water. But of these matters—of kitchen philosophy—I have no practical or theoretic knowledge; and must beg pardon if, only understanding the goodness of a dish when cooked, I may have unconsciously made some blunder regarding the preparation.

Let it, then, be set down as an axiom, without further trouble or demonstration, that a woman is a bad dinner-caterer; either too great and simple for it, or too mean—I don't know which it is; and gentlemen, according as they admire or contemn the sex, may settle that matter their own way. In brief, the mental constitution of lovely woman is such that she cannot give a great dinner. It must be done by man. It can't be done by an ordinary man, because he does not understand it. Vain fool! and he sends off to the pastry cook in Great Russell Street or Baker Street, he lays on a couple of extra waiters (green-grocers in the neighborhood), he makes a great pother with his butler in the cellar, and fancies he has done the business.

Bon Dieu! Who has not been at those dinners? those monstrous exhibitions of the pastry cook's art? Who does not know those made dishes with the universal sauce to each; fricandeaux, sweetbreads, damp dumpy cutlets, etc., seasoned with the compound of grease, onions, bad port wine, cayenne

pepper, curry powder (Warren's blacking, for what I know, but the taste is always the same)—there they lie in the old corner dishes, the poor wiry moselle and sparkling burgundy in the ice coolers, and the old story of white and brown soup, turbot, little smelts, boiled turkey, saddle of mutton, and so forth? 'Try a little of that fricandeau,' says Mrs. Snorter, with a kind smile. 'You'll find it, I think, very nice.' Be sure it has come in a green tray from Great Russell Street. 'Mr. Fitz-Boodle, you have been in Germany,' cries Snorter knowingly, 'taste the hock, and tell me what you think of *that*.'

How should he know better, poor benighted creature; or she, dear good soul that she is? If they would have a leg of mutton and an apple pudding, and a glass of sherry and port (or simple brandy-and-water called by its own name) after dinner, all would be very well; but they must shine, they must dine as their neighbors. There is no difference in the style of dinners in London; people with five hundred a year treat you exactly as those of five thousand. They *will* have their moselle or hock, their fatal side dishes brought in the green trays from the pastry cook's.

Well, there is no harm done; not as regards the dinner-givers at least, though the dinner-eaters may have to suffer somewhat; it only shows that the former are hospitably inclined and wish to do the very best in their power—good honest fellows! If they do wrong, how can they help it? they know no better.

And now, is it not as clear as the sun at noonday that A WANT exists in London for a superintendent of the table—a gastronomic agent—a dinner-master, as I have called him before? A man of such a profession would be a metropolitan benefit; hundreds of thousands of people of the respectable sort, people in white waistcoats, would thank him daily. Calculate how many dinners are given in the City of London, and calculate the numbers of benedictions that 'the agency' might win.

And as no doubt the observant man of the world has remarked that the freeborn Englishman of the respectable class is, of all others, the most slavish and truckling to a lord; that there is no fly-blown peer but he is pleased to have him at his table, proud beyond measure to call him by his surname (without the lordly prefix); and that those lords whom he does not know, he yet (the freeborn Englishman) takes care to have their pedigrees and ages by heart from his world-bible, the 'Peerage'; as this is an indisputable fact, and as it is in this

particular class of Britons that our agent must look to find clients, I need not say it is necessary that the agent should be as highborn as possible, and that he should be able to tack, if possible, an honorable or some other handle to his respectable name. He must have it on his professional card:

The Hon. George Gormand Gobbleton,
Apician Chambers, Pall Mall.

Or,

Sir Augustus Carver Cramley Cramley,
Amphitryonic Council Office, Swallow Street.

or, in some such neat way, Gothic letters on a large handsome crockeryware card, with possibly a gilt coat-of-arms and supporters, or the blood-red hand of baronetcy duly displayed. Depend on it plenty of guineas will fall in it, and that Gobbleton's supporters will support him comfortably enough.

For this profession is not like that of the auctioneer, which I take to be a far more noble one, because more varied and more truthful; but in the agency case, a little humbug at least is necessary. A man cannot be a successful agent by the mere force of his simple merit or genius in eating and drinking. He must of necessity impose upon the vulgar to a certain degree. He must be of that rank which will lead them naturally to respect him, otherwise they might be led to jeer at his profession; but let a noble exercise it, and bless your soul, all the 'Court Guide' is dumb!

He will then give out in a manly and somewhat pompous address what has before been mentioned, namely, that he has seen the fatal way in which the hospitality of England has been perverted hitherto, *accaparé'd* by a few cooks with green trays. (He must use a good deal of French in his language, for that is considered very gentlemanlike by vulgar people.) He will take a set of chambers in Carlton Garden, which will be richly through severely furnished, and the door of which will be opened by a French valet (he *must* be a Frenchman, remember), who will say, on letting Mr. Snorter or Sir Benjamin Pogson in, that '*Milor* is at home.' Pogson will then be shown into a library furnished with massive bookcases, containing all the works on cookery and wines (the titles of them) in all the known

languages in the world. Any books, of course, will do, as you will have them handsomely bound, and keep them under plate glass. On a side table will be little sample bottles of wines, a few truffles on a white porcelain saucer, a prodigious strawberry or two, perhaps, at the time when such fruit costs much money. On the library will be busts marked Ude, Carême, Béchamel, in marble (never mind what heads, of course) ; and perhaps, on the clock should be a figure of the Prince of Condé's cook killing himself because the fish had not arrived in time ; there may be a wreath of *immortelles* on the figure to give it a more decidedly Frenchified air. The walls will be of a dark rich paper, hung round with neat gilt frames, containing plans of *menus* of various great dinners, those of Cambacérès, Napoleon, Louis XIV., Louis XVIII., Heliogabalus if you like, each signed by the respective cook.

After the stranger has looked about him at these things—which he does not understand in the least, especially the truffles, which look like dirty potatoes—you will make your appearance, dressed in a dark dress, with one handsome enormous gold chain, and one large diamond ring ; a gold snuffbox, of course, which you will thrust into the visitor's paw before saying a word. You will be yourself a portly grave man, with your hair a little bald and gray. In fact, in this, as in all other professions, you had best try to look as like Canning as you can.

When Pogson has done sneezing with the snuff, you will say to him, 'Take a *fauteuil.* I have the honor of addressing Sir Benjamin Pogson, I believe?' And then you will explain to him your system.

This, of course, must vary with every person you address. But let us lay down a few of the heads of a plan which may be useful, or may be modified infinitely, or may be cast aside altogether, just as circumstances dictate. After all *I* am not going to turn gastronomic agent, and speak only for the benefit perhaps of the very person who is reading this :

'SYNOPSIS OF THE GASTRONOMIC AGENCY OF THE HONORABLE GEORGE GOBBLETON.

'The Gastronomic Agent having traversed Europe, and dined with the best society of the world, has been led naturally, as a patriot, to turn his thoughts homeward, and cannot but deplore the lamentable ignorance regarding gastronomy displayed in a country for which nature has done almost everything.

'But it is ever singularly thus. Inherent ignorance belongs

to man; and The Agent, in his Continental travels, has always remarked, that the countries most fertile in themselves were invariably worse tilled than those more barren. The Italians and the Spaniards leave their fields to nature, as we leave our vegetables, fish, and meat. "And, Heavens! what richness do we fling away; what dormant qualities in our dishes do we disregard; what glorious gastronomic crops (if The Agent may be permitted the expression)—what glorious gastronomic crops do we sacrifice, allowing our goodly meats and fishes to lie fallow! "Chance" it is said by an ingenious historian, who, having been long a secretary in the East India House, must certainly have had access to the best information upon Eastern matters—"Chance," it is said by Mr. Charles Lamb, "which burnt down a Chinaman's house, with a litter of sucking-pigs that were unable to escape from the interior, discovered to the world the excellence of roast pig." Gunpowder, we know, was invented by a similar fortuity. [The reader will observe that my style in the supposed character of a Gastronomic Agent is purposely pompous and loud.] So, 'tis said, was printing; so glass. We should have drunk our wine poisoned with the villanous odor of the borachio, had not some Eastern merchants, lighting their fires in the desert, marked the strange composition which now glitters on our sideboards, and holds the costly produce of our vines.

'We have spoken of the natural riches of a country. Let the reader think but for one moment of the gastronomic wealth of our country of England, and he will be lost in thankful amazement as he watches the astonishing riches poured out upon us from nature's bounteous cornucopia! Look at our fisheries! the trout and salmon tossing in our brawling streams; the white and full-breasted turbot struggling in the mariner's net; the purple lobster lured by hopes of greed into his basket prison, which he quits only for the red ordeal of the pot. Look at whitebait, great Heavens! look at whitebait and a thousand frisking, glittering, silvery things besides, which the nymphs of our native streams bear kindly to the deities of our kitchens—our kitchens, such as they are.

'And though it may be said that other countries produce the freckle-backed salmon and the dark broad-shouldered turbot; though trout frequent many a stream besides those of England, and lobsters sprawl on other sands than ours; yet let it be remembered that our native country possesses these altogether, while other lands only know them separately; that above all, whitebait is peculiarly our country's—our city's own!

Blessings and eternal praises be on it, and, of course, on brown bread and butter! And the Briton should further remember, with honest pride and thankfulness, the situatiou of his capital, of London: the lordly turtle floats from the sea into the stream, and from the stream to the city; the rapid fleets of all the world *se donnent rendezvous* in the docks of our silvery Thames; the produce of our coasts and provincial cities, east and west, is borne to us on the swift lines of lightning railroads. In a word—and no man but one who, like The Agent, has traveled Europe over, can appreciate the gift—there is no city on earth's surface so well supplied with fish as London!

'With respect to our meats, all praise is supererogatory. Ask the wretched hunter of *chevreuil*, the poor devourer of *rehbraten*, what they think of the noble English haunch, that, after bounding in the Park of Knole or Windsor, exposes its magnificent flank upon some broad silver platter at our tables? It is enough too say of foreign venison that *they are obliged to lard it.* Away! ours is the palm of roast; whether of the crisp mutton that crops the thymy herbage of our downs, or the noble ox who revels on lush Althorpian oil-cakes. What game is like to ours? Mans excels us in poultry, 'tis true; but 'tis only in merry England that the partridge has a flavor, that the turkey can almost *se passer de truffes*, that the jolly juicy goose can be eaten as he deserves.

'Our vegetables, moreover, surpass all comment. Art (by the means of glass) has wrung fruit out of the bosom of Nature, such as she grants to no other clime. And if we have no vineyards on our hills, we have gold to purchase their best produce. Nature, and enterprise that masters Nature, have done everything for our land.

'But, with all these prodigious riches in our power, is it not painful to reflect how absurdly we employ them? Can we say that we are in the habit of dining well? Alas, no! and The Agent, roaming o'er foreign lands, and seeing how, with small means and great ingenuity and perseverance, great ends were effected, comes back sadly to his own country, whose wealth he sees absurdly wasted, whose energies are misdirected, and whose vast capabilities are allowed to lie idle [Here should follow what I have only hinted at previously, a vivid and terrible picture of the degradation of our table.] . . . Oh, for a master spirit, to give an impetus to the land, to see its great power directed in the right way, and its wealth not squandered or hidden, but nobly put out to interest and spent!

'The Agent dares not hope to win that proud station—to be the destroyer of a barbarous system wallowing in abusive prodigality—to become a dietetic reformer—the Luther of the table.

'But convinced of the wrongs which exist, he will do his humble endeavor to set them right, and to those who know that they are ignorant (and this is a vast step to knowledge) he offers his counsels, his active co-operation, his frank and kindly sympathy. The Agent's qualifications are these :

'1. He is of one of the best families in England ; and has in himself, or through his ancestors, been accustomed to good living for centuries. In the reign of Henry V., his maternal great-great-grandfather, Roger De Gobylton [*the name may be varied, of course, or the king's reign, or the dish invented*], was the first who discovered the method of roasting a peacock whole, with his tail-feathers displayed ; and the dish was served to the two kings at Rouen. Sir Walter Cramley, in Elizabeth's reign, produced before her Majesty, when at Killingworth Castle, mackerel with the famous *gooseberry sauce*, etc.

'2. He has, through life, devoted himself to no other study than that of the table ; and has visited to that end the courts of all the monarchs of Europe ; taking the receipts of the cooks, with whom he lives on terms of intimate friendship, often at enormous expense to himself.

'3. He has the same acquaintance with all the vintages of the Continent ; having passed the autumn of 1811 (the comet year) on the great Weinberg of Johannisberg ; being employed similarly at Bordeaux, in 1834 ; at Oporto, in 1820 ; and at Xeres de la Frontera, with his excellent friends, Duff, Gordon & Co., the year after. He traveled to India and back in company with fourteen pipes of madeira (on board of the *Samuel Snob* East Indiaman, Captain Scuttler), and spent the vintage season in the island, with unlimited powers of observation granted to him by the great houses there.

'4. He has attended Mr. Groves of Charing Cross, and Mr. Giblett of Bond Street, in a course of purchases of fish and meat ; and is able at a glance to recognize the age of mutton, the primeness of beef, the firmness and freshness of fish of all kinds.

'5. He has visited the parks, the grouse-manors, and the principal gardens of England, in a similar professional point of view.'

The Agent then, through his subordinates, engages to provide gentlemen who are about to give dinner-parties :

'1. With cooks to dress the dinners ; a list of which gen-

tlemen he has by him, and will recommend none who are not worthy of the strictest confidence.

'2. With a *menu* for the table, according to the price which the Amphitryon chooses to incur.

'3. He will, through correspondence with the various fournisseurs of the metropolis, provide them viands, fruit, wine, etc., sending to Paris, if need be, where he has a regular correspondence with Messrs. Chevet.

'4. He has a list of dexterous table-waiters (all answering to the name of John for fear of mistakes, the butler's name to be settled according to pleasure), and would strongly recommend that the servants of the house should be locked in the back kitchen or servants' hall during the time the dinner takes place.

'5. He will receive and examine all the accounts of the fournisseurs—of course pledging his honor as a gentleman not to receive one shilling of paltry gratification from the tradesmen he employs, but to see that the bills are more moderate, and their goods of better quality, than they would provide to any person of less experience than himself.

'6. His fee for superintending a dinner will be five guineas; and The Agent entreats his clients to trust *entirely* to him and his subordinates for the arrangement of the repast—*not to think* of inserting dishes of their own invention, or producing wine from their own cellars, as he engages to have it brought in the best order, and fit for immediate drinking. Should the Amphitryon, however, desire some particular dish or wine, he must consult The Agent, in the first case by writing, in the second, by sending a sample to The Agent's chambers. For it is manifest that the whole complexion of a dinner may be altered by the insertion of a single dish; and, therefore, parties will do well to mention their wishes on the first interview with The Agent. He cannot be called upon to recompose his bill of fare, except at great risk to the *ensemble* of the dinner and enormous inconvenience to himself.

'7. The Agent will be at home for consultation from ten o'clock until two—earlier, if gentlemen who are engaged at early hours in the City desire to have an interview; and be it remembered, that a *personal interview* is always the best; for it is greatly necessary to know not only the number but the character of the guests whom the Amphitryon purposes to entertain—whether they are fond of any particular wine or dish, what is their state of health, rank, style, profession, etc.

'8. At two o'clock he will commence his rounds; for as the metropolis is wide, it is clear that he must be early in the

field in some districts. From 2 to 3 he will be in Russell Square and the neighborhood; 3 to 3¾, Harley Street, Portland Place, Cavendish Square, and the environs; 3¾ to 4¼, Portman Square, Gloucester Place, Baker Street, etc; 4¼ to 5, the new district about Hyde Park Terrace; 5 to 5¾, St. John's Wood and the Regent's Park. He will be in Grosvenor Square by 6, and in Belgrave Square, Pimlico, and its vicinity by 7. Parties there are requested not to dine until 8 o'clock; and The Agent, once for all, peremptorily announces that he will NOT go to the palace, where it is utterly impossible to serve a good dinner.'

'TO TRADESMEN.

'Every Monday evening during the season the Gastronomic Agent proposes to give a series of trial dinners, to which the principal gourmands of the metropolis, and a few of The Agent's most respectable clients, will be invited. Covers will be laid for *ten* at nine o'clock precisely. And as The Agent does not propose to exact a single shilling of profit from their bills, and as his recommendation will be of infinite value to them, the tradesmen he employs will furnish the weekly dinner gratis. Cooks will attend (who have acknowledged characters) upon the same terms. To save trouble, a book will be kept where butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, etc., may inscribe their names in order, taking it by turns to supply the trial table. Wine merchants will naturally compete every week promiscuously, sending what they consider their best samples, and leaving with the hall-porter tickets of the prices. Confectionery to be done out of the house. Fruiterers, market-men, as butchers and poulterers. The Agent's *maître d'hôtel* will give a receipt to each individual for the articles he produces; and let all remember that The Agent is a *very keen judge*, and woe betide those who serve him or his clients ill!

'GEORGE GORMAND GOBBLETON.

'CARLTON GARDENS, June 10, 1842.'

Here I have sketched out the heads of such an address as I conceive a gastronomic agent might put forth; and appeal pretty confidently to the British public regarding its merits and my own discovery. If this be not a profession—a new one—a feasible one—a lucrative one—I don't know what is. Say that a man attends but fifteen dinners daily, that is seventy-five guineas, or five hundred and fifty pounds weekly, or fourteen thousand three hundred pounds for a season of six months;

and how many of our younger sons have such a capital even? Let, then, some unemployed gentleman with the requisite qualifications come forward. It will not be necessary that he should have done all that is stated in the prospectus; but, at any rate, let him *say* he has; there can't be much harm in an innocent fib of that sort; for the gastronomic agent must be a sort of dinner-pope, whose opinions cannot be supposed to err.

And as he really will be an excellent judge of eating and drinking, and will bring his whole mind to bear upon the question, and will speedily acquire an experience which no person out of the profession can possibly have; and as, moreover, he will be an honorable man, not practicing upon his client in any way, or demanding sixpence beyond his just fee, the world will gain vastly by the coming forward of such a person—gain in good dinners, and absolutely save money; for what is five guineas for a dinner of sixteen? The sum may be *gaspillé* by a cook-wench, or by one of those abominable before-named pastry cooks with their green trays.

If any man take up the business, he will invite me, of course, to the Monday dinners. Or does ingratitude go so far as that a man should forget the author of his good fortune? I believe it does. Turn we away from the sickening theme!

And now, having concluded my professions, how shall I express my obligations to the discriminating press of this country for the unanimous applause which hailed my first appearance? It is the more wonderful, as I pledge my sacred word I never wrote a document before much longer than a laundress' bill, or the acceptance of an invitation to dinner. But enough of this egotism; thanks for praise conferred sound like vanity; gratitude is hard to speak of, and at present it swells the full heart of

GEORGE SAVAGE FITZ-BOODLE.

END OF 'THE FITZ-BOODLE PAPERS.'

THE FATAL BOOTS.

JANUARY—THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

SOME poet has observed that, if any man would write down what has really happened to him in this mortal life, he would be sure to make a good book, though he never had met with a single adventure from his birth to his burial. How much more, then, must I, who *have* had adventures, most singular, pathetic, and unparalleled, be able to compile an instructive and entertaining volume for the use of the public.

I don't mean to say that I have killed lions or seen the wonders of travel in the deserts of Arabia or Prussia; or that I have been a very fashionable character, living with dukes and peeresses, and writing my recollections of them, as the way now is. I never left this my native isle, nor spoke to a lord (except an Irish one, who had rooms in our house, and forgot to pay three weeks' lodging and extras); but, as our immortal bard observes, I have in the course of my existence been so eaten up by the slugs and harrows of outrageous fortune, and have been the object of such continual and extraordinary ill-luck that I believe it would melt the heart of a milestone to read of it—that is, if a milestone had a heart of anything but stone.

Twelve of my adventures, suitable for meditation and perusal during the twelve months of the year, have been arranged by me for this work. They contain a part of the history of a great, and, confidently I may say, a *good* man. I was not a spendthrift like other men. I never wronged any man of a shilling, though I am as sharp a fellow at a bargain as any in Europe. I never injured a fellow-creature; on the contrary, on several occasions, when injured myself, have shown the most wonderful forbearance. I come of a tolerably good family; and yet, born to wealth—of an inoffensive disposition, careful of the money that I had, and eager to get more—I have been going downhill ever since my journey of life began, and have been pursued by a complication of misfortunes such as surely never happened to any man but the unhappy Bob Stubbs.

Bob Stubbs is my name; and I haven't got a shilling; I

have borne the commission of lieutenant in the service of King George, and am *now*—but never mind what I am now, for the public will know in a few pages more. My father was of the Suffolk Stubbses—a well-to-do gentleman of Bungay. My grandfather had been a respected attorney in that town, and left my papa a pretty little fortune. I was thus the inheritor of competence, and ought to be at this moment a gentleman.

My misfortunes may be said to have commenced about a year before my birth, when my papa, a young fellow pretending to study the law in London, fell madly in love with Miss Smith, the daughter of a tradesman, who did not give her a sixpence, and afterward became bankrupt. My papa married this Miss Smith, and carried her off to the country, where I was born, in an evil hour for me.

Were I to attempt to describe my early years, you would laugh at me as an impostor; but the following letter from mamma to a friend, after her marriage, will pretty well show you what a poor foolish creature she was; and what a reckless extravagant fellow was my other unfortunate parent:

To Miss Eliza Kicks, in Gracechurch Street, London.

O Eliza! your Susan is the happiest girl under heaven! My Thomas is an angel! not a tall grenadier-like looking fellow, such as I always vowed I would marry; on the contrary, he is what the world would call dumpy, and I hesitate not to confess that his eyes have a cast in them. But what then! when one of his eyes is fixed on me, and one on my babe, they are lighted up with an affection which my pen cannot describe, and which, certainly, was never bestowed upon any woman so strongly as upon your happy Susan Stubbs.

When he comes home from shooting, or the farm, if you *could* see dear Thomas with me and our dear little Bob! as I sit on one knee, and baby on the other, and he dances us both about. I often wish we had Sir Joshua, or some great painter, to depict the group; for sure it is the prettiest picture in the whole world to see three such loving, merry people.

Dear baby is the most lovely little creature that *can possibly be*—the very *image* of papa; he is cutting his teeth, and the delight of *everybody*. Nurse says that when he is older, he will get rid of his squint and his hair will get a *great deal* less red. Dr. Bates is as kind, and skillful, and attentive as we could desire. Think what a blessing to have had him! Ever since poor baby's birth it has never had a day of quiet; and he has been obliged to give it from three or four doses every week; how thankful ought we to be that the *dear thing* is as well as it is! It got through the measles wonderfully; then it had a little rash; and then a nasty whooping cough; and then a fever, and continual pains in its poor little stomach, crying, poor dear child, from morning till night.

But dear Tom is an excellent nurse; and many and many a night has he had no sleep, dear man! in consequence of the poor little baby. He walks up and down with it *for hours*, singing a kind of song (dear fellow, he has no more voice than a tea kettle), and bobbing his head backward and forward, and looking in his nightcap and dressing gown, *so droll*. O Eliza! how you would laugh to see him.

We have one of the best nursemaids *in the world*—an Irishwoman, who is as fond of baby almost as his mother (but that can *never be*). She takes it to walk in the Park for hours together, and I really don't know why Thomas dislikes her. He says she is tipsy, very often, and slovenly, which I cannot conceive—to be sure the nurse is sadly dirty, and sometimes smells very strong of gin.

But what of that? these little drawbacks only make home more pleasant. When one thinks how many mothers have *no* nursemaids; how many poor dear children have no doctors; ought we not to be thankful for Mary Malowney, and that Dr. Bates' bill is forty-seven pounds? How ill must dear baby have been, to require so much physic!

But they are a sad expense, these dear babies, after all. Fancy, Eliza, how much this Mary Malowney costs us. Ten shillings every week; a glass of brandy or gin at din-

ner; three pint bottles of Mr. Thrale's best porter every day—making twenty-one in a week, and nine hundred and ninety in the eleven months she has been with us. Then, for baby, there is Dr. Bates' bill of forty-five guineas, two guineas for christening, twenty for a grand christening supper and ball (rich Uncle John mortally offended because he was made godfather, and had to give baby a silver cup; he has struck Thomas out of his will; and old Mr. Firkin quite as much hurt because he was *not* asked; he will not speak to me or Thomas in consequence); twenty guineas for flannnels, laces, little gowns, caps, napkins, and such baby's ware; and all this out of 300*l.* a year! But Thomas expects to make *a great deal* by his farm.

We have got the most charming country-house *you can imagine;* it is *quite shut in* by trees, and so retired that, though only thirty miles from London, the post comes to us but once a week. The roads, it must be confessed, are execrable; it is winter now, and we are up to our knees in mud and snow. But O Eliza! how happy we are; with Thomas (he has had a sad attack of rheumatism, dear man!) and little Bobby, and our kind friend Dr. Bates, who comes so far to see us, I leave you to fancy that we have a charming merry party, and do not care for all the gayeties of Ranelagh.

Adieu! dear baby is crying for his mamma. A thousand kisses from your affectionate

SUSAN STUBBS.

There it is! Doctor's bills, gentleman-farming, twenty-one pints of porter a week. In this way my unnatural parents were already robbing me of my property.

FEBRUARY—CUTTING WEATHER.

I HAVE called this chapter 'cutting weather,' partly in compliment to the month of February, and partly in respect of my own misfortunes, which you are going to read about. For I have often thought that January (which is mostly twelfth-cake and holiday time) is like the first four or five years of a little boy's life; then comes dismal February, and the working days with it, when chaps begin to look out for themselves, after the Christmas and the New Year's heyday and merry-making are over, which our infancy may well be said to be. Well can I recollect that bitter 1st of February, when I first launched out into the world and appeared at Dr. Swishtail's academy.

I began at school that life of prudence and economy which I have carried on ever since. My mother gave me eighteenpence on setting out (poor soul! I thought her heart would break as she kissed me, and bade God bless me); and, besides, I had a small capital of my own, which I had amassed for a year previous. I'll tell you what I used to do. Wherever I saw six halfpence I took one. If it was asked for, I said I had taken it, and gave it back; if it was not missed, I said nothing about it, as why should I? those who don't miss their money don't lose their money. So I had a little private fortune of three shillings, besides mother's eighteenpence. At school they called me the copper merchant, I had such lots of it.

Now, even at a preparatory school, a well-regulated boy may better himself; and I can tell you I did. I never was in any quarrels; I never was very high in the class or very low; but there was no chap so much respected—and why? *I'd always money.* The other boys spent all theirs in the first day

or two, and they gave me plenty of cakes and barley sugar then, I can tell you. I'd no need to spend my own money, for they would insist upon treating me. Well, in a week, when theirs was gone, and they had but their threepence a week to look to for the rest of the half year, what did I do? Why, I am proud to say that three-halfpence out of the threepence a week of almost all the young gentlemen at Dr. Swishtail's came into my pocket. Suppose, for instance, Tom Hicks wanted a slice of gingerbread, who had the money? Little Bob Stubbs, to be sure. 'Hicks,' I used to say, '*I'll* buy you three half-p'orth of gingerbread, if you'll give me threepence next Saturday.' And he agreed; and next Saturday came, and he very often could not pay me more than three-halfpence. Then there was the threepence I was to have *the next* Saturday. I'll tell you what I did for a whole half year: I lent a chap by the name of Dick Bunting three-halfpence the first Saturday for threepence the next; he could not pay me more than half when Saturday came, and I'm blessed if I did not make him pay me three-halfpence *for three-and-twenty weeks running*, making two shillings and tenpence-halfpenny. But he was a sad dishonorable fellow, Dick Bunting; for after I'd been so kind to him, and let him off for three-and-twenty-weeks the money he owed me, holidays came, and threepence he owed me still. Well, according to the common principles of practice, after six weeks' holidays, he ought to have paid me exactly sixteen shillings, which was my due. For the

First week the 3*d*. would be	6*d*.	Fourth week	4*s*.
Second week	1*s*.	Fifth week	8*s*.
Third week	2*s*.	Sixth week	16*s*.

Nothing could be more just; and yet—will it be believed? when Bunting came back he offered me *three-halfpence!* the mean, dishonest scoundrel.

However, I was even with him, I can tell you. He spent all his money in a fortnight, and *then* I screwed him down! I made him, besides giving me a penny for a penny, pay me a quarter of his bread-and-butter at breakfast and a quarter of his cheese at supper; and before the half-year was out, I got from him a silver fruit-knife, a box of compasses, and a very pretty silver-laced waistcoat, in which I went home as proud as a king; and what's more, I had no less than three golden guineas in the pocket of it, besides fifteen shillings, the knife, and a brass bottle-screw, which I got from another chap. It wasn't bad interest for twelve shillings—which was all the money I'd had in the year—was it? Heigho! I've often wished that I could get such a chance again in this wicked

world; but men are more avaricious now than they used to be in those dear early days.

Well, I went home in my new waistcoat as fine as a peacock; and when I gave the bottle-screw to my father, begging him to take it as a token of my affection for him, my dear mother burst into such a fit of tears as I never saw, and kissed and hugged me fit to smother me. 'Bless him, bless him,' says she, 'to think of his old father. And where did you purchase it, Bob?' 'Why, mother,' says I, 'I purchased it out of my savings' (which was as true as the gospel). When I said this mother looked round to father, smiling, although she had tears in her eyes, and she took his hand, and with her other hand drew me to her. 'Is he not a noble boy?' says she to my father; 'and only nine years old!' 'Faith,' says my father, 'he *is* a good lad, Susan. Thank thee, my boy: and here is a crown-piece in return for thy bottle-screw; it shall open us a bottle of the very best too,' says my father. And he kept his word. I always was fond of good wine (though never, from a motive of proper self-denial, having any in my cellar); and, by Jupiter! on this night I had my little skinful—for there was no stinting—so pleased were my dear parents with the bottle-screw. The best of it was, it only cost me threepence originally which a chap could not pay me.

Seeing this game was such a good one, I became very generous toward my parents; and a capital way it is to encourage liberality in children. I gave mamma a very neat brass thimble, and she gave me a half-guinea piece. Then I gave her a very pretty needle-book, which I made myself with an ace of spades from a new pack of cards we had, and I got Sally, our maid, to cover it with a bit of pink satin her mistress had given her; and I made the leaves of the book, which I vandyked very nicely, out of a piece of flannel I had had round my neck for a sore throat. It smelt a little of hartshorn, but it was a beautiful needle-book; and mamma was so delighted with it that she went into town and bought me a gold-laced hat. Then I bought papa a pretty china tobacco-stopper: but I am sorry to say of my dear father that he was not so generous as my mamma or myself, for he only burst out laughing, and did not give me so much as a half-crown piece, which was the least I expected from him. 'I shan't give you anything, Bob, this time,' says he; 'and I wish, my boy, you would not make any more such presents—for, really, they are too expensive.' Expensive indeed! I hate meanness—even in a father.

I must tell you about the silver-edged waistcoat which Bunt-

ing gave me. Mamma asked me about it, and I told her the truth—that it was a present from one of the boys for my kindness to him. Well, what does she do but writes back to Dr. Swishtail, when I went to school, thanking him for his attention to her dear son, and sending a shilling to the good and grateful little boy who had given me the waistcoat!

'What waistcoat is it,' says the doctor to me, 'and who gave it to you?

'Bunting gave it me, sir,' says I.

'Call Bunting!' And up the little ungrateful chap came. Would you believe it, he burst into tears—told that the waistcoat had been given him by his mother, and that he had been forced to give it for a debt to Copper Merchant, as the nasty little blackguard called me? He then said how, for three-halfpence, he had been compelled to pay me three shillings (the sneak! as if he had been *obliged* to borrow the three-halfpence!)—how all the other boys had been swindled (swindled!) by me in like manner—and how, with only twelve shillings, I had managed to scrape together four guineas. . .

My courage almost fails me as I describe the shameful scene that followed. The boys were called in, my own little account book was dragged out of my cupboard, to prove how much I had received from each, and every farthing of my money was paid back to them. The tyrant took the thirty shillings that my dear parents had given me, and said he should put them into the poor box at church; and, after having made a long discourse to the boys about meanness and usury, he said, 'Take off your coat, Mr. Stubbs, and restore Bunting his waistcoat.' I did, and stood without coat and waistcoat in the midst of the nasty grinning boys. I was going to put on my coat—

'Stop!' says he. 'TAKE DOWN HIS BREECHES!'

Ruthless, brutal villain! Sam Hopkins, the biggest boy, took them down—horsed me—and *I was flogged, sir;* yes flogged! Oh, revenge! I, Robert Stubbs, who had done nothing but what was right, was brutally flogged at ten years of age! Though February was the shortest month, I remembered it long.

MARCH—SHOWERY.

WHEN my mamma heard of the treatment of her darling she was for bringing an action against the schoolmaster, or else for tearing his eyes out (when, dear soul! she would not have torn the eyes out of a flea, had it been her own injury), and, at the very least, for having me removed from the school where I had been so shamefully treated. But papa was stern for once,

and vowed that I had been served quite right, declared that I should not be removed from the school, and sent old Swishtail a brace of pheasants for what he called his kindness to me. Of these the old gentleman invited me to partake, and made a very queer speech at dinner, as he was cutting them up, about the excellence of my parents, and his own determination to be *kinder still* to me, if ever I ventured on such practices again. So I was obliged to give up my old trade of lending; for the doctor declared that any boy who borrowed should be flogged, and anyone who *paid* should be flogged twice as much. There was no standing against such a prohibition as this, and my little commerce was ruined.

I was not very high in the school; not having been able to get farther than that dreadful *Propria quæ maribus* in the Latin grammar, of which, though I have it by heart even now, I never could understand a syllable; but, on account of my size, my age, and the prayers of my mother, was allowed to have the privilege of the bigger boys, and on holidays to walk about in the town. Great dandies we were, too, when we thus went out. I recollect my costume very well; a thunder-and-lightning coat, a white waistcoat embroidered neatly at the pockets, a lace frill, a pair of knee breeches, and elegant white cotton or silk stockings. This did very well, but still I was dissatisfied; I wanted *a pair of boots.* Three boys in the school had boots—I was mad to have them too.

But my papa, when I wrote to him, would not hear of it; and three pounds, the price of a pair, was too large a sum for my mother to take from the housekeeping, or for me to pay, in the present impoverished state of my exchequer; but the desire for the boots was so strong that have them I must at any rate.

There was a German bootmaker who had just set up in *our* town in those days, who afterward made his fortune in London. I determined to have the boots from him, and did not despair, before the end of a year or two, either to leave the school, when I should not mind his dunning me, or to screw the money from mamma, and so pay him.

So I called upon this man—Stiffelkind was his name—and he took my measure for a pair.

'You are a vary yong gentleman to wear dop-boots,' said the shoemaker.

'I suppose, fellow,' says I, 'that is my business and not yours. Either make the boots or not—but when you speak to a man of my rank, speak respectfully!' And I poured out a number of oaths, in order to impress him with a notion of my respectability,

They had the desired effect. 'Stay, sir,' says he. 'I have a nice littel pair of dop-boots dat I tink will jost do for you.' And he produced, sure enough, the most elegant things I ever saw. 'Day were made,' said he, 'for de Honorable Mr. Stiffney, of de Gards, but were too small.'

'Ah, indeed!' said I. 'Stiffney is a relation of mine. And what, you scoundrel, will you have the impudence to ask for these things?' He replied, 'Three pounds.'

'Well,' said I, 'they are confoundedly dear; but, as you will have a long time to wait for your money, why, I shall have my revenge you see.' The man looked alarmed, and began a speech: 'Sare, I cannot let dem go vidout'——but a bright thought struck me, and I interrupted—'Sir! don't sir me. Take off the boots, fellow, and, hark ye, when you speak to a nobleman, don't say—Sir.'

'A hundert tousand pardons, my lort,' says he; 'if I had known you were a lort, I vood never have called you—Sir. Vat name shall I put down in my books?'

'Name?—ah! why, Lord Cornwallis, to be sure,' said I, as I walked off in the boots.

'And vat shall I do vid my lort's shoes?'

'Keep them until I send for them,' said I. And, giving him a patronizing bow, I walked out of the shop, as the German tied up my shoes in paper.

. . . .

This story I would not have told, but that my whole life turned upon these accursed boots. I walked back to school as proud as a peacock, and easily succeeded in satisfying the boys as to the manner in which I came by my new ornaments.

Well, one fatal Monday morning—the blackest of all black Mondays that ever I knew—as we were all of us playing between school-hours, I saw a posse of boys round a stranger, who seemed to be looking out for one of us. A sudden trembling seized me—I knew it was Stiffelkind. What had brought him here? He talked loud, and seemed angry. So I rushed into the schoolroom, and burying my head between my hands, began reading for dear life.

'I vant Lort Cornvallis,' said the horrid bootmaker. 'His lortship belongs, I know, to dis honorable school, for I saw him vid de boys at chorch yesterday.'

'Lord who?'

'Vy, Lort Cornvallis, to be sure—a very fat young nobleman, vid red hair; he squints a little, and svears dreadfully.'

'There's no Lord Cornvallis here,' said one; and there was a pause.

'Stop! I have it,' says that odious Bunting. '*It must be Stubbs!*' And 'Stubbs! Stubbs' everyone cried out, while I was so busy at my book as not to hear a word.

At last, two of the biggest chaps rushed into the school-room, and seizing each an arm, run me into the playground—bolt up against the shoemaker.

'Dis is my man. I beg your lortship's pardon,' says he, 'I have brought your lortship's shoes, vich you left. See, dey have been in dis parcel ever since you vent away in my boots.'

'Shoes, fellow!' says I. 'I never saw your face before!' For I knew there was nothing for it but brazening it out. 'Upon the honor of a gentleman!' said I, turning round to the boys. They hesitated; and if the trick had turned in my favor, fifty of them would have seized hold of Stiffelkind and drubbed him soundly.

'Stop!' says Bunting (hang him!). 'Let's see the shoes. If they fit him, why then the cobbler's right.' They did fit me; and not only that, but the name of STUBBS was written in them at full length.

'Vat!' said Stiffelkind. 'Is he not a lort? So help me Himmel, I never did vonce tink of looking at de shoes, which have been lying ever since in dis piece of brown paper.' And then, gathering anger as he went on, he thundered out so much of his abuse of me, in his German-English, that the boys roared with laughter. Swishtail came in in the midst of the disturbance, and asked what the noise meant.

'It's only Lord Cornwallis, sir,' said the boys, 'battling with his shoemaker about the price of a pair of top-boots.'

'Oh, sir,' said I, 'it was only in fun that I called myself Lord Cornwallis.'

'In fun! Where are the boots? And you, sir, give me your bill.' My beautiful boots were brought; and Stiffelkind produced his bill. 'Lord Cornwallis to Samuel Stiffelkind, for a pair of boots—four guineas.'

'You have been fool enough, sir,' says the doctor, looking very stern, 'to let this boy impose on you as a lord; and knave enough to charge him double the value of the article you sold him. Take back the boots, sir! I won't pay a penny of your bill; nor can you get a penny. As for you, sir, you miserable swindler and cheat, I shall not flog you as I did before, but I shall send you home; you are not fit to be the companion of honest boys.'

'*Suppose we duck him* before he goes?' piped out a very small voice. The doctor grinned significantly, and left the school-

room; and the boys knew by this they might have their will. They seized me and carried me to the playground pump; they pumped upon me until I was half dead; and the monster, Stiffelkind, stood looking on for the half-hour the operation lasted.

I suppose the doctor, at last, thought I had had pumping enough, for he rang the school-bell, and the boys were obliged to leave me. As I got out of the trough, Stiflelkind was alone with me. 'Vell, my lort,' says he, 'you paid *something* for dese boots, but not all. By Jubider, *you shall never hear de end of dem.*' And I didn't.

APRIL—FOOLING.

After this, as you may fancy, I left this disgusting establishment, and lived for some time along with pa and mamma at home. My education was finished, at least mamma and I agreed that it was; and from boyhood until hobbadyhoyhood (which I take to be about the sixteenth year of the life of a young man, and may be likened to the month of April, when spring begins to bloom)—from fourteen until seventeen, I say, I remained at home, doing nothing—for which I have ever since had a great taste—the idol of my mamma, who took part in all my quarrels with father, and used regularly to rob the weekly expenses in order to find me in pocket-money. Poor soul! many and many is the guinea I have had from her in that way; and so she enabled me to cut a very pretty figure.

Papa was for having me at this time articled to a merchant, or put to some profession; but mamma and I agreed that I was born to be a gentleman and not a tradesman, and the army was the only place for me. Everybody was a soldier in those times, for the French war had just begun, and the whole country was swarming with militia regiments. 'We'll get him a commission in a marching regiment,' said my father. 'As we have no money to purchase him up, he'll *fight* his way, I make no doubt.' And papa looked at me with a kind of air of contempt, as much as to say he doubted whether I should be very eager for such a dangerous way of bettering myself.

I wish you could have heard mamma's screech when he talked so coolly of my going out to fight! 'What! send him abroad, across the horrid, horrid sea—to be wrecked and perhaps drowned, and only to land for the purpose of fighting the wicked Frenchmen—to be wounded, and perhaps kick—kick—killed! O Thomas, Thomas! would you murder me and your boy?' There was a regular scene. However, it ended—as it always did—in mother's getting the better, and it was settled

that I should go into the militia. And why not? The uniform is just as handsome, and the danger not half so great. I don't think in the course of my whole military experience I ever fought anything, except an old woman who had the impudence to hallo out, 'Heads up, lobster!' Well, I joined the North Bungays, and was fairly launched into the world.

I was not a handsome man, I know; but there was *something* about me—that's very evident—for the girls always laughed when they talked to me, and the men, though they affected to call me a poor little creature, squint-eyes, knock-knees, red-head, and so on, were evidently annoyed by my success, for they hated me so confoundedly. Even at the present time they go on, though I have given up gallivanting, as I call it. But in the April of my existence—that is, in anno Domini 1791, or so—it was a different case; and having nothing else to do, and being bent upon bettering my condition, I did some very pretty things in that way. But I was not hot-headed and imprudent, like most young fellows. Don't fancy I looked for beauty! Pish! I wasn't such a fool. Nor for temper; I don't care about a bad temper; I could break any woman's heart in two years. What I wanted was to get on in the world. Of course I didn't *prefer* an ugly woman or a shrew; and when the choice offered, would certainly put up with a handsome, good-humored girl, with plenty of money, as any honest man would.

Now there were two tolerably rich girls in our parts; Miss Magdalen Crutty, with £12,000 (and, to do her justice, as plain a girl as ever I saw), and Miss Mary Waters, a fine, tall, plump, smiling, peach-cheeked, golden-haired, white-skinned lass with only ten. Mary Waters lived with her uncle, the doctor, who had helped me into the world, and who was trusted with this little orphan charge very soon after. My mother, as you have heard, was so fond of Bates, and Bates so fond of little Mary, that both, at first, were almost always in our house; and I used to call her my little wife as soon as I could speak, and before she could walk almost. It was beautiful to see us, the neighbors said.

Well, when her brother, the lieutenant of an India ship, came to be captain, and actually gave Mary £5000, when she was about ten years old, and promised her five thousand more, there was a great talking, and bobbing, and smiling between the doctor and my parents, and Mary and I were left together more than ever, and she was told to call me her little husband. And she did; and it was considered a settled thing from that day. She was really amazingly fond of me,

Can anyone call me mercenary after that? Though Miss Crutty had twelve thousand, and Mary only ten (five in hand, and five in the bush), I stuck faithfully to Mary. As a matter of course, Miss Crutty hated Miss Waters. The fact was, Mary had all the country dangling after her, and not a soul would come to Magdalen for all her £12,000. I used to be attentive to her though (as it's always useful to be); and Mary would sometimes laugh and sometimes cry at my flirting with Magdalen. This I thought proper very quickly to check. 'Mary,' said I, 'you know that my love for you is disinterested—for I am faithful to you, though Miss Crutty is richer than you. Don't fly into a rage, then, because I pay her attentions, when you know that my heart and my promise are engaged to you.'

The fact is, to tell a little bit of a secret, there is nothing like the having two strings to your bow. 'Who knows?' thought I. 'Mary may die; and then where are my £10,000?' So I used to be very kind indeed to Miss Crutty; and well it was that I was so; for when I was twenty and Mary eighteen, I'm blessed if news did not arrive that Captain Waters, who was coming home to England with all his money in rupees, had been taken—ship, rupees, self, and all—by a French privateer; and Mary, instead of £10,000, had only £5000, making a difference of no less than £350 per annum betwixt her and Miss Crutty.

I had just joined my regiment (the famous North Bungay Fencibles, Colonel Craw commanding) when this news reached me; and you may fancy how a young man, in an expensive regiment and mess, having uniforms and what not to pay for, and a figure to cut in the world, felt at hearing such news! 'My dearest Robert,' wrote Miss Waters, 'will deplore my dear brother's loss; but not, I am sure, the money which that kind and generous soul had promised me. I have still £5000, and with this and your own little fortune (I had £1000 in the five per cents.) we shall be as happy and contented as possible.'

Happy and contented indeed! Didn't I know how my father got on with his £300 a year, and how it was all he could do out of it to add a hundred a year to my narrow income, and live himself! My mind was made up. I instantly mounted the coach and flew to our village—to Mr. Crutty's, of course. It was the next door to Dr. Bates'; but I had no business *there*.

I found Magdalen in the garden. 'Heavens, Mr. Stubbs!' said she, as in my new uniform I appeared before her, 'I really did never—such a handsome officer—expect to see you.' And she made as if she would blush, and began to tremble violently. I led her to a garden-seat. I seized her hand—it

was not withdrawn. I pressed it; I thought the pressure was returned. I flung myself on my knees, and then I poured into her ear a little speech which I had made up on the top of the coach. 'Divine Miss Crutty,' said I; 'idol of my soul! It was but to catch one glimpse of you that I passed through this garden. I never intended to breathe the secret passion' (oh, no; of course not) 'which was wearing my life away. You know my unfortunate pre-engagement—it is broken, and *for-ever!* I am free; free, but to be your slave—your humblest, fondest, truest slave!' And so on. . .

'Oh, Mr. Stubbs,' said she, as I imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, 'I can't refuse you; but I fear you are a sad naughty man. . .'

Absorbed in the delicious reverie which was caused by the dear creature's confusion, we were both silent for a while, and should have remained so for hours perhaps, so lost were we in happiness, had I not been suddenly roused by a voice exclaiming from behind us—

'Don't cry, Mary! He is a swindling, sneaking scoundrel, and you are well rid of him!'

I turned round. O Heaven! there stood Mary, weeping on Dr Bates' arm, while that miserable apothecary was looking at me with the utmost scorn. The gardener, who had let me in, had told them of my arrival, and now stood grinning behind them. 'Imperence!' was my Magdalen's only exclamation, as she flounced by with the utmost self-possession, while I, glancing daggers at *the spies,* followed her. We retired to the parlor, where she repeated to me the strongest assurances of her love.

I thought I was a made man. Alas, I was only an APRIL FOOL!

MAY—RESTORATION DAY.

As the month of May is considered, by poets and other philosophers, to be devoted by Nature to the great purpose of love-making, I may as well take advantage of that season and acquaint you with the result of *my* amours.

Young, gay, fascinating, and an ensign—I had completely won the heart of my Magdalen; and as for Miss Waters and her nasty uncle, the doctor, there was a complete split between us, as you may fancy; miss pretending, forsooth, that she was glad I had broken off the match, though she would have given her eyes, the little minx, to have had it on again. But this was out of the question. My father, who had all sorts of queer notions, said I had acted like a rascal in the business; my mother took my part, in course, and declared I acted rightly,

as I always did; and I got leave of absence from the regiment in order to press my beloved Magdalen to marry me out of hand—knowing, from reading and experience, the extraordinary mutability of human affairs.

Besides, as the dear girl was seventeen years older than myself, and as bad in health as she was in temper, how was I to know that the grim King of Terrors might not carry her off before she became mine? With the tenderest warmth, then, and most delicate ardor, I continued to press my suit. The happy day was fixed—the ever memorable 10th of May, 1792. The wedding clothes were ordered; and, to make things secure, I penned a little paragraph for the county paper to this effect: 'Marriage in High Life. We understand that Ensign Stubbs, of the North Bungay Fencibles, and son of Thomas Stubbs of Sloffemsquiggle, Esq., is about to lead to the hymeneal altar the lovely and accomplished daughter of Solomon Crutty, Esq., of the same place. A fortune of £20,000 is, we hear, the lady's portion. "None but the brave deserve the fair."'

. . . .

'Have you informed your relatives, my beloved?' said I to Magdalen, one day after sending the above notice. 'Will any of them attend at your marriage?'

'Uncle Sam will, I dare say,' said Miss Crutty, 'dear mamma's brother.'

'And who *was* your dear mamma?' said I; for Miss Crutty's respected parent had long since been dead, and I never heard her name mentioned in the family.

Magdalen blushed, and cast down her eyes to the ground. 'Mamma was a foreigner,' at last she said.

'And of what country?'

'A German. Papa married her when she was very young; she was not of a very good family,' said Miss Crutty hesitating.

'And what care I for family, my love!' said I, tenderly kissing the knuckles of the hand which I held. 'She must have been an angel who gave birth to you.'

'She was a shoemaker's daughter.'

'*A German shoemaker!* Hang 'em!' thought I, 'I have had enough of them;' and so broke up this conversation, which did not somehow please me.

. . . .

Well, the day was drawing near; the clothes were ordered; the banns were read. My dear mamma had built a cake about the size of a washing-tub; and I was only waiting for a week

to pass to put me in possession of £12,000 in the *five* per cents., as they were in those days, Heaven bless 'em! Little did I know the storm that was brewing, and the disappointment which was to fall upon a young man who really did his best to get a fortune.

. . . . . .

'O Robert!' said my Magdalen to me, two days before the match was to come off, 'I have *such* a kind letter from Uncle Sam in London. I wrote to him as you wished. He says that he is coming down to-morrow; that he has heard of you often, and knows your character very well; and that he has got a *very handsome present* for us! What can it be, I wonder?'

'Is he rich, my soul's adored?' says I.

'He is a bachelor, with a fine trade, and nobody to leave his money to.'

'His present can't be less than a thousand pounds?' says I.

'Or perhaps, a silver tea set, and some corner dishes,' says she.

But we could not agree to this: it was too little—too mean for a man of her uncle's wealth; and we both determined it must be the thousand pounds.

'Dear good uncle! he's to be here by the coach,' says Magdalen. 'Let us ask a little party to meet him.' And so we did, and so they came: my father and mother, old Crutty in his best wig, and the parson who was to marry us the next day. The coach was to come in at six. And there was the tea table, and there was the punch bowl, and everybody ready and smiling to receive our dear uncle from London.

Six o'clock came, and the coach, and the man from the Green Dragon, with a portmanteau, and a fat old gentleman walking behind, of whom I just caught a glimpse—a venerable old gentleman; I thought I'd seen him before.

. . . . . .

Then there was a ring at the bell; then a scuffling and bumping in the passage; then old Crutty rushed out, and a great laughing and talking, and '*How are you?*' and so on, was heard at the door; and then the parlor door was flung open, and Crutty cried out with a loud voice:

'Good people all! my brother-in-law, *Mr. Stiffelkind!*'

Mr. Stiffelkind! I trembled as I heard the name.

Miss Crutty kissed him; mamma made him a courtesy, and papa made him a bow; and Dr. Snorter, the parson, seized his hand and shook it most warmly; then came my turn!

'Vat?' says he. 'It is my dear goot yong frend from Doctor Schvis'bentail's! is dis de yong gentleman's honorable moder' (mamma smiled and made a courtesy), 'and dis his

fader? Sare and madam, you should be broud of soch a sonn. And you, my niece, if you have him for a husband, you will be locky, dat is all. Vat dink you, broder Croty, and Madame Stubbs, I 'ave made your sonn's boots! Ha—ha!'

My mamma laughed, and said. 'I did not know it, but I am sure, sir, he has as pretty a leg for a boot as any in the whole county.'

Old Stiffelkind roared louder. 'A very nice leg, ma'am, and a very *sheap boot too.* Vat! did you not know I make his boots? Perhaps you did not know something else too—p'raps you did not know' (and here the monster clapped his hand on the table and made the punch ladle tremble in the bowl)—'p'raps you did not know as dat yong man, dat Stubbs, dat sneaking, baltry, squinting fellow, is as wicked as he is ogly. He bot a pair of boots from me and never paid for dem. Dat is noting, nobody never pays; but he bot a pair of boots, and called himself Lord Cornvallis. And I was fool enough to believe him vonce. But look you, Niece Magdalen, I 'ave got five tousand pounds; if you marry him I will not give you a benny. But look you what I will gif you; I bromised you a bresent, and I will give you *dese!*'

And the old monster produced *those very boots* which Swishtail had made him take back.

. . . .

I *didn't* marry Miss Crutty: I am not sorry for it though. She was a nasty, ugly, ill-tempered wretch, and I've always said so ever since.

And all this rose from these infernal boots, and that unlucky paragraph in the county paper—I'll tell you how.

In the first place, it was taken up as a quiz by one of the wicked, profligate, unprincipled organs of the London press, who chose to be very facetious about the 'Marriage in High Life,' and made all sorts of jokes about me and my dear Miss Crutty.

Secondly, it was read in this London paper by my mortal enemy, Bunting, who had been introduced to old Stiffelkind's acquaintance by my adventure with him, and had his shoes made regularly by that foreign upstart.

Thirdly, he happened to want a pair of shoes mended at this particular period, and as he was measured by the disgusting old High-Dutch cobbler he told him his old friend Stubbs was going to be married.

'And to whom?' said old Stiffelkind. 'To a voman wit geld, I vill take my oath.'

'Yes,' says Bunting, 'a country girl—a Miss Magdalen Carotty or Crotty, at a place called Sloffemsquiggle.'

'*Schloffemschwiegel!*' burst out the dreadful bootmaker. 'Mein Gott, mein Gott! das geht nicht! I tell you sure, it is no go. Miss Crotty is my niece. I will go down myself. I will never let her marry dat goot-for-nothing schwindler and tief.' *Such* was the language that the scoundrel ventured to use regarding me!

JUNE—MARROWBONES AND CLEAVERS.

Was there ever such confounded ill luck? My whole life has been a tissue of ill luck; although I have labored perhaps harder than any man to make a fortune, something always tumbled it down. In love and in war I was not like others. In my marriages, I had an eye to the main chance; and you see how some unlucky blow would come and throw them over. In the army I was just as prudent, and just as unfortunate. What with judicious betting and horse-swapping, good luck at billiards and economy, I do believe I put by my pay every year—and that is what few can say who have but an allowance of a hundred a year.

I'll tell you how it was. I used to be very kind to the young men; I chose their horses for them, and their wine; and showed them how to play billiards, or écarté, of long mornings, when there was nothing better to do. I didn't cheat; I'd rather die than cheat; but if fellows *will* play I wasn't the man to say no; why should I? There was one young chap in our regiment of whom I really think I cleared £300 a year.

His name was Dobble. He was a tailor's son, and wanted to be a gentleman. A poor weak young creature; easy to be made tipsy, easy to be cheated, and easy to be frightened. It was a blessing for him that I found him; for if anybody else had, they would have plucked him of every shilling.

Ensign Dobble and I were sworn friends. I rode his horses for him, and chose his champagne, and did everything, in fact, that a superior mind does for an inferior—when the inferior has got the money. We were inseparables—hunting everywhere in couples. We even managed to fall in love with two sisters, as young soldiers will do, you know, for the dogs fall in love with every change of quarters.

Well, once, in the year 1793 (it was just when the French had chopped poor Louis' head off), Dobble and I, gay young chaps as ever wore sword by side, had cast our eyes upon two young ladies by the name of Brisket, daughters of a butcher in

the town where we were quartered. The dear girls fell in love with us, of course. And many a pleasant walk in the country, many a treat to a tea garden, many a smart ribbon and brooch used Dobble and I (for his father allowed him £600, and our purses were in common) present to these young ladies. One day, fancy our pleasure at receiving a note couched thus:

DEER CAPTING STUBBS AND DOBBLE—Miss Briskets presents their compliments, and as it is probble that our papa will be till twelve at the corprayshun dinner, we request the pleasure of their company to tea.

Didn't we go! Punctually at six we were in the little back parlor; we quaffed more Bohea, and made more love, than half a dozen ordinary men could. At nine, a little punch bowl succeeded to the little teapot; and, bless the girls! a nice fresh steak was frizzling on the gridiron for our supper. Butchers were butchers then, and their parlor was their kitchen too; at least old Brisket's was—one door leading into the shop, and one into the yard, on the other side of which was the slaughter house.

Fancy, then, our horror when, just at this critical time, we heard the shop door open, a heavy staggering step on the flags, and a loud husky voice from the shop, shouting, 'Hallo, Susan; hallo, Betsy! show a light!' Dobble turned as white as a sheet; the two girls each as red as a lobster; I alone preserved my presence of mind. 'The back door,' says I. 'The dog's in the court,' say they. 'He's not so bad as the man,' said I. 'Stop!' cries Susan, flinging open the door, and rushing to the fire. 'Take *this*, and perhaps it will quiet him.'

What do you think '*this*' was? I'm blessed if it was not the *steak!*

She pushed us out, patted and hushed the dog, and was in again in a minute. The moon was shining on the court, and on the slaughter house, where there hung the white ghastly looking carcasses of a couple of sheep; a great gutter ran down the court—a gutter of *blood!* The dog was devouring his beefsteak (*our* beefsteak) in silence; and we could see through the little window the girls bustling about to pack up the supper-things, and presently the shop door being opened, old Brisket entering, staggering, angry, and drunk. What's more, we could see, perched on a high stool, and nodding politely, as if to salute old Brisket, the *feather of Dobble's cocked hat!* When Dobble saw it he turned white and deadly sick; and the poor fellow, in an agony of fright, sunk shivering down upon one of the butcher's cutting blocks, which was in the yard.

We saw old Brisket look steadily (as steadily as he could)

at the confounded, impudent, pert, waggling feather; and then an idea began to dawn upon his mind, that there was a head to the hat; and then he slowly rose up—he was a man of six feet, and fifteen stone—he rose up, put on his apron and sleeves, and *took down his cleaver.*

'Betsy,' says he, 'open the yard door.' But the poor girls screamed, and flung on their knees, and begged, and wept, and did their best to prevent him. 'Open the Yard Door!' says he, with a thundering loud voice; and the great bull-dog, hearing it, started up and uttered a yell which sent me flying to the other end of the court.—Dobble couldn't move; he was sitting on the block, blubbering like a baby.

The door opened, and out Mr. Brisket came.

'*To him, Jowler!*' says he. '*Keep him, Jowler!*'—and the horrid dog flew at me, and I flew back into the corner, and drew my sword, determining to sell my life dearly.

'That's it,' says Brisket. 'Keep him there; good dog, good dog! And now, sir,' says he, turning round to Dobble, 'is this your hat?'

'Yes,' says Dobble, fit to choke with fright.

'Well, then,' says Brisket, 'it's my—(hic)—my painful duty to—(hic)—to tell you, that as I've got your hat, I must have your head; it's painful, but it must be done. You'd better—(hic)—settle yourself com—comfumarably against that—(hic)—that block, and I'll chop it off before you can say Jack—(hic)—no, I mean Jack Robinson.'

Dobble went down on his knees and shrieked out, 'I'm an only son, Mr. Brisket! I'll marry her, sir; I will, upon my honor, sir. Consider my mother, sir; consider my mother.'

'That's it, sir,' says Brisket; 'that's a good—(hic)—a good boy; just put your head down quietly—and I'll have it off—yes, off—as if you were Louis the Six—the Sixtix—the Sik-tickleteenth.—I'll chop the other *chap afterward.*'

When I heard this, I made a sudden bound back and gave such a cry as any man might who was in such a way. The ferocious Jowler, thinking I was going to escape, flew at my throat; screaming furious, I flung out my arms in a kind of desperation—and, to my wonder, down fell the dog, dead, and run through the body!

. . . .

At this moment a posse of people rushed in upon old Brisket—one of his daughters had had the sense to summon them—and Dobble's head was saved. And when they saw the dog lying dead at my feet, my ghastly look, my bloody sword, they

gave me no small credit for my bravery. 'A terrible fellow that Stubbs,' said they; and so the mess said the next day.

I didn't tell them that the dog had committed *suicide*—why should I? And I didn't say a word about Dobble's cowardice. I said he was a brave fellow, and fought like a tiger; and this prevented *him* from telling tales. I had the dogskin made into a pair of pistol-holsters, and looked so fierce, and got such a name for courage in our regiment, that when we had to meet the regulars, Bob Stubbs was always the man put forward to support the honor of the corps. The women, you know, adore courage; and such was my reputation at this time that I might have had my pick out of half a dozen, with three, four, or five thousands pounds apiece, who were dying for love of me and my red coat. But I wasn't such a fool. I had been twice on the point of marriage, and twice disappointed; and I vowed by all the saints to have a wife, and a rich one. Depend upon this as an infallible maxim to guide you through life: *It's as easy to get a rich wife as a poor one:* the same bait that will hook a fly will hook a salmon.

JULY—SUMMARY PROCEEDINGS.

Dobble's reputation for courage was not increased by the butcher's-dog adventure; but mine stood very high: little Stubbs was voted the boldest chap of all the bold North Bungays. And though I must confess what was proved by subsequent circumstances, that nature has *not* endowed me with a large, or even, I may say, an average share of bravery, yet a man is very willing to flatter himself to the contrary; and, after a little time, I got to believe that my killing the dog was an action of undaunted courage, and that I was as gallant as any of the one hundred thousand heroes of our army. I always had a military taste—it's only the brutal part of the profession, the horrid fighting and blood, that I don't like.

I suppose the regiment was not very brave itself—being only militia; but certain it was that Stubbs was considered a most terrible fellow, and I swore so much, and looked so fierce, that you would have fancied I had made half a hundred campaigns. I was second in several duels: the umpire in all disputes; and such a crack shot myself that fellows were shy of insulting me. As for Dobble, I took him under my protection; and he became so attached to me that we ate, drank, and rode together every day; his father didn't care for money, so long as his son was in good company—and what so good as that of the celebrated Stubbs? Heigho! I *was* good company

in those days, and a brave fellow too, as I should have remained, but for—what I shall tell the public immediately.

It happened, in the fatal year '96, that the brave North Bungays were quartered at Portsmouth, a maritime place, which I need not describe, and which I wish I had never seen. I might have been a general now, or, at least, a rich man.

The red-coats carried everything before them in those days; and I, such a crack character as I was in my regiment, was very well received by the townspeople: many dinners I had; many tea parties; many lovely young ladies did I lead down the pleasant country dances.

Well, although I had had the two former rebuffs in love which I have described, my heart was still young; and the fact was, knowing that a girl with a fortune was my only chance, I made love here as furiously as ever. I shan't describe the lovely creatures on whom I fixed while at Portsmouth. I tried more than—several; and it is a singular fact which I never have been able to account for, that, successful as I was with ladies of maturer age, by the young ones I was refused regular.

But 'faint-heart never won fair lady'; and so I went on, and on, until I had got a Miss Clopper, a tolerably rich navy-contractor's daughter, into such a way that I really don't think she could have refused me. Her brother, Captain Clopper, was in a line regiment, and helped me as much as ever he could; he swore I was such a brave fellow.

As I had received a number of attentions from Clopper, I determined to invite him to dinner; which I could do without any sacrifice of my principle upon this point: for the fact is, Dobble lived at an inn, and as he sent all his bills to his father I made no scruple to use his table. We dined in the coffee room, Dobble bringing *his* friend; and so we made a party *carry*, as the French say. Some naval officers were occupied in a similar way at a table next to ours.

Well, I didn't spare the bottle, either for myself or for my friends; and we grew very talkative and very affectionate as the drinking went on. Each man told stories of his gallantry in the field, or among the ladies, as officers will, after dinner. Clopper confided to the company his wish that I should marry his sister, and vowed that he thought me the best fellow in Christendom.

Ensign Dobble assented to this. 'But let Miss Clopper beware,' says he, 'for Stubbs is a sad fellow: he has had I don't know how many *liaisons* already; and he has been engaged to I don't know how many women.

'Indeed!' says Clopper. 'Come, Stubbs, tell us your adventures.'

'Psha?' said I modestly, 'there is nothing, indeed, to tell. I have been in love, my dear boy; who has not? and I have been jilted; who has not?'

Clopper swore that he would blow his sister's brains out if ever *she* served me so.

'Tell him about Miss Crutty,' said Dobble. 'He! he! Stubbs served *that* woman out, anyhow; she didn't jilt *him*, I'll be sworn.'

'Really, Dobble, you are too bad, and should not mention names. The fact is, the girl was desperately in love with me, and had money—£60,000, upon my reputation. Well, everything was arranged, when who should come down from London but a relation.'

'Well, and did he prevent the match?'

'Prevent it—yes, sir, I believe you he did; though not in the sense that *you* mean. He would have given his eyes—ay, and £10,000 more—if I would have accepted the girl, but I would not.'

'Why, in the name of goodness?'

'Sir, her uncle was a *shoemaker*. I never would debase myself by marrying into such a family.'

'Of course not,' said Dobble; 'he couldn't, you know. Well, now—tell him about the other girl, Mary Waters, you know.'

'Hush, Dobble, hush! don't you see one of those naval officers has turned round and heard you? My dear Clopper, it was a mere childish bagatelle.'

'Well, but let's have it,' said Clopper—'let's have it. I won't tell my sister, you know.' And he put his hand to his nose and looked monstrous wise.

'Nothing of that sort, Clopper. No, no, 'pon honor; little Bob Stubbs is no *libertine;* and the story is very simple. You see that my father has a small place, merely a few hundred acres, at Sloffemsquiggle. Isn't it a funny name? Hang it, there's the naval gentleman staring again'—(I looked terribly fierce as I returned this officer's stare, and continued in a loud careless voice). 'Well, at this Sloffemsquiggle there lived a girl, a Miss Waters, the niece of some blackguard apothecary in the neighborhood; but my mother took a fancy to the girl, and had her up to the Park and petted her. We were both young—and—and—the girl fell in love with me, that's the fact. I was obliged to repel some rather warm advances that she made me; and here, upon my honor as a

gentleman, you have all the story about which that silly Dobble makes such a noise.'

Just as I finished this sentence, I found myself suddenly taken by the nose, and a voice shouting out:

'Mr. Stubbs, you are A LIAR AND A SCOUNDREL! Take this, sir—and this, for daring to meddle with the name of an innocent lady.'

I turned round as well as I could—for the ruffian had pulled me out of my chair—and beheld a great marine monster, six feet high, who was occupied in beating and kicking me, in the most ungentlemanly manner, on my cheeks, my ribs, and between the tails of my coat. 'He is a liar, gentlemen, and a scoundrel! The bootmaker had detected him in swindling, and so his niece refused him. Miss Waters was engaged to him from childhood, and he deserted her for the bootmaker's niece, who was richer.' And then sticking a card between my stock and my coat-collar, in what is called the scuff of my neck, the disgusting brute gave me another blow behind my back, and left the coffeeroom with his friends.

Dobble raised me up; and taking the card from my neck, read 'CAPTAIN WATERS.' Clopper poured me out a glass of water, and said in my ear. 'If this is true, you are an infernal scoundrel, Stubbs; and must fight me, after Captain Waters;' and he flounced out of the room.

I had but one course to pursue. I sent the captain a short and contemptuous note, saying that he was beneath my anger. As for Clopper, I did not condescend to notice his remark; but in order to get rid of the troublesome society of these low blackguards, I determined to gratify an inclination I had long entertained, and make a little tour. I applied for leave of absence, and set off *that very night*. I can fancy the disappointment of the brutal Waters, on coming, as he did, the next morning to my quarters and finding me *gone*. Ha! ha!

After this adventure I became sick of a military life—at least the life of my own regiment, where the officers, such was their unaccountable meanness and prejudice against me, absolutely refused to see me at mess. Colonel Craw sent me a letter to this effect, which I treated as it deserved. I never once alluded to it in any way, and have since never spoken a single word to any man in the North Bungays.

AUGUST—DOGS HAVE THEIR DAYS.

SEE, now, what life is! I have had ill luck on ill luck from that day to this. I have sunk in the world, and, instead of

riding my horse and drinking my wine, as a real gentleman should, have hardly enough now to buy a pint of ale; ay, and am very glad when anybody will treat me to one. Why, why was I born to undergo such unmerited misfortunes?

You must know that very soon after my adventure with Miss Crutty, and that cowardly ruffian, Captain Waters (he sailed the day after his insult to me, or I should most certainly have blown his brains out; *now* he is living in England, and is my relation; but of course, I cut the fellow)—very soon after these painful events another happened, which ended, too, in a sad disappointment. My dear papa died, and instead of leaving £5000, as I expected at the very least, left only his estate, which was worth but two. The land and house were left to me; to mamma and my sisters he left, to be sure, a sum of two £2000 in the hands of that eminent firm Messrs. Pump, Aldgate & Co., which failed within six months after his demise, and paid in five years about one shilling and ninepence in the pound; which really was all my dear mother and sisters had to live upon.

The poor creatures were quite unused to money matters; and would you believe it? when the news came of Pump & Aldgate's failure, mamma only smiled, and threw her eyes up to heaven, and said, 'Blessed be God that we have still wherewithal to live. There are tens of thousands in this world, dear children, who would count our poverty riches.' And with this she kissed my two sisters, who began to blubber, as girls always will do, and threw their arms around her neck, and then round my neck, until I was half stifled with their embraces and slobbered all over with their tears.

'Dearest mamma,' said I, 'I am very glad to see the noble manner in which you bear your loss; and more still to know that you are so rich as to be able to put up with it.' The fact was, I really thought the old lady had got a private hoard of her own, as many of them have—a thousand pounds or so in a stocking. Had she put by £30 a year, as well she might, for the thirty years of her marriage, there would have been £900 clear, and no mistake. But still I was angry to think that any such paltry concealment had been practiced—concealment too of *my* money; so I turned on her pretty sharply and continued my speech. 'You say, ma'am, that you are rich, and that Pump & Aldgate's failure has no effect upon you. I am very happy to hear you say so, ma'am—very happy that you *are* rich; and I should like to know where your property, my father's property, for you had none of your

own—I should like to know where this money lies—*where you have concealed it,* ma'am ; and permit me to say, that when I agreed to board you and my two sisters for £80 a year, I did not know that you had *other* resources than those mentioned in my blessed father's will.'

This I said to her because I hated the meanness of concealment, not because I lost by the bargain of boarding them ; for the three poor things did not eat much more than sparrows ; and I've often since calculated that I had a clear £20 a year profit out of them.

Mamma and the girls looked quite astonished when I made the speech. 'What does he mean ?' said Lucy to Eliza.

Mamma repeated the question. 'My beloved Robert, what concealment are you talking of ?'

'I am talking of concealed property, ma'am,' says I sternly.

'And do you—what—can you—do you really suppose that I have concealed—any of that blessed sa-a-aint's prop-op-op-operty ?' screams out mamma. 'Robert,' says she—'Bob, my own darling boy—my fondest, best beloved, now *he* is gone' (meaning my late governor—more tears)—'you don't, you cannot fancy that your own mother, who bore you, and nursed you, and wept for you, and would give her all to save you from a moment's harm—and you don't suppose that she would ch-e-e-eat you !' And here she gave a louder screech than ever, and flung back on the sofa ; and one of my sisters went and tumbled into her arms, and t'other went round, and the kissing and slobbering scene went on again, only I was left out, thank goodness. I hate such sentimentality.

'*Che-e-e-eat me,*' says I, mocking her. 'What do you mean, then, by saying you're so rich ? Say, have you got money, or have you not ?' (And I rapped out a good number of oaths, too, which I don't put in here ; but I was in a dreadful fury, that's the fact.)

'So help me Heaven,' says mamma, in answer, going down on her knees and smacking her two hands, 'I have but a Queen Anne's guinea in the whole of this wicked world.'

'Then what, madam, induces you to tell these absurd stories to me, and to talk about your riches, when you know that you and your daughters are beggars, ma'am—*beggars ?*'

'My dearest boy, have we not got the house, and the furniture, and a hundred a year still ; and have you not great talents, which will make all our fortunes ?' says Mrs. Stubbs, getting up off her knees, and making believe to smile as she clawed hold of my hand and kissed it.

This was *too* cool. '*You* have got a hundred a year, ma'am,' says I—'*you* have got a house? Upon my soul and honor this is the first I ever heard of it; and I'll tell you what, ma'am,' says I (and it cut her *pretty sharply* too): 'As you've got it, *you'd better go and live in it.* I've got quite enough to do with my own house, and every penny of my own income.'

Upon this speech the old lady said nothing, but she gave a screech loud enough to be heard from here to York, and down she fell—kicking and struggling in a regular fit.

. . . .

I did not see Mrs. Stubbs for some days after this, and the girls used to come down to meals, and never speak, going up again and stopping with their mother. At last, one day, both of them came in very solemn to my study, and Eliza, the eldest, said, 'Robert, mamma has paid you our board up to Michaelmas.'

'She has,' says I; for I always took precious good care to have it in advance.

'She says, Robert, that on Michaelmas day—we'll—we'll go away, Robert.'

'Oh, she's going to her own house, is she, Lizzy? Very good. She'll want the furniture, I suppose, and that she may have too, for I'm going to sell the place myself.' And so *that* matter was settled.

. . . .

On Michaelmas day—and during these two months I hadn't, I do believe, seen my mother twice (once, about two o'clock in the morning, I woke and found her sobbing over my bed)—on Michaelmas-day morning, Eliza comes to me and says, '*Robert, they will come and fetch us at six this evening.*' Well, as this was the last day, I went and got the best goose I could find (I don't think I ever saw a primer, or ate more hearty myself), and had it roasted at three, with a good pudding afterward, and a glorious bowl of punch. 'Here's a health to you, dear girls,' says I, 'and you, ma, and good luck to all three; and as you've not eaten a morsel, I hope you won't object to a glass of punch. It's the old stuff, you know, ma'am, that that Waters sent to my father fifteen years ago.'

Six o'clock came, and with it came a fine barouche. As I live, Captain Waters was on the box (it was his coach); that old thief Bates jumped out, entered my house, and before I could say Jack Robinson whipped off mamma to the carriage: the girls followed, just giving me a hasty shake of the hand:

and as mamma was helped in, Mary Waters, who was sitting inside, flung her arms round her and then round the girls ; and the doctor, who acted footman, jumped on the box, and off they went; taking no more notice of *me* than if I'd been a nonentity.

Here's a picture of the whole business : mamma and Miss Waters are sitting kissing each other in the carriage, with the two girls in the back seat ; Waters is driving (a precious bad driver he is too) ; and I'm standing at the garden door, and whistling. That old fool Mary Malowney is crying behind the garden gate ; she went off next day along with the furniture ; and I to get into that precious scrape which I shall mention next.

SEPTEMBER—PLUCKING A GOOSE.

After my papa's death, as he left me no money, and only a little land, I put my estate into an auctioneer's hands, and determined to amuse my solitude with a trip to some of our fashionable watering places. My house was now a desert to me. I need not say how the departure of my dear parent and her children left me sad and lonely.

Well, I had a little ready money, and, for the estate, expected a couple of thousand pounds. I had a good military looking person ; for though I had absolutely cut the old North Bungays (indeed, after my affair with Waters, Colonel Craw hinted to me, in the most friendly manner, that I had better resign)—though I had left the army, I still retained the rank of captain ; knowing the advantages attendant upon that title in a watering place tour.

Captain Stubbs became a great dandy at Cheltenham, Harrogate, Bath, Leamington, and other places. I was a good whist and billiard player ; so much so, that in many of these towns the people used to refuse, at last, to play with me, knowing how far I was their superior. Fancy my surprise, about five years after the Portsmouth affair, when, strolling one day up the High Street in Leamington, my eyes lighted upon a young man, whom I remembered in a certain butcher's yard, and elsewhere—no other, in fact, than Dobble. He, too, was dressed *en militaire*, with a frogged coat and spurs ; and was walking with a showy-looking, Jewish-faced, black-haired lady, glittering with chains and rings, with a green bonnet and a bird of paradise—a lilac shawl, a yellow gown, pink silk stockings, and light blue shoes. Three children and a handsome footman were walking behind her, and the party, not seeing me, entered the Royal Hotel together.

I was known myself at the Royal, and calling one of the waiters, learned the names of the lady and gentleman. He was Captain Dobble, the son of the rich army clothier Dobble (Dobble, Hobble & Co. of Pall Mall); the lady was a Mrs. Manasseh, widow of an American Jew, living quietly at Leamington with her children, but possessed of an immense property. There's no use to give one's self out to be an absolute pauper; so the fact is that I myself went everywhere with the character of a man of very large means. My father had died, leaving me immense sums of money and landed estates. Ah! I was the gentleman then, the real gentleman, and everybody was too happy to have me at table.

Well, I came the next day and left a card for Dobble, with a note. He neither returned my visit nor answered my note. The day after, however, I met him with the widow, as before; and going up to him, very kindly seized him by the hand and swore I was—as really was the case—charmed to see him. Dobble hung back, to my surprise, and I do believe the creature would have cut me, if he dared; but I gave him a frown and said:

'What, Dobble, my boy, don't you recollect old Stubbs, and our adventure with the butcher's daughters—ha?'

Dobble gave a sickly kind of grin, and said, 'Oh! ah! yes! It is—yes! it is, I believe, Captain Stubbs.'

'An old comrade, madam, of Captain Dobble's, and one who has heard so much, and seen so much of your ladyship, that he must take the liberty of begging his friend to introduce him.'

Dobble was obliged to take the hint; and Captain Stubbs was duly presented to Mrs. Manasseh. The lady was as gracious as possible; and when, at the end of the walk, we parted, she said 'she hoped Captain Dobble would bring me to her apartments that evening, where she expected a few friends.' Everybody, you see, knows everybody at Leamington; and I, for my part, was well known as a retired officer of the army, who, on his father's death, had come into seven thousand a year. Dobble's arrival had been subsequent to mine; but putting up as he did at the Royal Hotel, and dining at the ordinary there with the widow, he had made her acquaintance before I had. I saw, however, that if I allowed him to talk about me as he could I should be compelled to give up all my hopes and pleasures at Leamington; and so I determined to be short with him. As soon as the lady had gone into the hotel, my friend Dobble was for leaving me likewise; but I stopped him, and said, 'Mr. Dobble, I saw what you meant

just now: you wanted to cut me, because, forsooth, I did not choose to fight a duel at Portsmouth. Now look you, Dobble, I am no hero, but I'm not such a coward as you—and you know it. You are a very different man to deal with from Waters; and *I will fight* this time.'

Not perhaps that I would; but after the business of the butcher, I knew Dobble to be as great a coward as ever lived; and there never was any harm in threatening, for you know you are not obliged to stick to it afterward. My words had their effect upon Dobble, who stuttered and looked red, and then declared he never had the slightest intention of passing me by; so we became friends, and his mouth was stopped.

He was very thick with the widow, but that lady had a very capacious heart, and there were a number of other gentlemen who seemed equally smitten with her. 'Look at that Mrs. Manasseh,' said a gentleman (it was droll, *he* was a Jew, too) sitting at dinner by me. 'She is old and ugly, and yet, because she has money, all the men are flinging themselves at her.'

'She has money, has she?'

'Eighty thousand pounds, and twenty thousand for each of her children. I know it *for a fact*,' said the strange gentleman. 'I am in the law, and we of our faith, you know, know pretty well what the great families among us are worth."

'Who was Mr. Manasseh?' said I.

'A man of enormous wealth—a tobacco merchant—West Indies; a fellow of no birth, however; and who, between ourselves, married a woman that is not much better than she should be. My dear sir,' whispered he, 'she is always in love. Now it is with that Captain Dobble; last week it was with somebody else—and it may be you next week, if—ha! ha! ha! you are disposed to enter the lists. I wouldn't, for *my* part, have the woman with twice her money.'

What did it matter to me whether the woman was good or not, provided she was rich? My course was quite clear. I told Dobble all that this gentleman had informed me, and being a pretty good hand at making a story, I made the widow appear *so* bad that the poor fellow was quite frightened, and fairly quitted the field. Ha! ha! I'm dashed if I did not make him believe that Mrs. Manasseh had *murdered* her last husband.

I played my game so well, thanks to the information that my friend the lawyer had given me, that in a month I had got the widow to show a most decided partiality for me. I sat by her at dinner, I drank with her at the Wells—I rode with

her, I danced with her, and at a picnic to Kenilworth, where we drank a good deal of champagne, I actually popped the question, and was accepted. In another month, Robert Stubbs, Esq., led to the altar, Leah, widow of the late Z. Manasseh, Esq., of St. Kitt's!

We drove up to London in her comfortable chariot; the children and servants following in a post chaise. I paid, of course, for everything: and until our house in Berkeley Square was painted, we stopped at Steven's Hotel.

. . . .

My own estate had been sold, and the money was lying at a bank in the City. About three days after our arrival, as we took our breakfast in the hotel, previous to a visit to Mrs. Stubbs' banker, where certain little transfers were to be made, a gentleman was introduced, who, I saw at a glance, was of my wife's persuasion.

He looked at Mrs. Stubbs, and made a bow. 'Perhaps it will be convenient to you to pay this little bill, £152?'

'My love,' says she, 'will you pay this—it is a trifle which I had really forgotten?'

'My soul!' said I, 'I have really not the money in the house.'

'Vel, denn, Captain Shtubbsh,' says he, 'I must do my duty—and arrest you—here is the writ! Tom, keep the door!' My wife fainted, the children screamed, and fancy my condition as I was obliged to march off to a sponging house along with a horrid sheriff's officer!

OCTOBER—MARS AND VENUS IN OPPOSITION.

I shall not describe my feelings when I found myself in a cage in Cursitor Street, instead of that fine house in Berkeley Square which was to have been mine as the husband of Mrs. Manasseh. What a place! in an odious, dismal street leading from Chancery Lane. A hideous Jew boy opened the second of the three doors and shut it when Mr. Nabb and I (almost fainting) had entered; then he opened the third door, and then I was introduced to a filthy place called a coffee-room, which I exchanged for the solitary comfort of a little dingy back parlor, where I was left for a while to brood over my miserable fate. Fancy the change between this and Berkeley Square! Was I, after all my pains, and cleverness, and perseverance, cheated at last? Had this Mrs. Manasseh been imposing upon me, and were the words of the wretch I

met at the table-d'hôte at Leamington only meant to mislead me and take me in? I determined to send for my wife, and know the whole truth. I saw at once that I had been the victim of an infernal plot, and that the carriage, the house in town, the West India fortune, were only so many lies which I had blindly believed. It was true the debt was but a hundred and fifty pounds; and I had two thousand at my bankers. But was the loss of *her* £80,000 nothing? Was the destruction of my hopes nothing? The accursed addition to my family of a Jewish wife and three Jewish children, nothing? And all these I was to support out of my £2000. I had better have stopped at home with my mamma and sisters, whom I really did love, and who produced me £80 a year.

I had a furious interview with Mrs. Stubbs; and when I charged her, the base wretch! with cheating me, like a brazen serpent as she was, she flung back the cheat in my teeth, and swore I had swindled her. Why did I marry her, when she might have had twenty others! She only took me, she said, because I had £20,000. I *had* said I possessed that sum; but in love, you know, and war all's fair.

We parted quite as angrily as we met; and I cordially vowed that when I had paid the debt into which I had been swindled by her, I would take my £2000 and depart to some desert island; or, at the very least, to America, and never see her more, or any of her Israelitish brood. There was no use in remaining in the sponging house (for I knew that there were such things as detainers, and that where Mrs. Stubbs owed a hundred pounds, she might owe a thousand); so I sent for Mr. Nabb, and tendering him a check for £150 and his costs, requested to be let out forthwith. 'Here, fellow,' said I, 'is a check on Child's for your paltry sum.'

'It may be a check on Shild's,' says Mr. Nabb; 'but I should be a baby to let you out on such a paper as dat.'

'Well,' said I, 'Child's is but a step from this; you may go and get the cash—just give me an acknowledgment.'

Nabb drew out the acknowledgment with great punctuality, and set off for the bankers, while I prepared myself for departure from this abominable prison.

He smiled as he came in. 'Well,' said I, 'you have touched your money; and now, I must tell you, that you are the most infernal rogue and extortioner I ever met with.'

'Oh, no, Mishter Shtubbsh,' says he, grinning still. 'Dere is some greater roag dan me—mosh greater.'

'Fellow,' said I, 'don't stand grinning before a gentleman;

but give me my hat and cloak, and let me leave your filthy den.'

'Stop, Shtubbsh,' says he, not even Mistering me this time. 'Here ish a letter, vich you had better read.'

I opened the letter; something fell to the ground—it was my check.

The letter ran thus: 'Messrs. Child & Co. present their compliments to Captain Stubbs, and regret that they have been obliged to refuse payment of the inclosed, having been served this day with an attachment by Messrs. Solomonson & Co., which compels them to retain Captain Stubbs' balance of £2010 11*s*. 6*d*. until the decision of the suit of Solomonson *v*. Stubbs. *Fleet Street.*'

'You see,' says Mr. Nabb, as I read this dreadful letter—'you see, Shtubbsh, dere vas two debts—a little von and a big von. So dey arrested you for de little von, and attashed your money for de big von.'

Don't laugh at me for telling this story. If you knew what tears are blotting over the paper as I write it; if you knew that for weeks after I was more like a madman than a sane man—a madman in the Fleet Prison, where I went instead of to the desert island! What had I done to deserve it? Hadn't I always kept an eye to the main chance? Hadn't I lived economically, and not like other young men? Had I ever been known to squander or give away a single penny? No! I can lay my hand on my heart, and, thank Heaven, say No! Why, why was I punished so?

Let me conclude this miserable history. Seven months—my wife saw me once or twice, and then dropped me altogether—I remained in that fatal place. I wrote to my dear mamma, begging her to sell her furniture, but got no answer. All my old friends turned their backs upon me. My action went against me—I had not a penny to defend it. Solomonson proved my wife's debt, and seized my £2000. As for the detainer against me, I was obliged to go through the court for the relief of insolvent debtors. I passed through it, and came out a beggar. But fancy the malice of that wicked Stiffelkind; he appeared in court as my creditor for £3, with sixteen years' interest at five per cent., for a PAIR OF TOP-BOOTS. The old thief produced them in court, and told the whole story—Lord Cornwallis, the detection, the pumping, and all.

Commissioner Dubobwig was very funny about it. 'So Dr. Swishtail would not pay you for the boots, eh, Mr. Stiffelkind?'

'No; he said, ven I asked him for payment, dey was ordered by a yong boy, and I ought to have gone to his schoolmaster.'

'What! then you came on a *bootless* errand, ay, sir?' (A laugh.)

'Bootless! no sare, I brought the boots back vid me. How de devil else could I show dem to you?' (Another laugh.)

'You've never *soled* 'em since, Mr. Tickleshins?'

'I never would sell dem; I svore I never vood, on porpus to be revenged on dat Stobbs.'

'What! your wound has never been *healed*, eh?'

'Vat do you mean vid your bootless errands, and your soling and healing! I tell you I have done vat I swore to do; I have exposed him at school; I have broak off a marriage for him, ven he vould have had tventy tousand pound; and now I have showed him up in a court of justice. Dat is vat I 'ave done, and dat's enough.' And then the old wretch went down, while everybody was giggling and staring at poor me—as if I was not miserable enough already.

'This seems the dearest pair of boots you ever had in your life, Mr. Stubbs,' said Commissioner Dubobwig very archly, and then he began to inquire about the rest of my misfortunes.

In the fullness of my heart I told him the whole of them; how Mr. Solomonson the attorney had introduced me to the rich widow, Mrs. Manasseh, who had £50,000 and an estate in the West Indies. How I was married and arrested on coming to town, and cast in an action for £2000 brought against me by this very Solomonson for my wife's debts.

'Stop!' says a lawyer in the court. 'Is this woman a showy, black-haired woman with one eye? very often drunk, with three children? Solomonson, short, with red hair?'

'Exactly so,' said I, with tears in my eyes.

'That woman has married *three men* within the last two years. One in Ireland, and one at Bath. A Solomonson is, I believe, her husband, and they both are off for America ten days ago.

'But why did you not keep your £2000?' said the lawyer.

'Sir, they attached it.'

'Oh, well, we may pass you. You have been unlucky, Mr. Stubbs, but it seems as if the biter had been bit in this affair.'

'No,' said Mr. Dubobwig. 'Mr. Stubbs is the victim of a FATAL ATTACHMENT.'

NOVEMBER—A GENERAL POST DELIVERY.

I WAS a free man when I went out of the court; but I was a beggar—I, Captain Stubbs, of the bold North Bungays, did not know where I could get a bed or a dinner.

As I was marching sadly down Portugal Street, I felt a hand on my shoulder and a rough voice which I knew well.

'Vell, Mr. Stobbs, have I not kept my promise? I told you dem boots would be your ruin.'

I was much too miserable to reply; and only cast my eyes toward the roofs of the houses, which I could not see for the tears.

'Vat! you begin to gry and blobber like a shild? you vood marry, vood you? and noting vood do for you but a wife vid monny—ha, ha—but you vere de pigeon, and she was de grow. She has plocked you, too, pretty vell—eh? ha! ha!'

'Oh, Mr. Stiffelkind,' said I, 'don't laugh at my misery; she has not left me a single shilling under heaven. And I shall starve; I do believe I shall starve.' And I began to cry fit to break my heart.

'Starf! stoff and nonsense! You vill never die of starfing—you vill die of *hanging*, I tink—ho! ho!—and it is moch easier vay too.' I didn't say a word, but cried on, till every-body in the street turned round and stared.

'Come, come,' said Stiffelkind, 'do not gry, Captain Stobbs. It is not goot for a gaptain to gry—ha! ha! Dere, come vid me, and you shall have a dinner, and a bregfast too, vich shall gost you nothing, until you can bay vid your earnings.'

And so this curious old man, who had persecuted me all through my prosperity, grew compassionate toward me in my ill luck; and took me home with him as he promised. 'I saw your name among de Insolvents, and I vowed, you know, to make you repent dem boots. Dere now, it is done and for-gotten, look you. Here, Betty, Bettchen, make de spare bed, and put a clean knife and fork; Lort Cornvallis is come to dine vid me.'

I lived with this strange old man for six weeks. I kept his books, and did what little I could to make myself useful; carrying about boots and shoes, as if I had never borne his Majesty's commission. He gave me no money, but he fed and lodged me comfortably. The men and boys used to laugh, and call me General, and Lord Cornwallis, and all sorts of nick-names; and old Stiffelkind made a thousand new ones for me.

One day I can recollect—one miserable day, as I was pol-

ishing on the trees a pair of boots of Mr. Stiffelkind's manufacture—the old gentleman came into the shop, with a lady on his arm.

'Vere is Gaptain Stobbs?' said he. 'Vere is dat ornament to his Majesty's service?'

I came in from the back shop, where I was polishing the boots, with one of them in my hand.

'Look, my dear,' says he, 'here is an old friend of yours, his Excellency Lort Cornvallis! Who would have thought such a nobleman vood turn shoeblack? Captain Stobbs, here is your former flame, my dear niece, Miss Crutty. How could you, Magdalen, ever leaf such a lof of a man? Shake hands vid her, gaptain; dere, never mind de blacking!' But miss drew back.

'I never shake hands with a *shoeblack*,' said she, mighty contemptuous.

'Bah! my lof, his fingers von't soil you. Don't you know he has just been *vitevashed?*'

'I wish, uncle,' says she, 'you would not leave me with such low people.'

'Low, because he cleans boots? De Gaptain prefers *pumps* to boots I tink—ha! ha!'

'Captain indeed! a nice captain,' says Miss Crutty, snapping her fingers in my face, and walking away: 'a captain who has had his nose pulled! ha! ha!' And how could I help it? it wasn't by my own *choice* that that ruffian Waters took such liberties with me. Didn't I show how averse I was to all quarrels by refusing altogether his challenge? But such is the world. And thus the people at Stiffelkind's used to tease me, until they drove me almost mad.

At last he came home one day more merry and abusive than ever. 'Gaptain,' says he, 'I have goot news for you—a goot place. Your lordship vill not be able to geep your garridge but you vill be gomfortable, and serve his Majesty.'

'Serve his Majesty?' says I. 'Dearest Mr. Stiffelkind, have you got me a place under Government?'

'Yes, and somting better still—not only a place, but a uniform: yes, Gaptain Stobbs, a *red goat*.'

'A red coat! I hope you don't think I would demean myself by entering the ranks of the army? I am a gentleman, Mr. Stiffelkind—I can never—no, I never——'

'No, I know you will never—you are too great a goward—ha! ha!—although dis is a red goat, and a place where you must give some *hard knocks* too—ha! ha!—do you gompre-

hend? and you shall be a general instead of a captain—ha! ha!'

'A general in a red coat, Mr. Stiffelkind??

'Yes, a GENERAL BOSTMAN!—ha ha! I have been vid your old friend Bunting, and he has an uncle in the Post Office, and he has got you de place—eighteen shillings a veek, you rogue, and your goat. You must not oben any of de letters, you know.'

And so it was—I, Robert Stubbs, Esq., became the vile thing he named—a general postman!

. . . .

I was so disgusted with Stiffelkind's brutal jokes, which were now more brutal than ever, that when I got my place in the Post Office, I never went near the fellow again; for though he had done me a favor in keeping me from starvation, he certainly had done it in a very rude, disagreeable manner, and showed a low and mean spirit in *shoving* me into such a degraded place as that of postman. But what had I to do? I submitted to fate, and for three years or more, Robert Stubbs, of the North Bungay Fencibles, was——

I wonder nobody recognized me. I lived in daily fear the first year, but afterward grew accustomed to my situation, as all great men will do, and wore my red coat as naturally as if I had been sent into the world only for the purpose of being a letter carrier.

I was first in the Whitechapel district, where I stayed for nearly three years, when I was transferred to Jermyn Street and Duke Street—famous places for lodgings. I suppose I left a hundred letters at a house in the latter street, where lived some people who must have recognized me had they but once chanced to look at me.

You see that, when I left Sloffemsquiggle, and set out in the gay world, my mamma had written to me a dozen times at least; but I never answered her, for I knew she wanted money, and I detest writing. Well, she stopped her letters, finding she could get none from me: but when I was in the Fleet, as I told you, I wrote repeatedly to my dear mamma, and was not a little nettled at her refusing to notice me in my distress, which is the very time one most wants notice.

Stubbs is not an uncommon name; and though I saw MRS. STUBBS on a little bright brass plate in Duke Street, and delivered so many letters to the lodgers in her house, I never thought of asking who she was, or whether she was my relation or not.

One day the young woman who took in the letters had not

got change, and she called her mistress. An old lady in a poke-bonnet came out of the parlor, and put on her spectacles, and looked at the letter, and fumbled in her pocket for eight-pence, and apologized to the postman for keeping him waiting. And when I said, 'Never mind, ma'am, it's no trouble,' the old lady gave a start, and then she pulled off her spectacles and staggered back; and then she began muttering, as if about to choke; and then she gave a great screech, and flung herself into my arms, and roared out, 'MY SON, MY SON!'

'Law, mamma,' said I, 'is that you?' and I sat down on the hall bench with her, and let her kiss me as much as ever she liked. Hearing the whining and crying, down comes another lady from upstairs—it was my sister Eliza; and down come the lodgers. And the maid gets water and what not, and I was the regular hero of the group. I could not stay long then, having my letters to deliver. But, in the evening, after mail time, I went back to my mamma and sister; and over a bottle of prime old port, and a precious good leg of boiled mutton and turnips, made myself pretty comfortable, I can tell you.

DECEMBER—'THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT.'

MAMMA had kept the house in Duke Street for more than two years. I recollected some of the chairs and tables from dear old Sloffemsquiggle, and the bowl in which I had made that famous rum punch, the evening she went away, which she and my sisters left untouched, and I was obliged to drink after they were gone; but that's not to the purpose.

Think of my sister Lucy's luck! that chap, Waters, fell in love with her and married her, and she now keeps her carriage, and lives in state near Sloffemsquiggle. I offered to make it up with Waters; but he bears malice, and never will see or speak to me. He had the impudence, too, to say that he took in all letters for mamma at Sloffemsquiggle; and that as mine were all begging-letters, he burned them and never said a word to her concerning them. He allowed mamma £50 a year, and, if she were not such a fool, she might have had three times as much; but the old lady was high and mighty forsooth, and would not be beholden, even to her own daughter, for more than she actually wanted. Even this £50 she was going to refuse; but when I came to live with her, of course I wanted pocket-money as well as board and lodging, and so I had the £50 for *my* share, and eked out with it as well as I could.

Old Bates and the captain, between them, gave mamma a

hundred pounds when she left me (she had the deuce's own luck, to be sure—much more than ever fell to *me*, I know); and as she said she *would* try and work for her living, it was thought best to take a house and let lodgings, which she did. Our first and second floor paid us four guineas a week, on an average; and the front parlor and attic made £40 more. Mamma and Eliza used to have the front attic: but *I* took that, and they slept in the servants' bedroom. Lizzy had a pretty genius for work, and earned a guinea a week that way; so that we had got nearly two hundred a year over the rent to keep house with—and we got on pretty well. Besides, women eat nothing; my women didn't care for meat for days together sometimes—so that it was only necessary to dress a good steak or so for me.

Mamma would not think of my continuing in the Post Office. She said her dear Robert, her husband's son, her gallant soldier, and all that, should remain at home and be a gentleman—which I was, certainly, though I didn't find £50 a year very much to buy clothes and be a gentleman upon. To be sure, mother found me shirts and linen, so that *that* wasn't in the £50. She kicked a little at paying the washing too; but she gave in at last, for I was her dear Bob, you know; and I'm blessed if I could not make her give me the gown off her back. Fancy! once she cut up a very nice rich black silk scarf, which my sister Waters sent her, and made me a waistcoat and two stocks of it. She was so *very* soft, the old lady!

. . . .

I'd lived in this way for five years or more, making myself content with my £50 a year (*perhaps* I'd saved a little out of it; but that's neither here nor there). From year's end to year's end I remained faithful to my dear mamma, never leaving her except for a month or so in the summer when a bachelor may take a trip to Gravesend or Margate, which would be too expensive for a family. I say a bachelor, for the fact is, I don't know whether I am married or not—never having heard a word since of the scoundrelly Mrs. Stubbs.

I never went to the public house before meals; for, with my beggarly £50, I could not afford to dine away from home; but there I had my regular seat, and used to come home *pretty glorious*, I can tell you. Then bed till eleven; then breakfast and the newspaper; then a stroll in Hyde Park or St. James'; then home at half-past three to dinner—when I jollied, as I call it, for the rest of the day. I was my mother's delight; and thus, with a clear conscience, I managed to live on.

. . . .

How fond she was of me, to be sure! Being sociable myself, and loving to have my friends about me, we often used to assemble a company of as hearty fellows as you would wish to sit down with, and keep the nights up royally. 'Never mind, my boys,' I used to say. 'Send the bottle round; mammy pays for all.' As she did, sure enough; and sure enough we punished her cellar too. The good old lady used to wait upon us, as if for all the world she had been my servant instead of a lady and my mamma. Never used she to repine, though I often, as I must confess, gave her occasion (keeping her up till four o'clock in the morning, because she never could sleep until she saw her 'dear Bob' in bed, and leading her a sad anxious life). She was of such a sweet temper, the old lady, that I think in the course of five years I never knew her in a passion, except twice; and then with sister Lizzy, who declared I was ruining the house, and driving the lodgers away, one by one. But mamma would not hear of such envious spite on my sister's part. 'Her Bob' was always right, she said. At last Lizzy fairly retreated, and went to the Waters'. I was glad of it, for her temper was dreadful, and we used to be squabbling from morning till night!

Ah, those *were* jolly times! but ma was obliged to give up the lodging house at last—for, somehow, things went wrong after my sister's departure—the nasty uncharitable people said, on account of *me*; because I drove away the lodgers by smoking and drinking and kicking up noises in the house; and because ma gave me so much of her money; so she did, but if she *would* give it, you know, how could I help it? Heigho! I wish I'd *kept* it.

No such luck. The business I thought was to last forever; but at the end of two years came a smash—shut up shop—sell off everything. Mamma went to the Waters'; and, will you believe it? the ungrateful wretches would not receive me! that Mary, you see, was *so* disappointed at not marrying me. Twenty pounds a year they allow, it is true; but what's that for a gentleman? For twenty years I have been struggling manfully to gain an honest livelihood, and, in the course of them, have seen a deal of life, to be sure. I've sold cigars and pocket handkerchiefs at the corners of streets; I've been a billiard-marker; I've been a director (in the panic year) of the Imperial British Consolidated Mangle and Drying Ground Company. I've been on the stage (for two years as an actor, and about a month as a cad, when I was very low); I've been the means of giving to the police of this empire

some very valuable information (about licensed victualers, gentlemen's carts, and pawnbrokers' names); I've been very nearly an officer again—that is, an assistant to an officer of the Sheriff of Middlesex; it was my last place.

On the last day of the year 1837, even *that* game was up. It's a thing that very seldom happened to a gentleman, to be kicked out of a sponging house; but such was my case. Young Nabb (who succeeded his father) drove me ignominiously from his door, because I had charged a gentleman in the coffee-rooms seven-and-sixpence for a glass of ale and bread-and-cheese, the charge of the house being only six shillings. He had the meanness to deduct the eighteenpence from my wages, and because I blustered a bit, he took me by the shoulders and turned me out—me, a gentleman, and, what is more, a poor orphan!

How I did rage and swear at him when I got out into the street! There stood he, the hideous Jew monster, at the double door, writhing under the effect of my language. I had my revenge! Heads were thrust out of every bar of his windows laughing at him. A crowd gathered round me, as I stood pounding him with my satire, and they evidently enjoyed his discomfiture. I think the mob would have pelted the ruffian to death (one or two of their missiles hit *me*, I can tell you), when a policeman came up, and in reply to a gentleman, who was asking what was the disturbance, said, 'Bless you, sir, it's 'Lord Cornwallis.' 'Move on, *Boots*,' said the fellow to me; for the fact is, my misfortunes and early life are pretty well known—and so the crowd dispersed.

'What could have made that policeman call you Lord Cornwallis and Boots?" said the gentleman, who seemed mightily amused, and had followed me. 'Sir,' says I, 'I am an unfortunate officer of the North Bungay Fencibles, and I'll tell you willingly for a pint of beer.' He told me to follow him to his chambers in the Temple, which I did (a five-pair back), and there, sure enough, I had the beer; and told him this very story you've been reading. You see he is what is called a literary man—and sold my adventures for me to the booksellers; he's a strange chap; and says they're *moral*.

. . . .

I'm blessed if *I* can see anything moral in them. I'm sure I ought to have been more lucky through life, being so very wide awake. And yet here I am, without a place, or even a friend, starving upon a beggarly £20 a year—not a single sixpence more, upon *my honor*.

THE END.

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